MAY 1970
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew

See page 117

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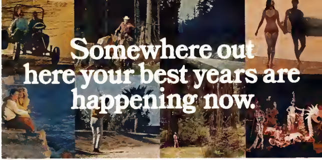
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Where do you want to go?
Take this quiz and find out.

(Each question offers a choice of four answers. Read them decide which is your favorite, and circle it. Do not circle more than one for each question.)

1 You've got a week to:
  (A) Play golf, golf, and more golf.
  (B) See every Broadway play you can get tickets to
  (C) Take a float trip down the Snake River
  (D) Hunt for wild pig, wild goat, ring-necked pheasant.

2 For an evening of fun and frivolity, you'd stop and hear
  (A) A North Beach performance by Glenn Yarbrough
  (B) Peter, Paul, and Mary at Lincoln Center
  (C) The banjo band at the Red Onion
  (D) Don Ho singing at Duke Kahanamoku's.

3 You love animals, so you:
  (A) Take the whales to lunch at Marineland
  (B) Let the monkeys make faces at you at the Bronx Zoo
  (C) Take pictures of the bears at Yellowstone
  (D) Ride the waves with a 40-pound marlin at the end of your line.

4 The "independent spirit" in you hankers to:
  (A) Dive for abalone.
  (B) Let yourself go in a sailboat off the New England coast
  (C) Jump with a sky-diving team over the Bonneville Salt Flats
  (D) Surf the world's biggest waves

5 Your idea of fun is to:
  (A) See a famous star
  (B) See a famous play
  (C) See a real live elk.
  (D) See a real live volcano.

6 When the band strikes up, you start to
  (A) Bugaloo.
  (B) Waltz or fox trot
  (C) Polka.
  (D) Hula.

7 Which of these foods appeal to you most
  (A) Tacos
  (B) Littleneck clams.
  (C) Chuck wagon steak
  (D) Mahi-Mahi

8 You've got the afternoon free for
  (A) Sailing
  (B) The Guggenheim
  (C) A stagecoach ride
  (D) Watching a real trained whale.

9 You're at your best in:
  (A) Sport shirts and sandals.
  (B) A tuxedo.
  (C) Woolen shirts and moccasins.
  (D) Swimsuits and beach clogs

10 Your idea of great vacation accommodations is:
  (A) Terrace, palm tree, pool, but lots of night life, too
  (B) Who cares? Who stays in his room? I'm doing the town
  (C) A fully-equipped camper
  (D) An apartment with kitchen overlooking a beach

ANSWER

Now count the number of A's you checked, then the B's, the C's, and D's. If you have more A's, it's a West Coast California vacation for you. If the B's have it, head for the East Coast. New York, New England, Washington. If you're a C person, you're the rugged outdoor type. Head for the Rockies. Go camping. You D individuals hanker to see Hawaii.

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Where am I?

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B. THE STARFISH It's an underwater wonder that lives the skindiver's life in sleek, space-age style. It's self winding and automatically records day and date, each visible through its own bubble window. Its iridescent blue dial has luminous hour markers clearly visible in total darkness. Has 17 Lifetime Jewels and unbreakable mainspring. Rotating bezel indicates lapsed time accurately. The case and sturdy center expansion bracelet are stainless steel.

C. THE HOUSTON This self winding calendar watch with 17 Lifetime Jewels has sleek streamlined modern styling in gold tone with 2-tone adjustable center expansion bracelet. Has sturdy sportworthy features. Unbreakable mainspring. Yellow bezel and stainless steel back.

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See I•R•I•S details on last page

HELBROS

JUST SUPPOSE YOU HAPPEN TO DRINK SOME POISON HEMLOCK, MR. SOCRATES. NOW, WITH MONY INSURANCE.....
HEMLOCK? I NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF!
MONY

(A philosophic fragment from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

MONY MAN: Remember, sir, life's paths take funny twists, and there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and he who hesitates...

SOCRATES: Hold on, friend! Philosophy is my thing. Do your own thing. Insurance.

MONY MAN: Just getting to it, Mr. Socrates. Look at the amount of coverage your drachmas buy with a MONY life policy.

SOCRATES: Wouldn't my wife Xanthippe like that! Might curb her awful temper.

MONY MAN: And another thing. The reputation of MONY is so fine it is predicted that in just 2,374 years over 1,450,000 people will be covered by our life and health policies. *(Ed. Note: Not a bad estimate. The 1969 report showed 1,585,000.)*

SOCRATES: Still, I must say no. The idea of my drinking hemlock is utterly ridiculous. Absolutely preposterous.

Ed. Note: As history sadly records, Socrates some years later was forced to drink poisonous hemlock... leaving wisdom for the world but no drachmas for the family. Which brings us to the following modern philosophy.

MORAL:
The smart thing
is to prepare
for the unexpected.

The smart way is with
insurance from MONY.

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MUTUAL OF NEW YORK
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Predictable is not the word for Esquire

Looking through the dummy of this issue on the eve of its press run, it struck us that this number more than most emphasizes one aspect of Esquire that its critics seldom mention, and that is the magazine's relative unpredictability.

Particularly since the advent of *Smiling through the Apocalypse*, the publication of which most critics have made an occasion for reviewing the magazine as much as the book derived from its pages, the impression has been built up that a certain attitude or point of view can be expected of Esquire. But if that were indeed the case then a large part of the contents of this issue would appear to be going directly counter to the expectations.

Starting with the front cover: *The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew*—the *what? of whom?* Oh no, it's gotta be a put-on. But wait. Yes, there was, within reasonably recent recollection, a piece about the Vice-President that seemed, beneath its resounding title, to be somewhat less than worshipful. It gave the distinct intimation that here was a man suffering from a rare affliction of the Foot and Mouth syndrome in that every time he opened the latter he tended to put the former into it. But if you think that means that the piece beginning on page 117 of this issue necessarily offers more of the same, then think again. Or better still, turn to that page if you haven't already read it. The key sentence, in this case is "Tribute is due to art." And the one who can pay it, and does with a straight face, is Martin Mayer, of all people. Unblinked at by Marty, who is known for the ability to look long without blinking, is the fact that a good speech is a good speech no matter who makes it. So surprise, surprise, the article turns out to be just about what the title says, which does seem a strange new departure from accustomed editorial practice around these offices.

On the other hand, the Karl Shapiro feature beginning on page 131, looking like another *Child's Garden of Verses*, belies its looks from start to finish. The message, when reduced to the plainest of prose, seems to be that hip or square, yip or yap, a slob is still a slob. Yes, Karl Shapiro, poet and liberal, and the one attribute was always heretofore considered as consistent as the other, but apparently nobody ever thought to get his pledge to be a consistent respecter of youth. Laid out without flowers—and this in the pages of a magazine that many have assumed is always on the side of the young, right or wrong.

Innovation and novelty, yes, and a hearty appetite for the new and the different has always been an expected part of the Esquire package, so the piece beginning on page 140 about the newest tricks with sound should come as no surprise to anyone who has followed this magazine more than cursorily. Maybe you can live without the Moog, but at least you won't have to change the subject the next time anybody mentions it. You don't have to like it to know what it is and how and why it does what it does.

But rocks in or out of the head, who needs them? So the feature beginning on page 155 may very well be the last thing on earth you'd expect to find yourself reading about. Still, if you look at it, you'll probably read it.

The Silent Majority, that we hear so much about, has its self avowed exemplars depicted in the gallery occupying pages 147 through 153. But would you have thought of the pages of this magazine as a place where you'd be likely to meet them? Doesn't it begin to seem it's unsafe to assume that Esquire will always stick to one side of any question?

Stick around long enough and you'll find us examining all sides of every question we ever attempt to answer. The Gore Vidal question—but no, on second thought, we won't even try to answer that one. You figure out for yourself what this does to blur or to sharpen the line already stretched so thin by Truman Capote between reality and fancy. Is the Gore Vidal of the by-line beneath *A Memoir in the Form of a Novel*, on page 109, to be confused with or differentiated from the character of the same name who is rather prominently featured in the work in question? Read and enjoy, but don't look to us for any help in trying to figure that out.

Now that Raquel Welch question—that's something else. The feature on her, beginning on page 123, is rather more like an iceberg than you would have any reason to suspect, just from looking at it. But never in our memory have so many versions of a subject been assembled in the course of the evolution of an Esquire piece. It all began when Raquel Welch saw and liked the self interview that Rod Steiger conducted in these pages. She agreed to do likewise and got a writer to help her put it down on paper. He did, and we liked it, and so did he, but she didn't. So she decided to do it over herself. That might have been all right if she had accepted the view of her that he thought she had given him. But she came up with quite another view. So we tried getting him to do it over. Only this time he got carried away and spent his space on what she'd been like to work with. Rescue of a viable version from the wreckage of all this subsequent recrimination was simply impossible. So we came to the conclusion reached by the Chinese long ago and lately reconfirmed by Marshall McLuhan that one picture is worth a thousand words. At any rate one picture of Raquel Welch is worth a thousand of her words. So that's what we wound up giving you.

It all seems to prove that you can never know exactly what to expect in any given issue of Esquire and neither, at least as long as there are subjects like Raquel Welch around, can we. —A.G.

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TURNING OFF THE TIJUANA GRASS

by Calvin Kentfield

Operation Intercept was a bug, down Mexico way

After months of fussing and tongue-clucking about American youth going to the dogs by smoking marijuana (literally going to pot), and after having been assured by advisers in law enforcement that the real cause of this nation's appalling crime rate, troubles in schools, black unrest, etc. was this rather common weed (*Cannabis sativa*) as well as the bootleg amphetamines and barbiturates being popped like peanuts by a few of the dissident young, the Nixon Administration, hoping, perhaps, to inject a salubrious tint into the wan cheeks of its public image, devised and put into effect on September 21, after someone apparently told the Administration that most of the Cannabis came from Mexico, a program its press agents called Operation Intercept.

It was a witless notion and a dishonest one judging by its title, for the main purpose, as swiftly became clear, was not the interception of narcotics at border stations—even Washington knows that relatively little passes that way—but the diminishing of the refreshing flow of American dollars southward so that the pleasure stations across the border from Texas, Arizona, and California would suffer drought severe enough to force the Mexican Federal government to move forthrightly against the marijuana trade. After all, the bond deposit in the till at the Caliente dog track is that of the Federal government, which pulls off most of the take from the horses and the bulls, as well as jai alai.

Be that as it may, what so enraged the citizens of Nuevo Laredo and Ciudad Juárez and Nogales and Mexicali and Tijuana was the implication that America's problem was Mexico's fault and that Mexicans should be punished for it.

Two weeks after Operation Intercept commenced, United Press International quoted a Federal official in Mexico City as saying that Mexico's own efforts over the past ten years in destroying marijuana fields—efforts which have cost them considerably in money and manpower—have been for the benefit of the United States.

"We do this as a friendly gesture," he said bitterly. "And what do we get in return? Operation Bad Neighbor, that's what."

And as a recently retired government official in Tijuana—whom I shall call Ruiz from now on—told me: "We have no drug problem here; the drug problem is over the border. Where there is a demand, the demand will be met. Surely that's a basic principle of American business, eh? Right now Mexico is supplying the marijuana, though there is no shortage, as everybody says; there is more marijuana stacked up in the States right now than we could smuggle over in a year. If it did not come from Sinaloa or Nayarit, it would come from Iowa or Illinois. As for the pills those poor kids are swallowing, they all come from the States. Everybody knows that."

Ruiz is a large man with greying hair, middle-class demeanor, Kiwanis ring, grown children.

"The problem, my friends, is not little marijuana, poor thing. It's not even a drug," he said, spreading his manicured fingers over his chest and leaning toward me. "The problem is the hypocrisy of *my* generation. My wife takes a diet pill and she feels better, a little high, once, okay. I take a tranquilizer, I feel better, quiets my nerves, okay. My son feels bad, he smokes

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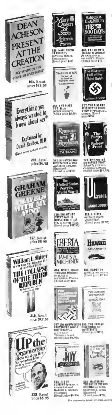

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some grass, he's a dope fiend.

"Amigo, who are we kidding, eh? The problem is *why* do we all feel so bad these days?"

In normal times the coming and going across the border is a routine matter. Thousands of people commute, many live in Mexico and work in the States, or vice versa. The process of identification each way takes no more than a few seconds.

Travelers returning with purchases are asked to declare what they bought and the cargoes of commercial vehicles undergo a swift examination. Now and then an automobile suffers casual inspection as part of statistical routine or because it (usually a beat-up VW bus, the *Zigeuner wagen* of the Woodstock generation) or its passengers (unbarbered youths) arouse the suspicion of the man at the gate. It is not difficult or dangerous for a sailor or a hippie or a plain Yankee of any kind to bring back a personal supply of pot or speed (amphetamine) in his pocket, and I, myself a member of the alcohol generation, over the years have brought back many a bottle of illegal tequila in nothing more duplicitous than a brown paper bag.

That is all petty smuggling and everybody knows that, too.

The grand operations take place by private plane, by boat along the marshy shores between Tampico and Corpus Christi and beyond the high surf of the Upper and Lower California coast, and at night along hundreds of miles of empty desert by truck and horse and burro and trained dog.

"Marijuana is poor man's contraband," Ruiz said, "it is so bulky and the price is so low."

Intercept brought normal traffic nearly to a standstill and the effect resembled what might occur should each car approaching the tollgate of the George Washington or the Golden Gate bridge be detained for fifteen or twenty minutes.

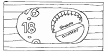
At the Tijuana gate, people waited for two, four, six hours in the prodigious September sun. In California television coverage of the traffic snarl was so heavy that tourists, pleasure seekers, gamblers, and shoppers, viewing on the small screen the horrendous lineups, irritated faces and sweaty shirts of motorists, simply stayed away.

A car insurance salesman at the border told me that his business (short-time Mexican policies) was off fifty percent, a merchant on the Avenida Revolucion, the Tijuana shopping street for foreigners, estimated ninety percent, and a spokesman for the tourist department, trying to be cheerful, said it wasn't so bad that the streets were empty because it wasn't the tourist season anyway.

Those whose families were divided by the border, or whose livelihood required them to cross daily, had to face the situation as best they could.

Tempers were short and incidents abounded, mostly in the humiliation of Mexican citizens. Little things such as Mexican ladies who didn't know how to open the hoods of their cars (the Customs inspectors are not permitted to touch the latches though they may rummage freely through the contents), and outrageous things such as the Mexican teacher who, though she had crossed the border for years to her job and was well-known to the Customs guards, was arrested and jailed as a narcotics smuggler because she had in her purse four headache capsules containing codeine which she bought at a Mexican drugstore. (Mexican law does not require prescriptions for most drugs and American law does not require an export permit for drugs shipped to Mexico.) The irony of this situation lies in the fact that marijuana, which most scientific studies have declared to be physiologically harmless, is illegal on both sides of the border, while such compounds as methamphetamine, which can damage liver cells and cause deterioration of the brain—"Grass is Groovy, Speed

Norelco can shave you closer than a blade, and count how many times it does it.



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The heads actually *float,* to follow your face.

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And because the blades are *rotary,* they shave your beard in every direction at once. (If you don't think that means anything, feel your face. Feel how your beard grows in different directions on different parts of your face?)

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It has a Shave Counter to count your shaves.

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Kills"—are available for the asking in a Mexican pharmacy and can be sent free by the ton by American pharmaceutical houses across the line to return instantly as black market speed. In fact, as Lieutenant Governor Reinecke of California explained, these days the Mexican step is usually left out altogether, the drugs marked Monterrey or Guadalajara leave the loading dock in St. Louis or Chicago go down the road a piece and are picked up and delivered directly to the U S black market Drug companies of course, are powerful folk, and it's much safer, politically, to lean on the Mexicans.)

As the Mexico City official declared publicly, the Nixon Administration clearly considers good relations with Mexico expendable.

In days long gone, before the greedy Christians crossed the Atlantic to what became Mexico and deliberately melted down, burned up, and generally wiped out in the name of the Holy Roman Emperor and Almighty God what they could of indigenous American art, culture, and religion, the Indian nations ceased murdering each other momentarily every several years to gather near the present-day town of Ciudad del Carmen on the Bay of Campeche. There on the shores of Laguna de Pom, Aztecs, Toltecs Mixtecs, Totonacs, Huastecs, Maya created a temporary city (Xicalango "the place where the language changes") for the purpose of buying and exchanging everything from topaz and emeralds, cotton and salt, copal and slaves, to the royal chocolate bean, hallucinogenic drugs and herbs the feathers of the sacred quetzal bird

Though the analogy may seem glamourous, Tijuana on California's English-Spanish line is such a marketplace, a fluid mercantile community whose goods come not by dugout canoe through intricate waterways of twittering mahogany swamps, but by truck and train from Taxco and Guadalajara Oaxaca and Yucatán

And the people gather from all over Mexico, too, drawn by the proximity of American dollars. Depending upon whose statistics one chooses to believe, there are now either 180,000 or 300,000 people in Tijuana, which makes it, by sheer numbers at least, a major Mexican city

Thousands of these people reside in hillside slums as vile as any in the western world. Eighty percent of them have no running water and clean water must be bought at truly exorbitant rates Social services are minimal and only the main shopping streets "brightly lighted and bustling meccas by night as well as by day " according to the brochure put out by the Caliente Racecourse, and the thoroughfares leading from the border to the bullrings, the racetrack, and the airport are paved except of course, for the district near the racetrack and the United States Consulate

On these low hills the Lomas de Chapultepec, the elegant part of town, amenities such as electricity and plumbing are common, many homes approach the status of mansions, a fancy new Church of the Holy Spirit overlooks the junkyards in the valley young people have their own motorbikes and automobiles, and clear cool water from many sprinklers keeps the grass of the golf course green.

"Come for Fun" the folders say, "*Festividad* is Tijuana's middle name."

Tijuana's first name comes from a dry river that lies mostly across the line in San Diego County, called Tia Juana or Aunt Jane, and in normal times hundreds of thousands of Americans weekly cross over to Aunt Jane, each in search of his own kind of fun.

Shopping, as in the days of Xicalango, is the biggest daily draw It is possible, with a little calm assiduousness, to find in Tijuana, particularly off those brightly lighted meccas by night and day credible examples of nearly every craft and product (with the possible exception of quetzal feathers) that Mexico is noted for but you have to sift for them among the junk—the paintings of madonnas and tigers in cold-fire pigment on black velvet and the sleazy serapes

During the darkest days of Intercept, as I almost a solitary Yankee was walking down Avenida Revolucion, a shopkeeper tugged at my

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shoulder and said, "Come in, buddy, come in. We've got the best junk in town."

Old-time Tijuana merchants are fairly sophisticated and fairly cynical. They know the way it is and they keep their prices low enough for Americans to feel they are picking up bargains and given American prices, bargains they certainly are. Food is generally excellent, even in the touristy spots and particularly at the small cafés and street stands.

Other people's fun are the bull rings which in traditional season, feature the finest matadors of Spain and Mexico, and the horse and dog races at Caliente. With their unique system (the 5-10) of combination cash pool betting they pull droves of those familiar old ladies with bifocals, hairnets and pop bottles from San Diego, Long Beach, and Riverside. Looking large in 5-10 history are the Three Sisters of Fresno who won $68,717.60 on a $2 ticket in 1967.

It's all strictly on the up and up; robbery only comes at night when people, mostly young men start looking for other kinds of fun. Tijuana, after all, has been called the Mecca of America, the sin pot west of Suez.

Day and night the policemen are without numbers on their badges and venality is common. I ran a red light at the corner of Cuauhtemoc and Agua Caliente boulevards, was waved down by the traffic cop who took my driver's license and threatened to take me in until I remembered where I was and gave him a five dollar bill. He smiled, grinned in fact, gave me back my license, patted my shoulder through the window and stroked the side of my automobile.

Taxis do have numbers, but they are difficult to read since they usually have been scratched off and the license plates mutilated or muddled.

"Transportation," said Ruiz, "is incidental to the Tijuana cabdriver."

The fun-seeking young man who commits his body to the care of a cabby, whether or not he satisfies his desire will almost certainly be stripped of his cash not by the driver who collects his fee from his victim, delivers him, and disappears, but by the pimps or the girls themselves.

There is no need, of course, for a free man who has come for fun to have any truck with a cab at all. Day or night, five a.m. or p.m., he has only to step into any one of a hundred bars along the brightly lighted and bustling mercados and, before he has a chance to order a beer, find a hand in his crotch and a descriptive word in his ear. If he does not wish to participate, there are any number of combinations he may go and watch, or if merely drinking is his fun may remain on his stool and, under a deafening cornice of music, watch naked girls wander and wiggle negligently like cats along the bar top, stop in front of his nose, straddle his drink, run a hand through his hair and, when he turns his face upward into the eye of the hurricane, rotate and move on with a remark I'm sure The New York Times would judge not fit to print.

Before Operation Intercept (and before the previous Naval order that implicitly put Tijuana off limits) with the bodies of all those sailors from San Diego and Long Beach and Marines from El Toro and Pendleton to be serviced and processed, business was good and the whores were cheerful, but in the dark days of September and October a sullen mood prevailed and the few Americans who did turn up became victims of uncharacteristic anger and frustration. Prices, out of spite, went sky high, the girls snarled at the Yankee dogs and made no effort whatever to please, so that sex, which is usually one of Tijuana's most reasonable commodities, was no bargain at all.

Operation Intercept has now been changed to Operation Cooperation, which means, presumably, that the Mexican government has agreed that yes, all right, it will try harder to stamp out marijuana and help its neighbor with its big fat problem, but I, as a foreigner, have always felt loved and safe in Mexico whether I had money or not. Such a feeling is rare enough in this world, and it would be sad if Yankee arrogance and Anglo-Saxon insensitivity has gratuitously wounded that love or impaired that security. ##

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For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Full moon on the Sunset Strip

I thought the issue on California was super. The pictures were superior—only trouble is, no one knows who took them! Would you please inform your readers who it was?

MARIA ATHANASSIADIS
Astoria, N. Y.

* * *

I read your March issue which reminded me of the 'bring out the dog faced boy to show the squares' school. It seems that you're also a bit too concerned with making a buck. Sure there's a lot of stupid idiot types in L. A.—they come here from all over to join the others. Then the magazines give them publicity (and pay them money)—and other idiot types get the idea to do the same thing.

Probably the biggest laugh I had is that I know just how "reliable" your so-called reporters are. When I talked to the guards at the Arcadia Arboretum—re the idiotic princess and swan story—they didn't see any black swan there before—and it would seem that possibly it was carried in—and the story faked—as was probably most of the rest of it.

Then also, I had the pleasure of witnessing how accurate your 'reporting' and 'researching' was when I took a picture of one of your "reporters" as he was being arrested on Hollywood Boulevard for turning in a false alarm on a fire box, and trying to fight with the cops inside the police car. I wonder if it was really necessary for him to take LSD in order to "research" the article—it should make an interesting story when this nut gets assigned to a murder story.

Here's a copy of that pic—bet you don't run it.

BOB STEINER

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The credit line for the entire section of California photographs was inadvertently omitted from the March issue. All of the pictures were taken by photographer Bud Lee in spite of his experience in biting (innocently) into an LSD-spiked apple at The Castle.*

* * *

Praises be to Satan! for I have just experienced a sort of revelation. I have solved the Great Get-the-Golden-State Hoax or better put, How-We-Sold-Out-On-Sunset and Let-Mad-Avenue-Deliver-Us-From-Evil.

While sucking up my ritual Bloody Mary last evening, I reached a level of consciousness that let-the-sun-shine-through. Very, very clever Ronald Reagan, you Devil you. We in the South of Cal will remember you well for this Monumental Act, we'll remember you for eternity. Very, very clever, California Chamber of Commerce for after devilishly saving the Queens—Mary and Elizabeth—and then "pressing" on with the April Fool Earthquake Tactic you have accomplished the monumental removal of the infamous Golden Glow. So clever to have realized that to tarnish the Gold by using our anti-heroes to the East and using the super Mad Avenue schemers to complete the act we could control the population floods beyond our wildest visions.

After receiving Esquire mag for some few years, my fascination for its fascination for California's own corruption and destruction has been revitalized in nearly every issue with at least one good digging or forking (ugh) comment. And now I have been Confirmed, for I know that my state tax dollars have most surely supported this magnificent Image-unmaking campaign.

Alas, Hollywood Babylonians, Long Beach Lucifers and Burbank Beelzebubs can now keep cool with the thought that You All In The East can have the masses you so deserve. For yes, evil still lurks in the minds of California, but with more elbow room. And why did I find the need to announce my latest discovery? Well . . . 'The Devil made me do it.' And now not *only* the Shadow knows!

MICHAEL RICHMOND WETHERBY
Long Beach, Calif.

Water over the dam

In the March Esquire Joe Margolis (*My Country 'Tis Of Thee Land Of Ecology*) states that Representative John Saylor of Pennsylvania is the leading conservationist in the House.

I do not wish to detract from Representative Saylor's effort in this field, but I believe that Representative John A. Blatnik of Minnesota would be far and away the most outstanding man in this area.

Representative Blatnik introduced the first anti water pollution bill in the Fifties and got it through both House and Senate only to have it vetoed by President Eisenhower who gave as his reason his belief that water pollution was a "local and regional problem and not a national one."

Representative Blatnik is called "Mr. Conservation" by many who know of his unrelenting work. He was speaking in Oregon as far back as 1955 cautioning us to guard our still pure waters. At that time, few listened. He was even then years ahead of the times. If the awards and testimonials by numerous conservation groups are any indication of his achievements then he truly is the Mr. Conservation of the House and perhaps the country.

SOPHIE KOCHENDORFER
Portland, Ore.

Esquire fiddles . . .

Am making special reference to your article on sex and the Cosmopolitan girl (February), *Helen Gurley Brown Only Wants to Help*.

Our great nation is being undermined today with people who are making a living out of the exploita

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SUN LUCK EAST—75 E. 55th St. PL 3-4830. Elegant sister to its West Side counterpart specializing Shanghai style cooking. Your choice of 140 dishes. Lunch 11:30-4 $1.60 up. Dinner 4-2 from $1.75 & up. A la carte. Til 2 a.m. Bar & Lounge.

SUN LUCK GOURMET—167 W. 49th JU 2-6182. Newest Sun Luck Restaurant in colorful, spacious setting. Oriental Delicacies in Cantonese, Peking and Shanghai cooking. 140 dishes. L—11:30-4 $1 up. D—4-2 $1.50 up. A la carte. 'Til 2 a.m. Bar & Lounge.

SUN LUCK IMPERIAL—865 Lexington Ave. LE 5-4010. Lavish Chinese Atmosphere, newest of the famous chain, open 7 days—Noon-2 A.M. Complete L 12-4 $1.50 up. A la carte—noon-2 A.M. Entrees $4 up—Bar & cocktail lounge—banquet facil. DC.

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tion of the sex thought, whether through the media of vision on the movies in color, or the articles written in books, articles in your magazine such as the above. The sexual freedom idea is being used so much today to such excesses for advertising purposes, for pure sex pleasure and just for the HELL of it. Today the total idea that it does not matter what you do sex wise because it is in style.

Some writers are of the opinion that they should promote sex freedom between married men and single working girls. Some fashion designers have come up with the idea to expose the legs as far up from the knee as they possibly can, thus totally exterminating the old fashioned MODESTY in others. Only the pretty girls with sexy legs are the ear marks of sex exposure. They expose when they cross their legs in subways, busses, office desks, and parading up and down the streets of major cities and small towns so care free that they are doing nothing wrong because its in STYLE.

As far back as 1917 the warning came from Heaven by the Mother of Jesus. "There will come a time when the styles of the day will offend my Divine Son Jesus very much." While Heaven reveals the truth the vulgar stylists defies diabolically: "I design them and you will wear them because its the style," and the girls eat them up "I love that dress." Another stronger warning from Heaven: "Many souls go to Hell for the sins of the flesh." As Rome fell because of high taxation, immorality and it burned so will the U.S.A. If it continues like this high immoral way of living and unfortunately many souls will burn in Hell for eternity.

JOSEPH J. DE HARO
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . While home burns

Your broad attempt to poke fun at a growing and often deadly serious movement in your midst reveals your male fear of the movement as a threat to masculinity, a masculinity which unfortunately often seems to be based on the subjugation and oppression of women. Rather than making even a paternalistic attempt to understand or explain the deeply felt rage increasingly characteristic of an ever larger group of American women of all social and economic classes, you blind yourselves with jokes, thereby attempting to confirm your superior status. In refusing to recognize the serious nature of our struggle for equality you are merely deluding yourselves and your readers, instead of preparing to adjust to a new society in which men and women will respect and relate to each other as equals and will not need to enslave each other in constraining and antiquated roles.

JUDITH STAHL AMTZIS
University of California, Berkeley

The annotatated Teixeira

Among the offerings of your characteristically well tooled fiction in the February issue I was especially taken with Charles Teixeira's Augustan ode which, aside from its obvious manipulation of Richardson, had devilishly shaded overtones as well (at least to this reader) of Swift and the Earl of Rochester (homosexual fantasies, buggery, hummers). Dear Clarissa, complete with mad Kinbote-like critic (with his scholarly eroticism or erotic *scholia*) set loose in a contemporary landscape, is an intriguing proposition indeed.

You did not, however, give any addenda of your own about the author in the impoverished text of your Backstage department. I would be most interested to hear from you about Mr. Teixeira's other published work, where it is available, and anything you may know about the author himself.

Thanking you for your time and your bloodshot eye, I remain

JOHN MELLA
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The fourth son of a lumberjack and coal miner, Charles Teixeira was born near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in September 1947. When he finished high school, he spent a year reviving the Portuguese tradition of Jesuit mysticism at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues near Reading, Pennsylvania, and after enduring one semester at a men's college in Wilkes-Barre (King's), he transferred to S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo, where he was treated with great kindness by John Barth and Carl Dennis and elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the close of his junior year.* Esquire's *publication of* The Murder of Jeremy Harlowe *marks the first appearance in a major magazine of the work which Mr. Teixeira pursues as a graduate student in Literature and Scholarship at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland. At present, he is completing his* Vade Mecum for the Fashionable Mendicant, *a collection of observations entitled* Ripples on the Pool of Wit, *and is planning a novel,* Doom Impending.

The art director stops here

I expected to see some comment on the following in the February issue of Esquire, but since apparently no one else wrote in (or am I merely premature vis-a-vis your layout schedules?), I shall. Hence:

I presume that among your annual amusing *Dubious Achievement Awards* in the January issue the one for "Sore Losers of the Year" involved a put-on. I might of course be in error, but that photo looks to me not like a Japanese woman but rather a Kabuki actor in makeup for a female role. Am I right? And it was intentional on the part of your art director—wasn't it?

ROSANNE KLASS
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I trust you got a lot of mail on this from masculine connoisseurs of femininity. God knows I hope so!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No to the postscript.*

Someplace to be somebody

Regarding Charles Gordone (*A Quiet Talk with Myself*, January): Beautiful.

S. A. SMITH
Federalsburg, Md.

Stone walls do not the only prison make

I thought that your Pictured Essay in the February issue, *How To Take Off Your Pants While Wearing Chains*, was very good. I was in prison for two years and finally discovered how to do this, but there is still one thing that I didn't learn. That is how to take off your underwear while wearing chains. The whole time I was in prison I never discovered the art of doing that, so would you please put a picture essay in a coming issue of Esquire entitled *How To Take Off Your Underwear While Wearing Chains?* If you cannot publish this in a magazine, please make the pictures and write the story and send it to me.

If you print this letter, please withhold my name and address. Thank you.

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Vibes (good and bad) at Esquire

Congratulations Esquire on your March issue You have succeeded in combining the journalistic flavor of the "confession magazine" genre, as evoked in *Charles Maness's Horse on the Range* "Ruby Pearl liked serving the big table not only because of the generous tips she received but because of the sense of excitement she felt" with the hard core pornography that aging men buy at Times Square and hide from their short, stubby wives on the top shelf of the linen closet, as in *Princess Leda's Castle in the Air* "... was naked. She lies on her back, her legs splayed .... Between her thighs is a full grown black swan ...." (Hey, Mr Burke, just how full do those critters grow?) And within *The Banality of the New Evil* (which should have been the lead title for your entire seven article feature) "... the murderers of Sharon Tate mutilated the victims grotesquely ... and ... Rabe tried to kill himself by hanging himself from a tree," which surrounds us with the ambiance, if not the crude intent, of *The National Enquirer*

Not that I am faulting your use of these stylistic elements; they were in perfect accord with the material under consideration, and all of it was good fun In fact, it was a real treat to indulge myself in cretinism voyeurism and blood lust without having to pick through the stale verbiage of the previously mentioned publications. Ordinarily, one wouldn't have the energy to pursue such pleasures but there it all was, crisply laid out, replete with lascivious illustrations. Yummy I was even a bit sorry that your reporter hadn't arrived at Leda's suburban castle in the guise of a vacuum-cleaner salesman. (Irving Wallace could have handled that angle with real class.)

There was only one fly in the freaked out ointment You dignified this entertainment with a pretentiously weighty tone of portentous revelation that could possibly be exceeded only by a speech written on the topic of the civilization-shattering effects of marijuana by J Edgar Hoover and Harry Anslinger with the cooperation of The Daughters of the American Revolution. I would be inclined to think that your intensity was tongue-in cheek were it not for the comments in Backstage with Esquire wherein you state "... we knew we were on to something rather important ... we pulled him [writer William Klemm] off that ... so he could help us investigate." ("Witches hippies and psychics" were only investigated and you came up with ... newly discovered facts"? Golly, you must have studied the old film clips of the F B I television series that Lee Marvin narrated with such pompous sincerity in his less-modish days)

In his prefatory essay *California Evil* Craig Karpel asks a question which embodies the irrelevance of evil-California-style to the root causes of the inhumanity which thrives in our society (EVIL ... what a monstrously oversimplified grab-bag of a concept that is It's almost as sloppy as 'escalation.)' "What,' asks Mr Karpel "if this Walpurgistag of death and degradation and disaster suddenly resolves itself into a vision of inexpressibly painful beauty?" Oh, Mr Karpel It's inexpressible and unsuppressible stupidity that you and Esquire happen to be going on about.

Sequined eyelashes and satanic crosses maxi coats and astrology rednecks stoned on corn liquor and dropouts stoned on acid, blacks lynched and children chained it's all in the same old bag Titillating rituals don't obscure the basic equation ignorance plus deprivation equals brutality The "evil" ones in this world have each been deprived of something whether it be as obvious as decent food and clothing or as elusive as an opportunity to take an unbiased look at the true situation in which mankind finds itself That

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last one is a large order. I will reduce that prerequisite of having "goodness" override "evil" and simply note that people do need a patch of inner peace and security in which to get their heads straight. Few of us have had that privilege. I doubt if the outnumbered proponents of rational thought on this planet will be able to unbalance the equation of brutality before it becomes obvious to even the most devoutly thick-headed occultist that "... the dream is a nightmare ...."

Of course no magazine that harped exclusively on the Homo sapiens built-in tradition of self-destruction could attract an eager readership, nor would I desire such narrow concentration. But I did find it disturbing that a publication of Esquire's intellectual scope should seemingly raise to top billing a small, symptomatic social split without remarking on the ancient, deep cultural fault from which it, and a multiplicity of other symptoms, originates.

HARRY FUCHS
Livingston, N. J.

P.S. Thank you, Esquire, for being consistently worthy of careful attention and for being generally of such high quality as to provoke my active argument.

* * *

If one was ever to believe that your magazine has advanced beyond its cheap girlie stage, the February issue would prove him wrong. You've just become a little more sophisticated—your degenerate sexism is still there.

Are you being crummy, rude—not serious?—when your editors in Backstage with Esquire talk about *The Grasshopper* being a film about the liberated American woman who, "ill equipped to resolve her own inner conflicts," goes from one lover to the next. I won't debate the prejudice, lack of validity of that remark or the blatant commercialism of such a film. What I do want to comment on is the flipness and condescension with which you discuss the issue of sexism. You make a mockery of a very deep and real problem and a movement (Women's Liberation) which is working tirelessly to correct it. That you use Miss Bisset as nothing more than a 1970's pinup, though you eulogize her innocence at not being corrupted by the ploys of the visual media—what about the written media?—is another grim indication of your obtuseness to the problem of sexism in this country and/or your disinclination to do anything about it.

That one half of the editors who prepare and write your copy are women is probably just as outrageous as your expecting us to believe Nora Ephron's soppy saga of Sister Carrie of the Cosmetic Country—H. G. Brown. Telling girls to fake their hair, eyelashes, breasts and orgasms—in deference to men. Mrs. Brown is a man-in-drag symbol of the way women are forced to sell out their own sex and integrity to make it in a sexist Establishment.

One thing I discovered in the article that perhaps I didn't realize—though, on occasion, I have done a television show with Mrs. Brown—is that she cried after every program. Mrs. Brown, I cry with you and for you, but most of all to you and other power grabbers in our country. Don't sell out the human race for a couple of bucks. It's worth a little more.

SANDRA JANE SHEVEY
New York, N. Y.

The machine stops here

I call to your attention the informative message which appears on the screen of the RCA Spectra 70 Video Data System (*Telephone Lovers Take Heart*, February). The first line reads "... you, ... you ... you," etc. While I'd be last to criticize the message, I wonder who needs more grief from a machine?

HOWARD TULLMAN
Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE
What we fed into the machine was "Love to all mankind." The rest is silence.

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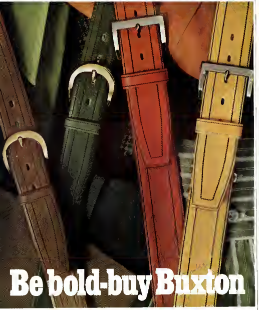

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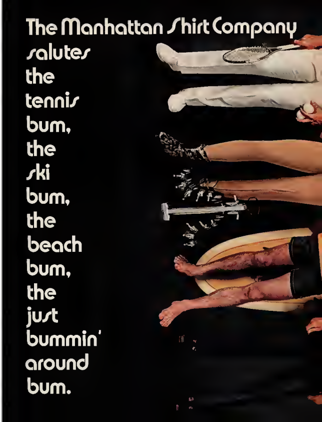

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Bill Contes is an indomitable man. When he had to find a new home six years or so ago for his restaurant (the old Chez Paul was in the swath the wreckers were leveling for one of Chicago's ever-growing array of high-rises), real-estate men grew weary showing him what they thought he wanted even as he grew tired of telling them no. Then one of the near north side's solid old mansions became available and the wide Contes smile flashed and word was spread that the new address would be 660 North Rush Street at Erie. The foursquare town house that was Robert Hall McCormick's soon was filled with kitchen equipment engineers with painters and decorators and furniture makers and in 1964 it was opened with all the fanfare an expensive and beautiful restaurant deserves.

It flourished of course. It had an excellent wine cellar, fine French cuisine, gracious service. And except for The Fire it would have kept on flourishing without alteration. In the middle of February in 1968 on St Valentine's Day in fact it was so severely damaged by flames and smoke that for a moment just a moment Bill Contes lost the ebullience for which he is noted and wondered whether he could again go through the months of renovation necessary to bring Chez Paul back to its 1964 elegance.

It took almost half a year (patrons were taken care of at a temporary headquarters called Chez Bill on nearby Ontario Street the while) until Contes was ready for what he called the Grand Reopenings for favored customers.

As guests moved under the white canopy up the front staircase past the Wine Cellar and the four pillars of Italian marble presented to Ambassador McCormick in 1893 by the Italian government this era's Beautiful People were greeted by Bill Contes and his father Paul, for whom the restaurant was named and Bill's son Willie.

There are two dining rooms on the first floor the Louis Quatorze Room with a great fireplace and soft white walls and the Chez Paul Room. On the second floor are the Great Hall and two more dining rooms used mainly for private parties.

Chez Paul has an outstanding wine cellar. A year before the fire Bill Contes went to Europe on a wine-buying tour and came back with invoices for more than a thousand cases of what he calls heirlooms including some from Christie's auction in London. Fortunately little was delivered before the fire so that the wine cellar is filled with costly old wines. If price is no object, there's a Corton Clos du Roi 1858 for $220 and an 1870 Chateau Lafite Rothschild for which no price has been set. These are great conversation pieces but the hundreds of lower priced wines go well with dinner, and certainly with the reckoning.

The menu for dinner is a large one. Entrées range from $4.75, a small price to pay for good food and the accompanying elegance.

Lake Superior whitefish is on the menu whenever available, as is turbot. Chicken Kiev, one of the specialties, can be obtained whether on the menu or not. These entrees are under $6.

Chez Paul is open Monday through Friday for lunch and dinner. On Saturday dinner only is served. The restaurant closes at ten thirty Monday through Thursday, eleven thirty on Friday and Saturday. Reservations are requested. DE 7-7208. Ask for Jean Paul Weber, the maitre d'.

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PERINO'S OF LOS ANGELES

There are fewer than a hundred restaurants in the world that are known by reputation to those who have never set foot in their foyers and perhaps never will. Perino's of Los Angeles is one of these and its reputation has been sustained with nonvisitors by its frequent mention in Hollywood columns during the almost twoscore years it has been in operation. Thus the announcement sometime ago that it had been sold received wider attention than such a transaction usually merits. Many customers and aficionados jumped to the conclusion that Alexander Perino no longer would be connected with the restaurant, but he told them he was not ready to retire, that it was a change of ownership and not of management. The new owners, the Egro Corporation, wanted to keep the same personnel too, so Perino's will be essentially Perino's, who will be there, as usual, to greet his guests.

Egro has started a renovation program and for it they have retained the original designer of the restaurant, Paul Williams, who has carte blanche to refurbish all the rooms from the carpets up and the kitchen will be as laborsaving as possible in such a creative world. This renovation will be done a room at a time so the restaurant can keep open from noon to midnight, as is its wont, without any break in service.

Perino's has been the culmination of the former owner's years of service in fine hotels and restaurants. He started his apprenticeship at age twelve in his hometown near Turin in Italy. At sixteen he was on the Atlantic, heading for the United States, where he worked in such hotels as The Plaza and Martinique in New York, the old Congress in Chicago and the Town House in Los Angeles. There he also was headwaiter at the old Victor Hugo restaurant, where he gained a large following.

In 1932 he decided to open a place of his own, for which there was no other name than Perino's. This soon became a meeting place for what he likes to term the upper echelons of the film industry, because of its consistently fine food, unobtrusive service and immaculate order.

Perino's has had but two addresses, both on Wilshire Boulevard. The first restaurant became much too small and a building nearby—at 4101 Wilshire—was remodeled at a cost of $500,000, a large sum for those days. It has an oval shaped main dining room which seats one hundred forty guests, two banquet rooms for private parties and a lounge bar off the marble foyer.

Perino's is high priced. There are holidays when complete dinners are offered (last Thanksgiving it was $13.50 a person) but the average check is several dollars more than this. It is possible to have an excellent dinner for less but the right-hand side of the large menu then should get attention. All the food is fresh, the menu is varied, the silver and china gleam on the Irish linen tablecloths, the service tries for perfection and even in this day goes far in achieving it. Many of the staff have been there for twenty years and more.

The a la carte menu is practically the same for luncheon as it is for dinner. In fact, the cold buffet is more varied then. And the prices are not lowered for the luncheons.

Quite a few of the choice hors d'oeuvres are under $4; crab legs on ice with mustard sauce is $3.75. Fresh caviar is $3.25 an ounce.

Fettucine ($4.50) is passed over by the dieters, but not the risotto Milanese ($4.25).

Medallion of beef tenderloin marrow Bordelaise with mushrooms is $8.50. On the cold buffet there is Tartare steak at $6.

Most of the desserts are under $2; coffee Grand Marnier for two is $3.

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Perino's has a great age on it, as Los Angeles restaurants go, but there is a place in Brooklyn, at 372 Fulton Street, which has been in business as a chophouse and seafood restaurant for more than ninety years. True it moved once, thirteen years after it was opened in 1879, but that was only down the street a few doors. And it has changed owners three times the latest taking the plaque for longest lasting by a couple of decades. The creators of the restaurant Messrs. Gage and Tollner, sold it upon their retirement in 1911 with the understanding that their names would be kept and their policies maintained. (It was easy for the new owners to agree Gage and Tollner had such an outstanding reputation that even before the Brooklyn Bridge was built people came all the way from Manhattan via ferry; politicians and show business people came in droves afterward celebrities from the time of Weber and Fields down to the days of Mae West and Jimmy Durante and Fanny Brice from Mayor Hylan to Mayor Wagner; of course Diamond Jim Brady was one of the patrons distance was not a deterrent to him when the food was superb) It was sold again in 1919 to Seth Bradford Dewey who had been in the restaurant business on Fulton Street in Manhattan for eighteen years. Although the Manhattan restaurant was called H T. Dewey and Son the Deweys (the father came into the business as well as a friend, Alexander Graham) kept to the letter of the agreement of eight years before and continued the policies and the names of the first owners The present managing director of Gage and Tollner is Ed Dewey, the son of Seth and the third generation of the restaurant family

Undoubtedly there have been many changes in the past fifty years but only the longtime waiters would notice (Their years of service are rewarded with gold embroidery on their sleeves an eagle for twenty-five years a star for five, a bar for one.) The dining room looks elegantly old, The gas flames still flicker through cut-glass globes on the line of heavy brass chandeliers on Monday or Tuesday nights the rest of the week you'll have to settle for electricity There are ancient arched mirrors with brocaded panels between dimmed a bit by time.

"Our cooking is strictly to order" the front of the eight-page menu says and it goes on to list the great variety Large or Blue Point Oysters, served twenty-five ways, Little Neck or Cherry Stone Clams twenty-one ways etc., many of the fish entrées are around $3 The listing of Steaks, Chops and Other Meats includes a sirloin steak for two at $15 and a single English mutton chop with sausage and kidney at $4.85 One of the specialties is a soft clam belly appetizer ($1.60) or broiled, as an entrée for $3.25 Swordfish is another specialty And so is the English mutton chop

Gage and Tollner is open six days a week from about noon to nine in the evening nine thirty on Saturday Since everything is cooked to order, allow yourself time for a leisurely dinner There's a good wine list. The bar is fine The headwaiter is James Sullivan Ed Dewey is almost always around Reservations TR 5-5181

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SPATS, 33 WEST THIRTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

It was just about a year ago that Restaurant Associates opened another of its unusual restaurants, this one as different from the Trattoria, say, as the Forum of the Twelve Caesars is from La Fonda del Sol. It was meant to summon up the Thirties and it does in a way but without any of the Thirties' gimcrackery. In fact, it is one of the most definite restaurants extant, all black and white and brown: sturdy tables and bleached blond chairs by Thonet, with the black and white extending to the napery and to the handsome houndstooth fabric covering the banquettes. A couple sitting nearby who had never known the Thirties said, "If the Thirties was like this, it must have been fun."

The name Spats comes from the noun which Webster defines as a "covering for the instep and ankle, usually made of cloth or leather, with a side closing and a strap under the instep and worn for protection or appearance," and gives as an example of its use: 'dressed in spats, cutaway, and silk hat." Men who wore spats in the Thirties were called dapper, and Spats likes its slogan, "New York's Most Dapper Restaurant."

Once you've been to 33 West Thirty-Third Street, you'll not soon forget the name. Spats are everywhere. The waiters wear them. They're on the matchbook covers. The menus, which should get some kind of an award for design, have spats on their covers. Both luncheon and dinner menus are shiny black and white and have the added accent of eighteen-point Helvetica type printed in blue and black, making them very easy to read.

The menu listing is somewhat out of the ordinary. An antipasto lunch is accompanied by a glass of white wine at $4.25. There's steamed bass with dill hollandaise or a special of shrimp and scallops with fresh basil, each at $4.25. A skillet steak, served with a red sauce and green scallions, is $7.25, and the hamburger steak comes with chicken livers on a bed of wild rice at $4.50.

Lunch is served from eleven thirty until three and is à la carte. If the front of the restaurant is very crowded, don't turn away: there's a bar there, a long bar along which drinks are served, but there's another bar in the front room, a sandwich bar, almost as popular as the one at Charley O's, with clams, oysters, shellfish, charged for by the piece, and hand-carved sandwiches of roast beef and corned beef, desserts and coffee. It is no less busy at night, for men on their way to the Penn Station for their suburban trains consider it an oasis.

But Spats is at his best at dinner time, when the extended menu allows for a leisurely meal. There are such appetizers as crocked shrimp with dill at $2.50, roasted peppers and anchovies at $1.50, and often a hot hors d'oeuvre such as steamed soft-shell clams, Bordelaise or plain at $1.85.

The menu features quite a few steaks, all a little more than $7. A butterfly steak "plain or snappy" is $7.50; three-rib lamb chops are $7.25. The steaks are accompanied by spaghetti with a choice of sauces.

Main dishes are half a dozen, from crisp duck with baked apple to veal cutlet Holstein, but most people go to Spats for the ribs: browned back ribs, small steak and back ribs, deviled chicken legs and back ribs, peppered duck and back ribs with spiced dipping sauce. A thick slice of prime ribs with onion tart is $6.95.

The seafood includes frogs' legs roadhouse at $4.35 and lobster grilled or poached, $5 a pound.

There is a good selection of desserts: an eight-layered chocolate cake, walnut soufflé pie, poached pineapple with strawberries cassis, and ripe cheese and fruit.

Dinner is also à la carte and is served from five until eleven every day but Sunday. Service is efficient and pleasant and, except at noon, there is no attempt to hurry anyone. The director is Jeff Leaf, the assistant director Eugene LaMane.

Reservations: OR 9-1834.

(Continued on page 224)

80 PROOF HEUBLEIN INC. HARTFORD CONN. SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A.

Irish Mist Liqueur as experienced in the twilight by Rod Serling.

I have suspected for a long time that the twilight zone begins somewhere west of the Irish Sea and east of the Aran Islands.

There, at twilight, in the land of the "little people," I first encountered Irish Mist,® Ireland's legendary liqueur.® In that first sip, I sensed a warmth, a mellowness, a richness that went beyond anything I had experienced in the mundane world.

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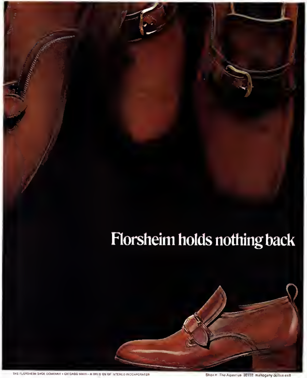
But we are too rational to believe that.

Or are we?



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FILMS

JACOB BRACKMAN

At the end of *Zabriskie Point*, Daria gets radicalized. Over the radio she hears that Mark has been shot to death by the police while attempting to return a stolen plane. Shortly after hearing this news she blows up (or, more likely, *imagines* blowing up) a lavish executive retreat in the desert, where her boss and his associates are consummating a multimillion-dollar real-estate deal.

Mark is already radicalized when the movie begins. We first see him walking out on an overly theoretical S.D.S.-ish meeting. At the meeting, a black needles, "A Molotov cocktail is a mixture of gasoline and kerosene. A white radical is a mixture of bull-[illegible] and jive." And a girl poses one of the film's main problems: "We understand what makes black people revolutionaries. But what does it take to make white people revolutionaries?" "I'm willing to die," Mark declares, "but not of boredom." A few scenes later, he buys a .38 revolver. By now he's had a bellyful of talk. He is sick of talk.

For most of the film, we believe unquestioningly that we have seen him shoot a policeman in a campus demonstration—from a hiding place—and flee. (Mark may not value his own life highly, but neither is he willing to throw it away in exchange for a single enemy.) Much later, in an intimate moment, he tells Daria that he wanted to shoot the cop, but never got off a shot; another sniper got the cop first. Just before Mark professes his innocence to Daria (and he is not the sort to deny shooting a cop if he has shot one) we see him draw a bead from another hiding place, on another cop, a California highway patrolman. As the camera pans 360 degrees around the deserted landscape we suspect this cop may force his affections on Daria. Then he turns back toward his patrol car and Mark doesn't pull the trigger. Even as the film is going on, we replay the campus murder—and seem to recall a slight, almost subliminal out-of-timeness in Mark's reaching for his gun, the shot's retort, the cop's falling dead.

In a court of law this would be the crucial question: the only question. Is Mark the assassin? Here it is not clear whether who fired the fatal bullet is important at all. A timeworn movie fake-out is being stood on its head. Once, the film maker would make dramatic hay out of the unforeseen revelation of innocence. The turnabout would customarily arrive as sudden justification for sparing the hero. The certain punishment we feared for him would no longer be necessary. He could be allowed to live happily ever after.

The fact that Mark is a cop killer might be all that's standing between us and total empathy with him. Were this fact unequivocally repudiated, Mark's death might seem murder pure and simple—instead of indirect, fateful retribution; instead of execution. Had Antonioni resolutely exonerated Mark, the audience might be expected to reason: all he did was borrow a plane for a joyride; he doesn't deserve to die for his mischief. But Antonioni declines to reverse our presuppositions about Mark's guilt; he only shakes them up a bit. You might ascribe his failure to clear up the question to that compulsive ambiguity we recall from his previous films. But the truth is, Mark would get his rocks off sooner or later. If he hadn't shot a cop yet he would shoot one for sure, if allowed to live. He would blow up a police station, blow up Lockheed, the Statue of Liberty, Rockefeller Center. Eventually the System would have to break him, lock him away. Like a great, dumb dinosaur the System flicks its tail at a tickle, and squashes the poison mosquito.

It doesn't much matter who shot the cop, Mark, or someone else like Mark. The theatre is no court of law, after all; even Mark himself gives no special weight to the accident of his innocence. For all our purposes *the intention is tantamount to the deed.* What is important: the sudden understanding that to be radical now means to be a guerrilla, liable to imprisonment and death. (Today, although there are millions more people to the left of center than there were two years ago before Chicago, there are fewer "radicals." Raised stakes is one obvious reason. One does not lightly join the Panthers these days.) Still more striking: the sudden abdication of what until now has seemed the clear responsibility of any radical film maker: To show cause for his radicalism.

Antonioni never shows us what Mark is willing to die for or, more precisely, what he is willing to die, a kamikaze's death, against. We are simply given to understand that there are villainous men with power, and that somebody must get rid of them. Do the evils of America logically impel one to mortal combat? Except for frequent images of policemen in the overzealous performance of their duties, no case is made against America. But let's agree, for argument's sake, that cops are vicious, trigger-happy sadists to a man. What has this to do with what Mark is willing to die for? Can't he mount a campaign to improve the police, say? Surely now, policemen can be selected more rigorously, trained more rigorously, failing all else, muzzled? Obviously this line of argument circumvents the radical vision altogether. The cops are visible agents of the invisible fascist state. No use comparing that state to more heinous ones of the past. To Mark, it is fascist enough.

The enumeration of radical grievances wouldn't lead inexorably to guerrillahood. Consequently there is no enumeration. For each complaint, someone rises to answer that the troops will be withdrawn, the lynchers prosecuted, the schools integrated, the hungry awarded food stamps, the harbor detoxified. Someone always insists, with great good humor, upon foundations to build on, institutions to change with. Constructive effort. Legitimate channels.

Zabriskie Point concerns no positions on political issues, but a comprehensive vision of America beyond saving. No use patching up this limb on the democratic tree, sawing off this branch, fertilizing the taproot there; the disease that's shriveling the leaves runs up the trunk, down through the roots. Cut anywhere through the bark: jaundiced sap flows. "Improvement" has no meaning. The condition is terminal. Are there institutions to work with? Political parties? The owners? The military-industrialists? The corporate lackeys? The churches? The unions? The media? The universities? There's no institutional blood finally that hasn't yellowed past transfusion. Just some few blacks out there operating alone or searching out the brothers, some few students and dropouts, ready now to take axes to the trunk, plant dynamite beneath the roots.

(No one besides these people will be able wholly to accept *Zabriskie Point*'s assumptions. To them, the movie will seem "real." To everyone else it will seem to proceed at one level or another of fantasy. Or it will seem simply false and therefore boring. Could a film maker somehow communicate the gestalt of the radical vision persuasively? I have no idea how. In any case, the left has not yet produced that transcendent propagandist, and *Zabriskie Point* will probably be seen and disliked by more people than any movie in history.)

Mark buys the gun. His intention is enough. "I'm tired of it, man," he says. "Kids rapping about violence and cops doing it." Walking out on the meeting, he seals his doom. The System must kill him for his proposed mischief. Remarkably, much the same can be said for Daria's radicalization. Her wishing to blow up the mansion becomes, nearly, tantamount to arson. We saw Mark in the gun store; we saw him reach for his .38 at the demonstration.

How indistinguishably close to the deed! Daria's transformation from blithe spirit into a revolutionary transpires more mysteriously, but just as surely. She brought no explosives to the mansion. At least, we never saw any. Repelled by the splendor of the place, by the high finance, by her boss's sexual expectations, she sneaks out and drives a ways down the hill. She stops her car and looks back at the mansion. Suddenly there is a silent cut of the house exploding. Then it is intact again. We see Daria's face. In that instant we appreciate the explosion as a figment of her overwrought imagination. Distressed at Mark's death, confused, angry, frustrated—an infantile flash, a blind striking out of the mind. Instantly, then, the house is restored.

We see it from afar, from up close. The camera tours it in montage. The sweep-around porch with its panorama of the desert, magazines flapping in a slight breeze, cigarettes still burning in ashtrays. One lavishly appointed room after another, in silence, then finally the financiers—reaching an agreement, after all negotiations successfully concluded. House perfectly intact. Daria gets out of her car and takes a few steps toward the house. We see the house. We see Daria. She has been so loose, now her energy seems concentrated remorselessly, almost conjuring at the house. Then the house blows up again, this time the explosion on the sound track is deafening. Black smoke and fire billow hundreds of feet into the air. Now it seems that the house has really been blown up, that the silent explosion was not Daria's fantasy but her premonition, her expectation: she must have laid the explosives! Or else her imagination is not blind, but purposeful. (She has been won to the radical vision. That is, *she sees the connection* between Mark's death and the men in the house, and must take sides.) In a fraction of a second's silence the house is restored. Then it blows again, then it is restored again, then it blows again, and again and again, from every angle, the silence between huge explosions infinitesimal. We realize again that the explosions are imaginings, not just Daria's but the film maker's too, an orgy of imaginative destruction. The naturalistic replays end. The ruins burn quietly. A peaceful, steady rock number begins. The film speed changes. The artifacts of affluence inside are themselves detonated full screen, disgorging their innards upward, end over end. The rock number begins to swell into an electronic wall. Like a Rauschenberg collage in motion, porch furniture explodes and floats in clear blue, then a wardrobe of beachwear, a television set, a library, the refrigerator—a [illegible] tumbles through the air, a chicken, a lobster, a box of Special K, a gaily wrapped loaf of bread, a can of artificial whipped cream, fresh garbage, the contents of America's stomach. One recognizes the terrible beauty of destruction, sways with the intoxication of a bomber pilot. The explosions keep coming, almost on top of each other, until one can no longer mistake them for casual fantasy. Much as a number of recent movies have seemed to cry, "Fight for your freedom, burst loose, rut up—wake America up, turn her on or turn your back on her," *Zabriskie Point* seems to cry, in the end, "Kick America's fat ass, tear off her dress, burn down her house, bring the ugly bitch to her knees!" Eventually, the aggression—mountainous, absurdist rage against the System's every last interlocking directorate—is exhausted. Daria turns slowly back to her car. The screen is bathed in glowing red. For an instant again we imagine that the glow emanates from embers—she really *has* blown it up!—but as she drives the rest of the way downhill, the camera turns to rest on an enormous sunset.

To most, this will seem a hyperbolic tourist's view of domestic affairs. But the young people who applaud may sense a political intensity that cannot arise on a visit—not nihilistic, but cynical and brave—a peculiarly indigenous radicalism that cannot originate with Antonioni. The expressionistic Death Valley love-in that is Antonioni's: one couple caressing in the forsaken dunes; the camera pulls back to discover about two dozen couples in ritual fornication (sand getting in everything). He is a director who finds landscapes and then devises how to populate them. I imagined that I understood how *Zabriskie Point* turned out the way it did when I read the following sentence in a press brochure: "As major events—the assassination of both Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, the Chicago Democratic Convention—reshaped Antonioni's ideas, a young writer with a deep awareness of what was happening in the United States today, Fred Gardner, came in and stayed with the film, until its completion."

I used to know Gardner. He was a couple of years ahead of me at college. We were both on the paper. Later he became a biographer, a playwright, an organizer of Army resistance, a husband, father, a communitarian, a songwriter—I have kept abreast of his activities mainly through mutual friends—and I imagine him here as

Bowl 'em over.

Surprise people

Serve MICHELOB

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Antonioni's Ted Sorensen or if you insist, his Rasputin. I've admired Gardner for a dozen qualities, not least for his astonishing receptivity to the information flashing around him, his capacity for change. I would guess it took him fifteen years to arrive at the political sensibility that Mark mythically embodies here a priori, and I wonder at all the self questioning and stocktaking Mark seems to have bypassed.

I've had a strangely stirring week at the movies. *Zabriskie Point*, like *Blow-Up* in 1966, is exactly as contemporary as a movie can be. It's riddled with failings. You can take the position that the idea was preposterous to start with or terrific and muddled up horrendously—but the picture is a knockout, filled with passages that leave you openmouthed with delight, including a most amazing courtship sequence and a lyrical, sweet, sexy follow-through. Insofar as *Zabriskie Point* is a political observation—political dream, call it—I think of it as more than a little Gardner's.

There was also *Out Of It*, an endearable sensitive little black and white film that United Artists has been dribbling out at the bottom of double bills in Western towns, advertising it as a teen beach formula job. The film has not been getting reviewed, the audience that would appreciate it misses it. Such mistreatment of independently produced features is scarcely newsworthy (*Pretty Poison* was 1968's celebrated example), but I had an accidental interest in *Out Of It*: it was written and directed by Paul Williams, who was on the college paper too, with Gardner and me.

I sent a fairly long "quote" to Williams' producer, who is about my age, twenty-six. The idea was that it would show the appropriate studio brass that critics (of national publications!) would address themselves seriously to *Out Of It*, so the brass might then arrange more propitious openings and promotion. My quote, from which I invited the producer to excerpt at will, was as follows:

"*Out Of It* is instant nostalgia, a humorous, carefully observed memoir of an astonishingly recent historical era and about a particular subculture that thrived then. It was a time of bowling, identification bracelets, drive-ins (if Mom would lend her car), great big hairy pizzas, when guys in the locker room, with condoms in their wallets, asked if you got any bare tit last night, and no one thought cheerleaders were even a little ridiculous. There were no politics, no Beatles, no marijuana, no pill, no internationally publicized community of the alienated. Everyone was still hung up about sex. It was a time when to be a teenager was to be nothing, and to be conscious was to be nowhere.

"A kid with the uglies who read Camus and couldn't get the hang of how to swing his hips for the Twist had a rough go in the suburbs then, and Paul Williams—a young film maker of great competence, friendliness and individuality — remembers just how difficult it was to wrest status from a society that ritualized insensitivity. Besides being the first accurate movie depiction of that era's desperate posturing, *Out Of It* is notable as Williams' first movie and as Jon Voight's. Both of them stand here at the precise beginnings of long and eventually eminent movie careers, and one is certain that each will be more zealous, more adamant than his precursors in prosecuting his sense of the aesthetically true. That is, neither will be handing us more of the same old assembly line crap.

"Voight plays an arrogant high school jock, a bully, ignorant but not so dumb, completely in tune with his body and therefore—in every graceful, empty gesture—irresistibly cool. Voight's authority as an actor is startling: before he's been on stage for five minutes he has begun absolutely to epitomize every empty-headed bastard who, for a few years there, got away with all the grab-ass you never dared—every cool bastard who tooled around with dual carbs 4 on the floor 389 under the hood and thought it was funny to cut your ignition wires or rank out your mother."

The trouble with *Out Of It*

(Continued on page 56)

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

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Then you file your papers with the Federal Aeronautics Administration, you berth your plane at one of the eleven thousand airports dotting the American landscape, you tack up your sign reading "Ausgespielt Airlines," and you're in business.

As far as the F.A.A. is concerned, you're now officially a third-level carrier. That third level takes some explanation. First-level are the trunk airlines, such big boys of the airline business as American, Braniff, Continental, Eastern, National, Northwest, TWA, United and Western (Pan Am is in a class by itself as a purely international airline). Second-level carriers are the local-service airlines such as Air West, Allegheny, Frontier, Mohawk, North Central, Ozark, Piedmont, Southern and Trans-Texas. In maintenance and safety standards, the F.A.A. sets the same requirements for first- and second-level airlines (and their tribe might very well decrease through mergers within the next couple of years).

But you are in this happy third-level category and the F.A.A. demands no more of you than it does from the operators and owners of private aircraft. You are one of about four thousand little air-taxi operators, with about two hundred forty scheduled commuter airlines at the top of your third-level category. Altogether they carry more than 725,000 passengers a year, mostly between small cities and towns and municipal airports.

You're now free to ferry passengers around the country pretty much as you see fit. You are also free to, as the French say, casser your gueule—smash your face—and so are any passengers unfortunate enough to fly with you with your limited flying experience. Pilots for the major airlines need twelve hundred hours of flight time as a basic minimum, and they must be checked out on instrument flying. Their aircraft is put through regular and rigorous maintenance schedules; all you have to do with your crate is to get it up in the air and see that it's maintained and serviced the same as a private airplane.

The results are just about what you'd expect. Although some of the commuter lines operate on airline standards, and many of the "Mom and Pop" air-taxi outfits (Mom sells the tickets, Pop flies the plane) have established good reputations around their home airports for safety and dependability, the general safety record of the third-level carriers is so bad that veteran travelers sometimes call them the "white knuckle" airlines—you climb aboard, grab the seat between your legs, hold on and pray. Your chances of getting killed in an air taxi are more than thirty times better—or worse—than in a trunk or regional airliner.

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Jaguar XKE ([illegible]) Statistics Source: [illegible] June, 196[illegible]	8.0 sec	21.7 sec.	15.7 sec.	86 mph	245 bhp	[illegible]	Yes
Maserati Ghibli (Italy) Statistical Source: Car & Driver Sept. 1968	7.7 sec	19.8 sec	15.8 sec	[illegible] mph	330 bhp	Si	No
Mercedes-Benz 280 SL (Germany) Statistics Source: Road & Track June 1969	9.5 sec	30.5 sec	17.1 sec	80 mph	180 bhp	Nein	Nein
Porsche 911E (Germany) Statistics Source: Road & Track January 196[illegible]	8.4 sec	22.6 sec	16.0 sec	83 mph	160 bhp	Nein	Ja

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The swing era

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The Saturday-night prom brought out boys in tuxes and girls in evening gowns dancing sedately under the watchful eyes of chaperons — sometimes to the music of two or three dance bands

Wherever the youth set gathered sweater and skirt bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a young man who was "in the groove."

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Below Even in the hectic Thirties part of growing up was quiet talk and tender moods at weekend parties

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Airspur Corporation is its name, its founder, president and board chairman is Warren E. Kraemer an aviation consultant who for ten years was first vice president and deputy president of the Scandinavian Airlines System. He started Airspur as a commuter airline and at the time of writing it has already become the second largest in the United States, having acquired three airlines—one in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, the others in the northeast U.S. Currently they carry about 400,000 passengers annually. In the next year or so the network may well reach across the continent, and within five years it expects to become an international operator of about one hundred owned and franchised airlines, all carrying the Airspur name and meeting its operational and financial standards.

Only 638 of the nation's eleven thousand airports are currently being used for commercial flying and Airspur officers have promised the Civil Aeronautics Board that the company will serve at least one thousand additional airports, some of them in states that now have no commuter air service, within the next few years.

Airspur is voluntarily meeting the requirements of Federal Aviation Regulation 121 which sets the safety standards for the trunk and regional airlines, thus it has a captain, copilot and stewardess on every flight. Its captains must have twin-engine turbine experience and at least four thousand flying hours—about twenty times the requirement for the air taxi operator's commercial pilot's license, and more than three times the minimum for pilots on major airlines. The company is already operating an Air Transport Rating school for captains and a stewardess-training school in Puerto Rico. (Short and slender stewardesses are preferred because they'll be operating in small places!)

All this takes a great deal of money, of course—more than commuter airlines and air taxi operators have heretofore been able to afford. Yet Airspur expects to make a profit while meeting its high operating costs by applying big-corporation practices to an industry that till now has been made up mainly of small companies.

Until Airspur moved into the picture the two hundred forty commuter airlines operated thirty-seven different types of planes made by twenty-four manufacturers. Airspur's fleet will be made up of only two models; thus it will be able to interchange planes among various areas and routes as traffic demands. Standardization of maintenance and overhaul will eliminate large stockpiling of spare parts and further savings will be realized through large-scale buying of aircraft, engines, avionics, maintenance equipment and fuel.

The two types of aircraft, both eighteen-passenger twin-engine turboprops, are the British-built, three-hundred-mile-an-hour Handley Page HP 137 Jetstream which has a cruising range of about 1150 miles, and the Canadian De Havilland Twin Otter Series 200 which will be used to serve airports with short runways. The plane cruises at about a hundred forty miles an hour with a range of about six hundred fifty miles. Six Twin Otters are already in operation with other aircraft soon to be replaced. Twenty Jetstreams costing a total of $12,000,000 are on order together with additional Twin Otters.

On the marketing side Airspur will be able to undertake major advertising campaigns, benefit from interline promotional and traffic agreements with trunk and region-

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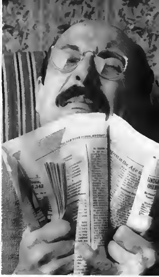

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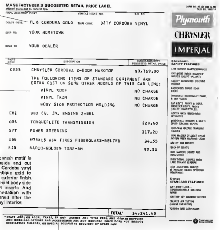

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al airlines, win recognition as a reliable brand name and gain the support of travel agents by paying them commission and giving them all inclusive-tour packages to sell to pleasure travelers.

The line plans to tie in closely with resort developments. At Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico, for instance, a new $20,000,000 528-room convention hotel is under construction, and Airspur has had tentative conversations anent Dorado Wings, a local airline with exclusive traffic rights between Dorado San Juan and Little Dix Bay in the British Virgin Islands. It is now an air taxi operation but could easily be converted into a first-rate scheduled airline.

Airspur also plans special "gamblers' flights" between the Virgin Islands and San Juan, and inquiries from national carriers in Europe, the Middle East and the Orient are helping speed the line's program for international operations.

Turning now to more frivolous matters, it occurs to me that in recent years Paris has become one of Europe's squarer communities, in comparison both with other contemporary cities on the continent and with the Paris that used to be. In the olden days we used to pick up copies of *Fanny Hill* and the *Kama Sutra* there, hoping to sneak them past U.S. Customs. (An old girl friend of mine once had to tear up her copy of *Lady Chatterley* page by page in the Customs shed.) Moroccans, Algerians and other North African types would approach me on the street—always mistaking my nationality except for one brief visit while I was still in uniform—and whisper, "*Wullen sie* feelthy peectures *gekaufen*?" or words to that effect. The idea of an Arab trying to push pornography in garbled German to an American Jew always seemed to me to strike just the proper note of inspired insanity.

Nowadays the stuff you can buy on almost any New York newsstand would have shocked the soul of a daughter of joy at 32, rue Blondel or any of the other celebrated old *maisons de tolérance* that once brightened the Parisian scene, and travelers on sex tours of Europe are passing up Paris in favor of London, Copenhagen and Hamburg. As a matter of fact this latter development is rocking the foundations of one of Europe's great visitor attractions, the enormously successful Meet the Danes program, on which more than 75,000 visitors, many of them Americans, have signed up through the Danish Tourist Board to meet and be entertained at the homes of Danes with similar interests. Ever since Denmark in effect legalized pornography—and especially since the celebrated Copenhagen sex fair last fall—the hospitable Danes have been plagued by an influx of balling couples and other off-center types anxious to contact comparable Danes, object friendship.

While the Danes are trying to sort out the confusion, Paris is going ahead with its own Meet the French program. Not untypically Gallic, it is a commercial venture and, consistent with the contemporary squareness of Paris, it is utterly respectable. Headed by a personable young man by the name of Guy Burhey, Meet the French has offices at 39, rue Godot-de-Mauroy in the ninth arrondissement. Its phone number is 077 66 77.

For the past few years it has been operating a personalized Paris sight-seeing service conducted by young college-educated and bilingual Parisians in their own cars. More than ten thousand American visitors used this service last year.

Now the organization has greatly expanded its activities to include "Capsule Paris," a tour of the city compressed into two hours; a "Meet the French at Home" program; "Knight for a Night" stopovers at châteaux hôtels throughout the country; and "France Overview" flights in small airplanes.

"Meet the French at Home" comes in three versions. The one they title "Get Together" calls for cocktails or coffee and about two hours of conversation in a Parisian home, with hosts picking up guests at their hotels and returning them there after the conversation. The price is $15 for one person, scaling down to $7 each for four guests. "A Parisian Soirée" starts off

Son of the famous Col. Jim Beam, T. Jeremiah is the fifth generation of a Kentucky family that's been making the same Bourbon since 1795. That's a long time for one family to make one product, according to one formula.

As a matter of fact, 1970 marks the 175th anniversary of the year in which Jacob Beam, founder of the Beam clan, sold his first barrel of Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.

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the same, extends to dinner in a good bistro and a quick swing around floodlighted Paris on the way back to the hotel. It costs from $23 to $36 per guest, depending on the number. Then there are the four hour half-day or the seven hour full-day "Hospitality Tours" around Paris, winding up at the host's home. Price range for the half-day tour is $9 to $24 per person, and for the full-day it's $13 to $35.

The "Knight for a Night" program presents an attractive means of touring France, with your host doing the driving, stopping over at any of sixty three castles, country homes and inns organized under the group name of *Châteaux Hôtels de France*. You plan your own route from one château to the next with the help of the "Meet the French" people, and you can estimate your expenses in advance by multiplying the listed per diem prices by the number of days you wish to spend on the trip. Prices quoted include room (and usually private bath), Continental breakfast and service charge and taxes at the château, two hundred miles of daily travel in the "Meet the French" car, and all expenses of your driver-host-guide-interpreter. The rates run from $38 daily per person for four people staying in two double rooms at a *2 fleurs* establishment (*confortable*) all the way up to $120 for one guest traveling alone and occupying a single room at a *4 fleurs* chateau (*luxe*).

But the most novel note is the new "France Overview," four flight-seeing itineraries by single- or twin-engine planes. The first is a flight from Paris to and around Normandy, with lunch in Dinard before returning to Paris; the second is an overflight of the Normandy invasion beaches; the third is a swing over the Loire Valley and its châteaux; and the fourth is a two-day tour of the French Alps, overnighting in Grenoble. There's a wide range of prices, depending on type of aircraft and number of passengers, but they vary all the way from $78 per person minimum for a half-day trip over the Loire up to $468 for a single passenger making the two-day Alpine flight. They all include pickup from and delivery to your hotel in Paris. And you can buy any part of the "Meet the French" program from your travel agent. He'll get a nice commission out of it, at no extra cost to you. ◆

FILMS

(Continued from page 40) lies in Paul Williams' closeness to material peculiar to the period of his adolescence, 1956-1963. I hope it is not indiscreet to relate an anecdote in this connection. A few years ago, after reading the script, I asked Williams why he called his protagonist "Paul." He replied, "No other name seemed quite right."

When he was making the film in 1967, he failed to conceive of it as a period piece, which it was even then. (Boys did not still want to marry virgins, etc.) He saw it as an up-to-the-minute portrait of high school U.S.A. and therefore peppered it with late-model automobiles, references to Vietnam and L.B.J., bikinis, Sixties' rock. United Artists bought the picture, and held up its release for two years. (That Jon Voight was presently becoming a star via another U.A. picture, *Midnight Cowboy*, was apparently a partial cause for the delay.)

By this time, even the up-to-date references were out of date (Nixon was already President). The "feel" of the relationships (especially the boy-girl and adult-teen-ager relationships) could now be perceived as Eisenhower vintage. But it was too late to erase the bikinis and late-model cars. I guess that reasoning to this effect led Williams to the best available compromise: he now prefaces *Out Of It* with the legend "Long Island Summer, 1964." Compromises notwithstanding, the decades are annoyingly blurred. That won't trouble the archivists of the future, but at this historical moment the blurring creates unease and distrust.

The punch line of this story is that Paul Williams is now in London making a movie called *The Revolutionary*. From here on in I guess he'll have relatively smooth sailing. I've not heard any recent news of Gardner. I hope to God he's taking care. ◆

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Readers, we have gone to more trouble than you would believe to bring you this issue—Spiro Agnew and some words from the Silent Majority, Gore Vidal and the star of *Myra Breckinridge* who happens to be that same Raquel Welch who three times consented to pose for our cover and three times retreated, throwing her entire Retrospective into such confusion that at one point Associate Editor Tom Hedley, vacationing in the Canadian wilds, was obliged to seek out a telephone booth by the side of the road in order to call Miss Welch from her pool in Beverly Hills to remind her—but we wouldn't want to bother you with any of that.

A Memoir in the Form of a Novel, which is from *Two Sisters*, will be published by Little, Brown. The lyrics from *Buck White*, quoted by Muhammad Ali re "*I'm sorry, but I'm through fighting now*," were written by Oscar Brown Jr. and copyrighted 1969 in the author's name.

The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew is by the brilliant Martin Mayer, whose gift for humor Esquire would use oftener if the woods were not so full of issues calling for Mr. Mayer's graver manifestations. Before dealing seriously with Mr. Mayer, however, it seems appropriate to turn here to a few remarks garnered by a dumb interviewer from Mr. Karl Shapiro (*A Little Treasury of Nonnegotiable Verse*, page 131). As will be seen, the careless observer might at first place Mr. Shapiro and Mr. Mayer at opposite sides of the earth.

Dumb Interviewer: What do you consider yourself, Mr. Shapiro, a poet first, or a professor?

Mr. Shapiro: Last year I won the best poetry prize in the United States, the Bollingen Prize. I think I've won about all the poetry prizes there are in the U.S. except the National Book Award, my wife says. Does that answer that?

D.I.: What will you be writing next?

S.: I've finished a novel and publishers are reading it now. It's called *Edsel* and the point of it is what's going to happen to the universities if nobody puts the brakes on. It's the story of a university falling apart from the inside—a student body that gets invaded by the hippies. One reader said it was hilarious and of course I wanted it to be. Part of it is the absurdity of a poet being on campus at all, as I am, and part of it is about the absurdity and phoniness of students as they are today.

D.I.: Do you mean the things you say about students seriously? Sometimes I have the feeling that you write one thing and think another. Is that true?

S.: I've been asked that question before. I think it's because I say things that aren't fashionable. About student radicals for instance—I've seen all that stuff before and to me it's phony, but I'm like a voice in the wilderness. I have an article out now in *Library Journal* about illiteracy in the high schools and colleges of this country. Now that's something everybody knows about, but nobody who's in a position to say anything ever does. You have show biz people who say this is the finest generation of students ever. Well, it's the worst. We have a whole generation of professors who either are or pretend to be revolutionary. What they're really doing is flattering the students.

D.I.: You don't mean that.

S.: Ask any English professor in the United States.

And now, to cut back to Martin Mayer, author of *Wall Street: Men and Money, The Schools, Madison Avenue U.S.A.*, former Associate Editor of Esquire (1961-1964) and its current music reviewer, former Research Director of the Study in International Secondary Education, The Twentieth Century Fund, and a member of the President's Panel on Educational Research and Development, recently dissolved. Mr. Mayer:

"What have I done in the last three years since my last *Who's Who* revision? I've left the local school board and the President's Panel is finished. My current *pro bono publico* garbage is to be involved with people in their work rather than on the policy level. It's much more satisfying.

"The origin of the Agnew piece is that I had been playing tennis with Hayes [Editor's Note: Harold Hayes, Editor of Esquire]. I have no reluctance in having it pointed out that most of the time I've been beating Mr. Hayes. I happened to say I thought the two famous Agnew speeches were pretty good. He thought at first I was kidding but later that afternoon he called me and

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said 'You've got to do an article. Nobody around here has ever heard a good word about Agnew up to now.'

'I'm a compulsive writer. I write every night for the same reason a cow gives milk. The ideas have to come out.

"I don't feel the need to have an attitude. I don't *debar* myself from having an attitude but I don't find it necessary. If people see their real world in something I've written, fine. They're recognizing the situation I've reported on. In any case people see what they want to believe. *Madison Avenue U.S.A.* called this very forcibly to my attention. People outside of the advertising industry thought it was a defense and people in the industry thought it was an attack.

"I don't like to reread what I've written after publication. As a writer you have to live with your mistakes more than in any other kind of occupation, but that doesn't mean you have to enjoy it. It's very important to have the freedom to change your mind which comes with not rereading what you wrote before.

About the kids of this generation, in the Mayer house we worry that the kids are *insufficiently* rebellious. The big one is now fourteen and said to me the other day that the storms of adolescence are about over.

"One thing I do insist on is that my kids carry green book bags for their musical instruments, books and bathing suits, and not briefcases. Briefcases bend kids the wrong way; green book bags are good for posture.

"Seriously, though, Karl Shapiro has a point about this generation's young activists. I get bored with them. The beginning of wisdom is the consciousness of ignorance, but these kids have been told they know all there is. With the campus leaders especially, the problem is that beneath the rhetoric you find more rhetoric. They don't know what it is to make a decision. They're not trained in the uses of reading. They never *think* of rereading anything they've written. They just rely on the teacher to criticize and if you do that you never get any better."

The *Memory Expert*, by Stanley Elkin, will be part of the book *The Dick Gibson Show* to be published by Random House. Mr. Elkin, the author of *Boswell: A Modern Comedy* and *Criers and Kibitzers, Kibitzers and Criers*, asks all Americans to go out and push this one over the top.

Associate Editor Tom Ferrell (*If the Silent Majority could talk, what would it say?* page 146) says:

"Ferrell thought it would be interesting to go and see some media people who had already said more or less what Agnew said.

"He sent a bunch of questionnaires to people he thought might reasonably be considered members of the Silent Majority but abandoned that project when an American Legion officer in the Midwest reported that *Newsweek* was no good because it was 'radically oriented' but that the most reliable magazine writer he could think of was Robert Shaplen. Couldn't define project well enough to think of a writer to do it so had to do it himself and went to see what it would be like.

'And he came to Esquire in 1967. And this is the first by-line anywhere since he reviewed *Divergens* for the *Stanford Daily* in 1968.'

HOW IT LOOKS FROM THE COLONIES

DENIS BROGAN

The Roman poet Horace asserted that travelers change their sky but not their minds by crossing the sea, an assertion I have recently put to the test by a fairly long sea voyage, part of it over the sea Horace had in mind, the Mediterranean. I think Horace was wrong. Returning home after five months in the United States by a complicated route—New York to Cannes via Naples, then by air to London—I found that I had changed my mind if only in being bewildered by my slow change of environment. For one thing, I returned in an Italian ship and I had never sailed in an Italian ship before. For another, I landed at Cannes on a warm, gently caressing day with the sea as azure as the advertising for the Côte d'Azur suggests, after leaving New York on a chilly January day, with girls huddled in maxi coats and the sidewalks not free of dirty snow. Then, flying to London, a few hours brought me into the "character building" bone-creaking chill of the English winter. No, it was not merely a change of sky but a change of soul.

But the most visible effect of the nine-day trip was the "distancing" of one's vision. Each day the United States seemed more remote, its problems more academic and unreal. I listened only intermittently to the radio news. When I did listen, I tuned in the Italian rather than the English programs, suspending my naturally pessimistic temperament for a mild because ignorant optimism. I concluded that Adam Smith was right (I mean the famous Glasgow professor, not the poet of the New York stock market). There is a lot of ruin in a nation. One reason I have accepted this comforting doctrine is that I found my native land suffers from many of the troubles of the United States in slightly different forms. Thus, conscious of the permanently looming threat of violence in America, I was shocked to be reminded of the "soldened" violence at our soccer crowds. The outbreaks of American violence, by blacks or by the police, are in a sense more creditable than the mindless wrecking of football trains. American riots are *about* something. The "something" may be alarming, may be a problem that won't go away or be easily cured. We have less physically serious, but possibly more ominous, outbursts of childish violence.

Then we British are accustomed to admire our press, comparing it in a snooty fashion with the undoubtedly inferior American press. (The "undoubtedly" is assumed by people who never see any American papers.) At the moment of writing, the question of what is the sex of the "wife" of an heir to a peerage seems to be the most keenly debated legal issue in Britain. It has just been decided that the wife is a man and so can't be a wife. More and more information on the anatomical and psychological problems involved will doubtless be

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Conservation is one of the most challenging, dramatic and vital issues facing this nation (and the world) during the next decade. The problem is reaching "do or die" proportions. In the past few months interest in protecting our environment has snowballed. And the movement is still just beginning.

In this nation alone, many species of Wildlife are in serious danger. Naturalists and ecologists all agree that it will take a concerted and powerful effort to keep dozens of species from going the way of the dinosaur, the dodo bird and the passenger pigeon.

This new Limited Edition of coin medals from World Mint Associates presents magnificent reproductions of twenty four (24) endangered mammals, birds, fish and reptiles. Some are already so rare that few of us have ever seen them. Included are the Texas Red Wolf, Devil's Hole Pupfish, American Alligator, California Condor and twenty other endangered species. Examples of each species are beautifully sculpted in lifelike detail and are carefully struck in your choice of Sterling Silver or Solid Bronze. The medals are thirty four (34) millimeters in diameter (slightly larger than a half dollar). It would be difficult to imagine more lustrous replicas of animal life than these rich, bas relief coin medals.

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Here is a remarkable opportunity to increase your involvement in this fascinating fight to preserve and pass along our precious natural heritage. Much more than a mere conversation piece, the impact of this richly mounted first edition will communicate its important message to your family, friends and acquaintances. And at the same time, subscribers in Sterling Silver will be acquiring a personal "reserve" of precious metal in an era when silver currency also seems to be in danger of becoming extinct.

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As noted, this Endangered Wildlife Species First Edition will be strictly limited. The combination of rapidly increasing interest, plus the limited nature of this collection, is the climate which produces extremely valuable collector's items. As the demand increases and the supply remains constant, the value of beautiful and interesting material can be expected to rise. The situation bodes well for those with the foresight to act at the first (and only) opportunity.

Hopefully all of the species represented in this limited first edition can and will be saved. Hopefully these beautiful coin medals will be in celebration of man's determination to restore and preserve the priceless legacy of nature, rather than "in memoriam." Just as you may wish to pass this superb edition along to your children, we must hope that our heirlooms will include their real life counterparts. Time alone will tell.

This six-volume deluxe edition is the most beautiful and informative mounting ever offered collectors of coins and medals. For the first time your collection is also a superb addition to your library.

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forthcoming on appeal. After all the only rival to *Pravda* in circulation is our great national journal *The News of the World* (now under Australian management) and it still happily concentrates on sex, regular and irregular, preferably clergymen and, when in luck, really startling sex crimes. Perhaps students of English public opinion would be better advised to read *The News of the World* (or *The People*) than *The Times* (of London) or *The Guardian* (now alas also of London and Manchester). But there are serious people thinking serious thoughts and one of the things they are thinking about is the problem of our relations with the United States or, more precisely, with the Nixon Administration. Is there a problem? Well, if the British think there is, there is, although it is much more a problem for us than for you.

There are at the moment, two "problems" affecting Anglo-American relations. One is permanent but possibly manageable, one (I hope) temporary but real at the moment.

The permanent one is simply the *imbalance of power*. Even so friendly and regular a visitor as myself is a little upset by the small role Britain plays in serious American discussion of the hopes and dangers of the world. There is often little news of Britain and what there is often is so trivial as the treatment of American news in the British press—and one can hardly give a more devastating example of badly balanced reporting than that! Less regular and more naive visitors are irritated by the kindly and condescending manner in which they are greeted. They react by irritation, concealing resentment at our comparatively feeble state. American kindliness makes it worse. Or, indomitably complacent, they think it their duty to commiserate with the unfortunate ex-colonists (are they really ex after all?) at their bad and so easily improved system of government—so easily improved for all the Americans have to do is to imitate the ostentatiously successful British system (a dream some credulous American academics also share). And they had better do it, for if they don't they can't do their duty by the Mother Country. But it is not only the defects of the American political and social system that irritate the visiting or even more or less permanently located Briton. It is the bad taste of the American voters in electing a Republican President and *that* Republican President. For the mass of British opinion doesn't trust the Grand Old Party and is only slowly learning to tolerate President Nixon, and to accept the fact that *he* is President and not Senator Eugene McCarthy or Mr. Hubert Humphrey or the late Adlai Stevenson or the late Robert Kennedy.

Of course, the more sensible British politicians, businessmen and students know that, barring accidents

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(and that, alas is a serious modification one has to make in the case of any American President) Mr Nixon is going to be in the White House till January, 1973 and that pleasing or helping Britain is not and should not be one of his highest priorities

But why is Mr Nixon suspect? First of all because he is a Republican A great many intelligent people in Britain have a sour memory of the G O P going back to Henry Cabot Lodge I, to Herbert Hoover and to such follies as the Goldwater campaign They agree with Admiral S E Morison that the G O P has not behaved like a "party of government" for a long time They are only beginning to accept the possibility that it is beginning to behave like one now But like men from Missouri they have to be shown (they would like another man from Missouri like Mr Truman in the White House) Justly or unjustly even or perhaps especially English conservatives haven't seen the Republicans as a really conservative party And now they need a conservative President in the White House and they would like a really conservative party in Congress, not one catering to Arizona or Orange County California

They need one for, with not always concealed resentment they know that the success of *any* British government, whether headed by Mr Wilson or by Mr Heath (it makes little difference which) depends on successful government in Washington Left-wing enemies of the United States like Michael Davitt Foot may roar I suspect that Mr Enoch Powell (whose ignorance of the United States is astonishing even in a former Professor of Greek) would also roar if he were as much of an ideologue as Mr Foot But as Robert Burns wrote "Facts are chiels that winna ding"

And what are the facts? It used to be said that "when Paris sneezes Europe catches cold" Paris doesn't now count for much. But when Washington sneezes when "the Fed" can't make up its collective mind or makes it up the wrong way Europe risks pneumonia and Britain, feverishly anxious to reap the reward of its fiscal virtue (which possibly only a formally Left wing government could have dared to practice), shudders at the thought of a deflation in America that might save the dollar but ruin the pound make our climb uphill a labor of Sisyphus.

For we need the American market—and for more than Scotch We need American investment. We need an intelligently sympathetic government in Washington and, judging from the tone of our financial press we have some hopes of getting it from Mr Nixon. But apart from ideologues and ex-Communist union leaders like Mr Hugh Scanlon, we expect it, but are not willing to bet on it Suspicion of the G O P still runs as strong among Tories as among Labourites The Emerging Republican Majority' that Mr Kevin Phillips sees in his horoscopical dreams does not cheer us up very much We look at his map and see that it writes off just those areas of the United States which are most like Britain (as Mr Wilson has rightly pointed out) We can't sweep our versions of those problems under the carpet. Mr Heath may put some money on "law and order" but I suspect that most English lawyers (even Tory lawyers) would regard Mr Mitchell as inadequately equipped for his job Yet it must be said that the conditioned reflex that produced built in hostility to Mr Nixon is wearing off in part because of the realism of English politicians Churchill said after he had announced his policy of all out aid to the Soviets in 1941 that if the Devil was fighting Hitler he'd find a few kind words for him More will be found if Mr Nixon avoids a recession or a depression or some flare up of the war in Vietnam And that he may do all that is what our rulers hope I share this hope myself After all, I'm a Nixon on my mother's side ■

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Show your True Colors!

You hear a lot these days about the "new" trend toward more colorful men's clothing. Many a man who puts on something other than a plain blue or white shirt for the first time since childhood, tries so with some apprehension But almost invariably his first glance in a mirror convinces him that the "real me" has emerged And indeed it has

Because the somber tones with which we've garbed ourselves for the last couple of generations were definitely contrary to nature's scheme of things It's always been the male animal and the male bird who have the brightest coloration and throughout history the human males have pardon the expression followed suit

Today a company like Van Heusen which used to make solid color shirts almost exclusively has blossomed out with a terrific selection of really bright stripes They're made of a combination of a man made fiber (Fortrel polyester) and a natural fiber (cotton) so they're comfortable hold their shape and look like a million And it's not a put-on you, looking so great in those bright colors but the real you

Though men's clothing looks better and feels more comfortable than at any time in history there are some fascinating historical reasons why we wear what we do

The first real clothes were animal skins, and it's interesting to see that fur coats for men are making a real comeback A little bit later in history a simple piece of cloth was wrapped around whatever piece of anatomy was coldest It's hard to believe that both Savile Row and Carnaby Street have a common ancestor in the first guy to stick his head through a hole in the middle of a piece of cloth

It wasn't long before the boss man whether he was priest king or bullyboy started ornamenting himself as befitted his exalted station An extra layer of cloth wrapped around him to make him look bigger, or a hat to make him look taller, were early marks of "class" In nature male coloration has the dual purpose of frightening enemies and attracting mates Modern military uniforms have adopted protective rather than aggressive coloration, but vestiges of "frightening" ornamentation still exist in epaulettes shakos and the like Anyone who has seen a cat fluff up or a dog knows how basic is the desire to look bigger

The assertion of masculinity *per se* has also been a continuing theme through the ages Back when the entire male wardrobe consisted of a piece of cloth, it was tied with the knot front and center Later when knives and daggers were as essential to man's well being as credit cards are today they hung down in front One assumes sheathes and scabbards were invented early

Other types of protective and decorative padding came into vogue from time to time, reaching its apogee in the Sixteenth Century men's voluminous wide-shouldered sleeves

Today even most shoulder padding is gone and male plummage is not only bright but comfortable and easy to take care of Thanks to modern textile technology we males are in the best shape sartorially that we've been in centuries

Almost as good shape in fact as that guy who first stuck his head through a hole in a piece of cloth

Quo vadis?

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Esquire's
LEISURAMA
70

VAN HEUSEN GOES FORTREL

For the shirt bird-watchers watch. Pretty little birds are sure to flock around this crepe weave "Hampshire House" shirt in Fortrel polyester and cotton New longer collar styling in vivid stripes plus cutaway cuffs, body shaping and permanent press. About $8.50 wherever Van Heusen shirts are sold.

You never know when one of those little birds will want to whisper something in your ear.

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Jiffies. The missing link?

Ever since the first man slipped his calloused foot into a piece of hide the development of footwear has for the most part gone two different ways.

The way of shoes. And the way of slippers.

Slippers are things to be worn inside. Rarely if ever do they venture beyond people's homes. Sometimes slippers don't even get beyond people's bedrooms.

Then we have shoes. Hard and heavy shoes. And they're made differently from slippers because they have to face a different kind of life.

With shoes you get nice hard soles and nice tough leather uppers. Because it's a tough world out there.

Then about five years ago into these two different worlds came Jiffies.

Jiffies. They're not exactly shoes but they're not exactly slippers either.

They're the best of both worlds. Light and smooth to the foot like slippers yet stylish and hardy enough to survive the cruel world outside.

The idea behind Jiffies becomes even clearer when you consider some of the styles that are available.

For instance, consider the Executive. For slipper-like comfort it's lightweight and flexible. And it is made with softly tanned leather. But you can also wear it outside like a shoe. Because you have a leather outsole and a foamy cushion insole to come between you and the hard pavement. And great styling to boot. With its zippered travel case and at only $8.00 it would make a fine Father's Day gift.

Then there's a Jiffies sandal called Calcutta. An all-leather import from India. Made of genuine buffalo hide. Again, with indoor/outdoor styling and construction.

There's even a Jiffies style that looks like a penny loafer. Yet it's lighter, more flexible and certainly more comfortable than any penny loafer. It's called Pacer and comes in eight smart colors and costs about $5.00.

And the styles go on and on. Right now there are fourteen to choose from in a wide variety of colors. To go with all the things people do.

There are Jiffies to garden in, to boat in, to head to the beach in and to loaf in. Jiffies to putter around in, jog in and jig in. Jiffies to drive in, travel in and just be in.

Whatever you do in your leisure time why not do it feeling more relaxed in a pair of Jiffies?

And don't think you've got to stop with one pair either. Many people have a whole Jiffies wardrobe just like shoes. Which is easy to do. Most styles are priced as comfortable as they're made (you can't spend more than $8.00 on a pair, even if you wanted to).

So there you have it, the story of Jiffies.

We call them the missing link because you can't call them shoes or slippers. There's no shoe or slipper in the world quite like them.

Only Jiffies are like Jiffies.

Jiffies' good looks are deceiving. Only your feet will know you're relaxing.

Because Jiffies are just about the most comfortable things you ever slipped on.

And Jiffies let you relax in style too. 14 different styles to be exact. In addition to a variety of colors.

The Traveler (left) has a special indoor/outdoor sole and is terry lined—$5. Millions of happy feet are already wearing the Squire (center). It's corduroy with terry lining and is machine washable—$4.50. The Bentley (right) is the newest thing in leisure footwear, with a squared-off toe. Wear it indoors or out—$7.50.

JIFFIES®

Do something nice for your feet.

[illegible] of Kayser-Roth

The knit bit is for men, too

It used to be, when you really wanted comfort, you put on your oldest sweater. It probably looked like hell, but the way its shape followed yours, and the way it always seemed to keep you the right temperature, was something special. That's because it was knitted.

A few years ago, the combination of man-made fibers and knitting technology resulted in a new kind of knit wear, but it was all for women. The ladies liked the combination of comfort, fit and wrinkle resistance so much that over 70% of all "better" dresses sold these days are knits.

We men have been slow in demanding equal knits, but we're making up for lost time. Slacks, dress shirts, tailored Suits, sport jackets and even rainwear are now available with all the great qualities of knitwear. And with yarns, fabrics, colors and tailoring especially engineered to masculine taste.

Tailoring is the key to the new men's fashions. Though the fabrics are designed to look like conventional wovens, they act like knits in terms of comfort and stretch. If you can imagine a business suit as comfortable as that ratty old sweater, you'll get some idea why knits are NOW for the guy who likes to combine good looks with comfort.

The beautiful part of knits is that fabrics themselves can be engineered to each garment just like the tailoring. Chemical fibers can be blended with each other or with natural fibers. Polyester fibers such as Celanese's Fortrel are very big in knits. It can be blended with rayon, cotton or wool to give these fibers washability and both wrinkle and shape resistance far greater than Mother Nature's own.

Double Knits — two distinct layers knitted from one yarn — are the big news now. This technique gives built-in stability and wrinkle resistance, plus no-iron performance. And comfort. The Moyer Company, for instance, double knits 100% Fortrel polyester slacks in both tri-color combinations and solids that are just like sweaters for your legs. Variations in weight make double knits eminently suitable (pardon the pun) for sport jackets, suits and topcoats, too. Double knits can be blends of fibers as well as single fibers. When Fortrel is blended with wool, for instance, you get all the synthetic's good qualities, plus a "spun wool" feel.

Tricot Knits — once used only in ladies underwear — now make a darn nice summer suit fabric. New technology lets it mimic such old favorites as slick cords, baby cords and seersuckers, with none of their disadvantages.

Raschel (no, not Raquel) *Knits* are the newest entry, and are, like their near-namesake, very interesting. Once limited to lace and girdle fabrics, new knitting technology now produces knits that look like poplins, sharkskins and tropicals.

So it looks like the long overdue revolution in menswear fabrics is well under way. Comfort is *in*, and knits are the reason!

Advertisement

MOYER GOES FORTREL

For slacks whose bag is not baggy. When a guy makes the scene his trousers should do the same . . . and these Moyer slacks do. Their shape is his shape and vice versa. That's why they're so comfortable. And keep their good looks. The Fortrel polyester doubleknit simply shrugs off wrinkles. The now stripes set you apart. In a selection of tri-color combinations or solid eggshell, solid brown and very solid gold. Ask for Moyer slacks in stores that sell the best. About $30. For the store nearest you, write the Moyer Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

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"The harder I work the luckier I get."

The self-made man he's a symbol of the great American tradition He's revered, he's emulated And he's a rarity That's because most men never reach their potential That's why when a guy does make it on his own (with maybe a little help from a handful of friends) you really respect him, especially if he started at the bottom

When the annals of sports are completed it has to include the phenomenal rise of such a man, Lee Trevino, 1968 U S Open Champion and a member of the pro staff of Faultless Golf Products Here's a loquacious young Texan of Mexican descent who was trying to make a buck giving golf lessons just a few years ago He was a great golf teacher and could perform about every type of trick shot imaginable But he was barely making enough to get by

That was until two Texans met Lee recognized his determination and got caught up in his enthusiasm One of the men was Don Whittington, the other was his cousin Jesse Whittenton former star defensive back for the Green Bay Packers They liked what they saw in Lee and formed a partnership with him That gave Lee even more incentive He joined the pro tour and channeled his endless energy toward one goal – success.

In 1968 at Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester Lee tasted the success that most pro golfers only dream of He became the new U.S Open Champion with a record-tying 72 hole score of 275 an amazing four rounds in the 60's Afterwards Lee quipped, Like that big shot said, 'the harder I work, the luckier I get.'"

Lee realized that this big win could make him a lot more money than just his top prize purse He knew that he'd be asked to endorse all kinds of products And he realized that his decision to endorse a product to put his name on the line was considerably more important in the long run than this single victory could be.

Because Lee was a former golf instructor, he knew the various golf manufacturers quite well That's why he chose to endorse Faultless Golf Products. Like himself he knew that Faultless was on the way up They had perfected the one piece solid golf ball a ball that was revolutionizing golf

Lee knew that Faultless had spent years in researching and developing a solid ball that would go as far as or farther than the top conventional balls but was virtually indestructible Trevino is a proud man He said "I want my name on the best That's why I joined Faultless"

"Why man those balls really stay round They never get out of balance That's because they're one piece, with no centers or windings to get out of whack And that's why a Faultless will drive straighter putt truer

"And you know," Lee adds, "these balls don't lose their compression after being hit a few times like the conventional balls do

"I'll tell you, those Faultless people have put a lot of efforts behind the solid ball And now they've got the perfect ball for the average golfer Maybe they're like me They harder they work, the luckier they get"

Where-to-Buy??
Call 800-553-9550 *toll free.*
See I•R•S details on last page

Lee will tell you there are a lot of reasons to play the Faultless.

You can play it because tests proved it "hits as long — or longer — than any other ball going."

You can play it because tests proved it can't get out of round, can't get out of balance Even on a hot day "when you're really hittin'."

So it plays straighter. More accurate Truer on the greens.

You can even play the solid Faultless ball because tests proved it's almost impossible to cut

Yes, Trevino can tell you all the reasons.

"But my endorsing it won't help you a lick."

Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories

"You're crazy to play a Faultless just because of me." Lee Trevino

Lee is wearing his new Lee Trevino Sportswear

Button, button, WHY the button?

Stand up and look at yourself objectively in a full length mirror If you're fashion wise, you'll see more buttons, belts, folds and other excess ornamentation than a well-dressed woman would ever wear But we're all so used to them that they're conspicuous only by their absence

Who hasn't heard that sleeve buttons were Napoleon's gift to posterity? He allegedly added them to his soldiers uniforms to keep them from wiping their noses on their sleeves Wrong. They're dregs of the days when a dandy would rather roll his sleeves to wash than shed his coat

You can now wear your trousers with or without cuffs, but we've been a longtime getting here In the late 19th century, cuffs evolved from turning up trouser bottoms so they wouldn't get muddy Apparently this became the sign of a fastidious man and the fad stuck

One of the great things to wear with pants is a blazer And for that we must thank the captain of the H M S BLAZER Evidently he thought his crew consisted of sartorial drop-outs So he had the sail maker stitch up blue serge jackets with metal buttons Though the blue has become a rainbow, the metal buttons remain the mark of the blazer

Another terrific match with slacks is the Norfolk jacket, which originated in England in the early 1900's The hip-length belted jacket with box pleats was designed by the Duke of Norfolk for easy mobility while hunting, but King Edward VII made it chic

Many men immortalized their names by means of fashion

The Campbell clan, for example gave us a great tartan The Argyle design your first girl friend attempted in socks is now better looking than ever in knit shirts

A man named James Thomas Brudenell invented a front-buttoned sweater It was so comfortable it became a classic — and the otherwise undistinguished 7th Earl of Cardigan went down in history

Wear an Argyle pullover or a cardigan like those Donegal makes in a Coleseta Knit of Celanese acetate and Fortrel polyester, and you look as great as you feel ... and vice versa The Argyle is making a big come-back, and Donegal is spearheading the revival with patterned sweaters just like those worn with knickers, now wearable with equal aplomb over bells or flares

Perhaps the Earl was only evening the score with the 4th Earl of Chesterfield, who designed the single-breasted medium weight topcoat which bears his name

Or with Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, who commanded British troops in the Crimea during the winter of 1855 He suggested that his freezing soldiers cut diagonal slashes in potato sacks and thrust their heads through The resultant garments were so warm yet so easy to move in, that regular coats were soon designed the same way Sir Fitzroy, of course, was the 1st Baron of Raglan

Today, a man can wear pretty much what he pleases. Colors, cut, cuffs, bells, belts, ties, scarves if it feels good, that's all it takes Who knows? You might invent a garment that'll carry your name throughout the ages If a potato sack cutter could do it, so can you

DONEGAL GOES CELANESE

For "Coleseta®" knits grandma couldn't make. She couldn't have done it even if she'd tried This bouclé knit of textured Celanese Acetate and Fortrel polyester was created for these shirts. They're cool, crisp, washable and keep their shape without ironing Full-fashioned in frosty colors of Sky Blue, Corn, Sand, Mint, Lilac, Grey and Coral The argyle pullover, about $17. The cardigan, about $18. For the store nearest you, write the M&D Simon Co., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

CELANESE
A Celanese Fashion Fiber In Tested Fabrics

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

Comes the REVOLUTION . . . in Fashion!

There was once a time when men marched about Penguin-style in dark suits, white shirts, school-stripe tie and dark shoes and socks

On occasion someone would break rank and sport a foulard, maybe a paisley print tie, but he never strayed far from the established boundary He nine-to-fived in this fashion Monday through Friday, and on weekends donned Bermuda shorts or khaki slacks and sneakers had a Saturday cookout sex on Sunday and then started the week all over again

That was yesteryear my friend, before the Peacock Revolution!

Adieu forever to the stereotyped male attire Hail to vibrant colored shirts bright slacks imaginative sport coats bold blazers and to men's shoes that coordinate with them to complete the total look It's smashing.

And hail to more leisure time for casual living and more working time for leisure attire The fashion barriers are down for all men In this jet travel audio and visual communication, dynamic present there is no room for barriers

The growing revolution in men's fashions evolves out of man's desire to move away from the rigid, the constricted toward a freer more flexible way of life Everything that's designed from airplane and autos to fashion and furniture tend in this direction They're the element of our time for today And are men's shoes in step with this new life style? You bet your unrestricted boots they are! Winthrop shoe stylists didn't wait to get with it they were steps ahead with styles that are varied colorful and ALIVE and masculine always

Winthrop men's shoes with deep rich textures and bright soft leathers and updated clean lines are designed for the man on the move

The men's fashion masters tell us the man of tomorrow will be wearing crisp clear colors accented with lavish splashes of white Winthrop shoe stylists were attuned to the times with footwear that underscores this over-all fashion scene White shoes, blue shoes gold shoes green shoes, bone shoes – soft and supple textured leather with subtle covered trims, sophisticated metal buckles slip-ons and monk straps

"If the shoe fits, wear it"

Never have men had such a choice to do so The range is extensive and so right Right for informal casualness right for elegant leisure right because a man should wear what he wants to – even on Sunday It adds up to fun and comfort. That's what leisure is all about!

The Gentleman's casual Sleek contamporary free spirited good fashion with a soft touch Shown in blue, gold, green, bone brown, and white, also in black About $19

OIV INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO • ST LOUIS, MO

ON GOING AWAY

In 1913, one of our most prestigious mens' clothiers published a little 64 page booklet, 3" x 2", with the same title as this article Its purpose was to make traveling easier by reminding one what to take along.

Under "General List of Necessaries" were no less than 79 items These included three outercoats, six evening garments and a rubber bathtub And not to be forgotten, a flask and flask filling funnel

If "Aboard Ship" (not to be confused with "yachting"), some thirteen additional items were recommended, including marine glasses, "heavy underwear hot water bottles and wagering journal

There were also special reminders for "Motoring" (mask and goggles) "Seashores" (bathing shoes) and "Southern Resorts" (canvas leggings)

Travel in foreign lands was even more of a production In India "it is bad form to wear anything but imported clothes from New York or London" And we are cautioned not to leave home without flea powder and a flannel stomach band

Happily, travel is much easier today You can circle the world with what's on your back and in the small bag under your plane seat Sartorial requirements are more flexible than in '13, but it's the clothes themselves that have changed most

The biggest difference is in the fabrics Man made fibers and blends of man made and natural fibers span latitudes as effortlessly as intercontinental jets Louis Goldsmith Inc, for instance tailors a sportcoat in Fortrel polyester that will be as comfortable at high noon as at high midnight And It'll look just as smart after twelve hours of wear because Fortrel simply sheds wrinkles Wear that sort of slacks and jacket on the plane pack two extra pairs of slacks and a double breasted blazer, and you're set for anything from a shoot to an Embassy reception

Shirts are no problem if you make sure they're drip-dry wash and wear Take along a small packet of detergent for the washbowl And one of those inflatable plastic hangers to avoid rust from a metal hanger A pocketful of colored scarves for your neck or waist will stretch your travel wardrobe without adding bulk or weight

Socks and underwear are no problem Both natural and man made fibers usually dry overnight Shoes are another story although one pair to wear and a spare pair packed should do Just be sure they're broken in, and that at least one pair will take a shine

For outerwear, consider the classic trench coat It isn't worn by international spies only because it looks great (which it does) but because it's also a damn useful coat Again a fiber like Fortrel will help a garment hold its shape and keep it clean-looking longer Carry one over your arm when you board the plane and a beautiful stewardess will hang it up (and start a conversation) before you're even in your seat

And that's about all you need except for a passport and some travelers' checks. And oh, yes the two items from that 1913 booklet that every traveler still needs today

The flask.

And the funnel to fill it with

Bon Voyage!

Where-to-buy-it?
Call 800-553-9550 toll free.
See P-R-O-S details on last page.

LOUIS GOLDSMITH GOES ARNEL

For the shaped jacket that shapes up your wardrobe fast.

Totally shaped, totally new, totally Now, a smashing fashion success. Yet it's easy-care thanks to Celanese Arnel triacetate and cotton A modern double-breasted model, it sports 6-button styling, new wide lapels, and squared off pocket flaps. Cluster stripes in tones of blue and brown on a white background About $50. For the store near you, write Louis Goldsmith, Inc., 20th & Erie, Philadelphia, Pa. 19140

CELANESE ARNEL
A Celanese Fashion Fiber in Tested Fabrics

Take a Vacation without leaving Home

You could join the nation's 32 million hunters and come home to a familiar bed at night, or you could join the 43 million fishermen and cook your catch in your own kitchen

Sound impossible? It's not Just get a recreational-camping vehicle You'll be among the millions who are discovering how to take the comforts of home where the fun is

Why this unprecedented boom in recreational vehicles? It's because the average American has a higher personal disposable income and more leisure time

So what do people do with all this extra time and money? Millions spend it on vacations Many search for foreign intrigue However, most are intrigued with what the U S offers They'd just as soon head for the lakes, mountains and parks And they get there in travel trailers truck campers camping trailers and mobile homes

Travel trailers were the industry's first vehicles that provided a temporary home away from home Today you get a 12 foot tag-along, or you can do it up big with a virtually full fledged house on wheels Where the less elaborate setups give you just a small measure of your home address the big rigs are swank enough to entertain your boss Prices range from $700 to $10 000 plus

The least expensive setup is the compact camping trailer that hooks on to the back of your car It's nothing elaborate but handy for the outdoorsman Most come with a raising and lowering device that mushrooms it into a tent type structure that can sleep up to eight For roughing it a little smoother, there are units with built in cooking facilities and plumbing You can spend anywhere from $500 to $2 500 for camping trailers

If you don't like to pull your vacation home how about a truck camper? It consists basically of two sections, a half-ton or three-quarter ton pickup and a camper unit affixed to the truck bed A typical example is Chevrolet's Longhorn which was the first truck of its kind to feature a longer wheel base allowing it to accommodate up to 12 foot camper bodies. Equipped with heavy-tread tires and 4 wheel drive, it makes molehills out of mountains And with an automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes, it rides almost as comfortably as the family car The camper body ranges anywhere from $1 000 to about $5,000

Finally there's the mobile home It's probably the closest thing to that often dreamed about place in the country These self-contained units are normally built directly onto a large truck or bus chassis, which ought to give you an idea of how big they are It should also give you an idea of how big the tab is going to be Don't be surprised to spend up to $20,000 As long as you're going all the way, why not throw in a color tube, a stereo and wall to wall carpeting? That way you can run away from home and not even know it In short, luxurious mobile homes are the ultimate in motorized campers

But there's more than just Campers

With all the talk about campers we might have left you with the impression that these are the only kinds of recreational vehicles. Not true Many Americans like to drive just to drive, which means they want a car that's smaller and more agile, a car that's eager for the open road or just for a run down to the supermarket a car that carries out the driver's every command to the letter Cars of this sort have come to be called sportsters – a compromise between a family sedan and an outright sports car

The success of sportsters can be attributed to precise timing and marketing strategy Young people have been buying an ever increasing number of sporty type cars As a result of this increasing market Chevrolet developed the Camaro, the car with a young personality And that's just what they get in Chevrolet's Camaro One of the great things about this car is that it's designed to be designed by the driver It all depends on how completely he wants to equip his Camaro It comes in the base model with the thrifty six-cylinder engine But then, there is a long list of higher performance engines and other extra-cost comfort and convenience options, which means that these cars can be completely personalized by the driver to fit his own individual taste

But for the purist there's only one thing. The Corvette America's first true production sports car Just by looking at it you can tell that its form follows its function Corvette owners are such an enthusiastic lot that they've formed over 200 Corvette Clubs throughout the U S They organize rallies and other events of interest to the sports car buff Special proof of the brotherhood among Corvette owners is the familiar wave that flashes above the steering wheel as two Corvettes approach each other from opposite directions

And there's more yet For those looking for driving excitement on back roads, the word is Blazer Chevrolet's 4 wheel drive vehicle It is also available in the 2-wheel drive version What makes these unique runabouts so popular is their "go anywhere" qualities They're built to go far back into the rugged country or just to run the kids to school And both models can be ordered with a removable hardtop

Some of the most practical transportation vehicles ever designed are station wagons They are especially desirable for those families who have joined the trek to the suburbs. Chevrolet has a lot to offer station wagon buyers with their full line of Walk In Wagons They're big and tough enough to haul just about anything. On the other hand, with the many new styling touches, they're the kind of vehicles you will be proud to use for any occasion

It all boils down to this. There are many ways to answer the call of the wild On your next Sunday drive you'll probably notice more and more recreational vehicles Should you want to deal yourself in on the fun, see America's favorite travel agent Your local Chevy dealer

Chevrolet has more than one way to answer the call of the wild.

Pick up Take off. Get away from it all

For a vacation. A weekend. An hour

There's a little gypsy in all of us Nobody knows it better than Chevrolet, nobody offers you as many ways to get away.

Super Sports Campers. Wagons. Boat and trailer towing packages for all sizes of Chevies Trucks that work as hard as they play.

Even the Blazer, a runabout that really turns on when you turn it off the road

So, no matter how you want to do your special thing, you'll find just the thing for it in your Chevrolet dealer's Sports-Recreation Dept.

Where the fun begins

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

The most Exciting POWER on Water!

In 1970 OMC Stern Drive will offer additional horsepower and refinements to a line that has enjoyed increases far greater than industry trends.

Again this year OMC Stern Drive will lead the industry with the only two-year warranty, thus resisting a trend in the automotive field of cutting down on the length of customer protection based on warranties.

New this year is a 90 horsepower 97.5 cubic inch stern drive which offers the smaller runabout excellent performance. Dual installations are ideal for boaters who desire additional power and added safety as evidenced by the preference for twin rigs by more and more big water boaters.

OMC Stern Drive electric power shift continues to be one of the best liked features for its smooth effortless shifting which allows precision maneuvers during difficult docking situations.

The 120 horsepower OMC Stern Drive remains unchanged for 1970 and continues to offer as standard all of the OMC features. The same is true of the popular 155 horsepower which because of its outstanding weight-to-power ratio, as well as the excellent torque and performance characteristics is the most popular model in the OMC line.

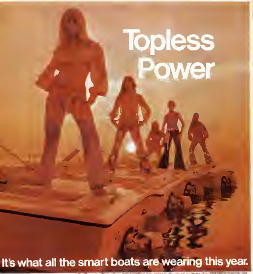
Included in all OMC models is the full 90 degree turning which gives a 30 degree port to starboard advantage over other stern drives. This turning ability coupled with the instant command of the electric power shift, offers unmatched control and maneuverability.

The big 210 horsepower V-8 with 307 cubic inch displacement is a high performance unit that can provide speed or handle heavy loads for sustained periods. This year the oil fill locations has been relocated to provide greater breathing capacity, and as with all models improved paint on the engine will give improved protection.

The OMC exclusive mounting system employs special rubber vibration isolators to give virtually vibration free whisper-quiet operation. A floor mounting system transfers power directly to the hull's bottom stringers without exerting push-pull strain at the stern since the drive unit literally floats through the opening in the transom.

Rounding out the best features of the OMC line is the 75 degree power tilt which at the touch of one button tilts to a full 75 degrees within six seconds. The outdrive also "kicks up" automatically upon impact with any obstacle in the water.

OMC Stern Drive is a product of Outboard Marine Corporation and marketed by the Galesburg, Illinois division.


Topless Power
It's what all the smart boats are wearing this year.

It's what gives that bold clean look from bow to transom. Fastback OMC Stern Drive is the go anywhere do anything style that boats everywhere are swinging with. And the power is topless—topped by nothing in its class. Up to 210 stampeding horses that let you toss off your shackles and do your own thing. You can hit the impossible beaches with OMC's 10° higher power tilt. You'll make a clean get-away from the most jammed up situations thanks to OMC's 30° sharper turning radius, port to starboard. Fully electric power shift. And at full power, vibration and noise won't shake you up because of OMC Stern Drive's unique system of "vibration absorbers." All the extras at no extra cost—plus the only two year warranty* in the stern drive field. Express yourself—now.

OMC Stern Drive
OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION • GALESBURG, ILLINOIS
the most exciting power on water

A Guide to Watch Watching: or how to judge character on the sly.

One of the newest hobbies in this age of psychiatry is watch watching. The object of this sport is to size up a new acquaintance's character by taking a quick look at the watch he's wearing.

To start you off, the Bulova Watch Company offers the following guide.

The Pendant Watch Wearer

This fascinating, subtle female type wears her watch on her lovely chest. She is usually more interested in having you look at the watch's location than at the watch itself. If she asks you what time it is, she's probably telling you something.

The Chronograph Wearer

A perfectionistic, performance-oriented fellow. He needs to know precisely how long it takes to do things. He knows that women are insatiably curious about all the little dials and buttons on his watch. Depending on the type of girl he'll say he uses it for (a) clocking his speed at sports car rallies (b) timing motion picture sequences or (c) measuring time for gourmet cooking.

Date and Day Watch Wearer

An important guy. Too busy to bother remembering what day it is. He expects a lot of the people (and things) around him. When Bulova says "These days the right time isn't enough," he agrees.

Oceanographer Wearer

A rugged individualist. When he isn't having an adventure he's expecting one to come along. And he wants a watch that can take whatever is in store. When his wife asks how his day at the office went and he says he fell into a tank with a man-eating shark, she isn't surprised.

Pocket Watch Wearer

A deliberate man of leisurely traits. He likes the little picture that ensues when he pulls out his watch (you never *look* at a pocket watch you *consult* it) and puts it back. He is a mature person who doesn't require instant gratification of his desire to know the time. On the other hand he may require instant gratification of other desires.

Christian Dior Watch Wearer

Two kinds of people wear these elegant handsome designer timepieces. The person who wears a Bulova Christian Dior watch to the opera or a dinner party is simply an appreciator of the finer things of life. But the person who wears one of these watches to a picnic or while tinkering with the engine of his jet plane is one of the beautiful people.

Where-to-buy-it?
Call 800-553-9550 *toll free*
See I-R-S Details on last page.

Automatic Watch Wearer

A sophisticated person for whom daily watch winding is no longer a thrill. Bulova refuses to speculate on the type of thrill which may have replaced it.

Diamond Watch Wearer

Usually a very loveable woman. You don't give a Bulova watch with full-cut diamonds to a woman unless she's loveable. (Unless she's a blackmailer.)

Note Now that you know a little about watch wearing, you need to know which watch you're watching when you watch. You can learn to identify any of the Bulova watch categories mentioned above, by visiting your local friendly jeweler.

Warning Some people wear combinations of the basic types (like a Date and Day Oceanographer for instance). These are very complex personalities and while Bulova will stand behind the watch itself, it cannot be responsible if you misjudge the character of the wearer.

Should you own a watch that can go places you can't?

The Bulova Oceanographer "M" is designed and built so it will run at 666 feet under the sea. And at Himalayan altitudes. And beyond.

It can go from 50° below freezing in the Arctic to a blinding dust storm at 136°F in El Azizia, Libya.

And it can go from one of these extremes to the next in seconds. Without so much as a shudder.

Since the watch is tougher than you are, it can go places easily that *you'd* go uneasily.

It can fall (with you) into a lake. Or into a snowdrift. Or anywhere. Without skipping a beat. So any time you find yourself in an awkward situation, you can worry about yourself instead of your watch.

Is there a better reason for owning one?

Bulova. These days the right time isn't enough.

LEISURE LIVING! GREAT! FLY-DRIVE . . . for Better Vacations

Take a flying vacation. It's great! Makes most vacations seem twice as long. But once you get to where you are going, who wants to just sit there? Half the fun of visiting some place new is seeing everything it has to offer. National Car Rental has a nifty way for you to do just that.

It's called the "vacation car" and it works like this. You get a brand new Chevrolet Impala or similar sedan, the first tank of gas free and 1,000 miles without charge, too! All this for just $93.50 a week.

Your Impala comes completely equipped, and for a slight additional charge you can go air conditioned!

Having a National Car Rental vacation car is kind of like having your cake and eating it too, and that is quite a feat.

Stop and think for a moment. Where are you going on your vacation? What are the things there you want to see? Well, wouldn't it be nice to visit all of them and have the full convenience of your own car. You come and go when you want to and you are never stuck any place.

Maybe you are interested in just a weekend vacation. We have National Car Rental cars for that too. Just check with the local National Car office in the city you are visiting for a complete rundown of weekend rates.

And National Car Rental is the great car rental company to consider when you make your vacation plans. There are many good reasons for this and here are a few: you get America's favorite automobiles, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac or other fine makes if you choose. Then, there is the extra saving you get with S&H Green Stamps—one for every mile you drive.

And wherever you go across this beautiful land you will find a convenient National Car Rental location to serve you. There are over 2000 in the United States which makes us the second largest car rental company in number of locations . . . and we're adding more every day.

And to make our services even more convenient, we accept most recognized credit cards in addition to our own. And just one last thing that adds to your overall convenience is National's guaranteed reservation system. We are the only computerized car rental firm in the United States.

That means when you make a reservation for your National Car Rental vacation car it will be there with no excuses for you. And you can feel secure knowing that National has the finest conditioned fleet in the car rental industry.

Fly-drive — that is the word for this year's vacation. National Car wants to help you make it your most enjoyable. For vacation car reservations, just call any National Car Rental office.

Use our toll-free number from any place — 800 328-4567 — for a guaranteed reservation anywhere.

"With Max, one number does it! 800-328-4567"

From anyplace call 800-328-4567 for a guaranteed car anywhere.

National makes it easy—you remember just one number for car rental. You call it toll-free from any place and Max, our computer, gets you a guaranteed car reservation anywhere . . . at any one of 2400* worldwide locations.

Max knows where every one of our cars is every minute—the other guys are just guessing. Max doesn't promise, he *guarantees*. Which you'll appreciate if you've ever tried to drive a promise.

Call Max to reserve a Chevy, Buick, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Cadillac or other fine car. You'll get S&H Green Stamps, too. So next time, call Max. (He's available whenever you are.) Only Max can guarantee car reservations, and only National Car Rental has Max. Let Max do it.

*Tilden-Rent-A-Car in Canada.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

We make the customer No. 1.

© Nat. Car-Rent-Co 1970

The Story of the Successful Windbag

One foggy day in England, a less-than-foggy British inventor named Robert W. Thomson strolled into the patent office with an application for "a hollow belt composed of India rubber and inflated with air."

Thomson's invention was the forerunner of today's modern pneumatic tire. And the year was 1845.

Unfortunately, the automobile lay a half century in the future. So, while Thomson's "Aerial Wheels" created an immediate stir ("1200 miles without the slightest symptom of deterioration or decay!"), they were quickly forgotten. Not until the Gay Nineties did developments in the "Aerial Wheel" — or pneumatic tire — revive and begin to spurt rapidly.

A major problem then was fixing the tire to the wheel rim securely and reliably. Another Britisher, Charles Welch, came up with the answer. He suggested building a tire with thick edges in its outer layer. This enabled an endless wire to be sewn in each of these edges, creating a rigid circle that would fit tightly in the well of a metal rim. The tread of the tire was then vulcanized to the wirebound tire carcass.

Welch's invention plus the development of a rubber and cotton fabric layered together in bias strips really got the industry rolling. By 1910, manufacturers proudly guaranteed an automobile tire for 4000 miles.

In their quest for greater and greater strength, however, tire manufacturers began literally plying their trade too seriously, to the point where automobile tires 14-plies thick were not at all uncommon. Trouble was, of course, with the added plies, the tire became about as resilient as a wet rock.

That set the stage for the development of the "balloon tire" in 1922. The balloon tire was made by dipping the cord fabric in a rubber solution before embedding it in the solid rubber. This adhesion of plies and tread created a far more resilient tire by allowing more air volume at reduced pressure.

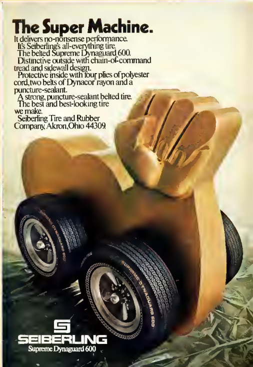
In the following decades, other product developments . . . such as synthetic rubbers and miracle fibers — spurred significant tire improvements.

One of the most inventive of these early tire manufacturers was The Seiberling Tire & Rubber Company. Weened on those exciting developmental years, Seiberling quickly learned the importance of research. A stroll through a Seiberling dealership today shows the great strides forward in automobile tire development.

There are bias belted tires and radials, the latest advances in the evolution of the tire, and snow tires uniquely designed for year round use. "Muscle" car owners can choose widestance, low profile tires. The family sedan or station wagon can be outfitted with puncture resistant tires for maximum security.

On today's super "Aerial Wheels" at speeds averaging 70 to 80 miles per hour, a car owner can expect to go 30 to 40 thousand miles in complete comfort. A far cry from the tire first envisioned by Robert Thomson in 1845, the passenger car tire of the 70's is a highly-engineered precision automotive part. It literally stands between us and the pursuit of all our leisure and business activities. When you think about it, the pneumatic tire might just be the most significant invention of the past 125 years. That's quite an accomplishment for a device that was originally little more than a bag of wind.

Where-to-buy-it?
Call 800-553-9550 toll free.
See LR+PS details on last page.



The Super Machine.

It delivers no-nonsense performance.

It's Seiberling's all-everything tire.

The belted Supreme Dynaguard 600.

Distinctive outside with chain-of-command tread and sidewall design.

Protective inside with four plies of polyester cord, two belts of Dynacor® rayon and a puncture-sealant.

A strong, puncture-sealant belted tire.

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Seiberling Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio 44309.

SEIBERLING
Supreme Dynaguard 600

A little color, that's what this world needs.

Consider if you will the male of the species The lion stalking through the jungle with his flowing mane The peacock proudly showing off his fantastic feathers The rooster looking very conceited about his majestic comb Even the guppy swims gaily through the water with his stripes flashing

Throughout nature, it is the male of the species who is colorful and the female who is rather ordinary-looking. Ahh, but then there is man

Man! Strong brave, bright, honest trustworthy man Who until very recently, was decidedly uncolorful Man was in fact drab Very drab

He was always covering his body with dull grey suits. And plain white shirts. And invisible blue ties. And black or night socks. Very, very drab

But today in this new leisure world we're living in, man has taken great strides forward Now man wears suits and shirts and ties in bold, exciting colors. But still the job wasn't complete There was still one detail

But now it has been taken care of

Interwoven has completed the transformation of drab man into colorful man Interwoven has helped man catch up to the lion the peacock, the rooster and the guppy

How? With Ban Lon Magnates Shur Up socks It takes color fantastically, but still feels soft The result is beautiful colorful socks Beautiful colorful socks that finally live up to your beautiful colorful suits shirts and ties

Now, for example when you wear a bold blue striped suit with a wine-colored shirt and tie you don't have to ruin everything with a pair of dull black socks You can wear wine socks Or blue socks.

Your feet don't have to look dark and evil anymore They can start looking bright and happy Just like the rest of you

Interwoven's Ban Lon Magnates Shur-Up socks come in more than 20 great colors That means that whatever color combination you might be wearing you can have just the sock to make the look complete

And there's one more thing about these socks They're guaranteed to stay up because they have a spandex knit throughout the leg That means you won't be bending down to pick up your fallen socks.

So you can spend your time engaged in a lot of terrific leisure activities In fact you can even pick the color of your socks to match the activity

A walk through the park? Definitely a sock as green as the grass Going on a picnic? Let your socks match the Beaujolais Off to a party? Olives in martinis olive on your feet Going shopping? Then gold is in order

But even though leisure will be increasing tremendously in the 70s there will still be a thing called work and a place called the office Do colorful socks belong there?

Absolutely Have you looked at the people working there? They look a lot more colorful, don't they? And color doesn't have to stop at the knee

You can let yourself go now From head to toe At work and play Reds, greens blues yellows, browns and every other color you can think of

Take a tip from the lion the peacock, the rooster and the guppy

And take your feet out of mourning.

A little color, that's what this world needs!

Where to buy it?
Call 800-553-9550 toll free.
See P-R-I-S details on last page

Take your feet out of mourning tomorrow morning.

We have nothing against black socks. They're really very nice. A bit somber, of course, but nice.

It's just that we don't think all your socks should be somber.

We think some of them should be colorful.

Some browns. And blues. And greens. And golds. And plenty of other colors. All guaranteed to stay up.

We're not asking you to get rid of your black socks… just to balance them with some bright, cheerful socks.

After all, when the rest of your body looks like it's going to a party, why should your feet look like they're going to a funeral?

Tomorrow morning, take your feet out of mourning.

And put them into Interwoven… the lively sock.

BAN-LON® MAGNATES® SHUR-UP™. Guaranteed to stay up.

95% Textralized® nylon, 5% spandex knit throughout the leg. One size fits 10-13, in 3 lengths. O.T.C.® in regular and tall. From $1.25.

Interwoven

The greatest name in socks. / The greatest name in color.

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Truth ex Machina
by Al Ruddy

Al Ruddy has just produced the Paramount motion picture "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" a film about motorcycle racing directed by Sidney J Furie.

When I got the idea to do "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" I was looking for a new theme a new visual symbol Too many of the traditional ones were either no longer relevant or too threadbare to give any impact

So I began thinking about motorcycle racing I began to discover that the man on his machine competing with speed and danger is a perfectly valid symbol for our times It's the cowboy on his trusty horse all over again, tied in with the kind of visceral excitement that's at the core of the American experience

Furthermore, I discovered that it would be a mistake to give motorcycle racing the usual Hollywood treatment There is a richness, a texture and a pattern there that does not need any glamorization

So making "Halsy" boiled down to two problems showing the motorcycle racing world absolutely true and recreating its enormous physical excitement

Oddly enough those twin problems came to a head in choosing a motorcycle After all, the machine is as much a star of this film as Robert Redford and Michael Pollard

To be true to the characters we had to provide a believable motorcycle — one that really could win in all kinds of racing We needed a machine with a hot reputation among the real racers

At the same time, we needed a motorcycle that could take an incredible pounding We wanted to hang hundreds of pounds of specially designed gyro mounts and camera equipment all over the motorcycle then run it at speed — sometimes in real races That's the only way to place the audience in the saddle of a racing bike at 130 miles an hour

Finally, the motorcycle had to be reliable Our shooting schedule called for four months on location And we couldn't afford to hold up a $20 000-a-day shooting while we tinkered with a motorcycle

As you'll see in the picture we chose Yamaha It turned out to be fast, reliable and about as fragile as a boulder In fact we never lost an hour's shooting time due to mechanical failure And with a record of winning five years in a row at Daytona, plus hundreds of other races, Yamaha could carry off the part of a race-winning motorcycle

As a matter of fact, our Yamahas turned out to be even better than we had dreamed One of our riders was sent out into a race at Sears Point to get out a couple of high-speed sequences He not only gave us the shots we needed, but he finished fifth beating some of the professional hotshoes who were there to race not make movies.

With the help of our stars, a capable crew and the machines and technical know-how of the Yamaha factory, we accomplished exactly what I wanted "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" is more than just a good movie It is, I think, the first definitive film on motorcycle racing I hope you'll agree.

Where to buy it?
Call 800-553-9550 toll free.
See P-R-I-S details on last page.

Last time it took you two days to get to the river…
this time you'll make it by sundown.

The 90 Enduro HT-1 is the newest of a new kind of motorcycle the superlight dirt bike It's a tough little machine that weighs total 187 pounds and comes with special Enduro front forks Autolube oil injection and a wide ratio 5-speed gearbox with a lower low to get through the rough going cut down on shifting Try an HT-1 like the one below and on the right above Or the 100 Trailmaster L5-TA also shown above with Trailmatic drive for two sets of speeds with the flip of a switch They're two of the best ways to get there from here.

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It's a better machine

Advertisement

Flamboyance can be Fun!

LEISURAMA '70

Just a few years ago any man who dared go to work in anything other than a traditional three button business suit was sure to encounter ridicule from his co-workers along with a possible pink slip from his boss.

Man it seems, had fallen victim to wearing a uniform. A uniform of conservative suit white shirt, drab tie, square shoes and, we might add dark socks

But then something happened Men started caring what they looked like Maybe the students started it Or maybe it was the Beatles or the hippies Whatever the reason, something happened. Today men of all ages are wearing double breasted suits, wildly colored shirts, flowery ties buckle shoes and we might add multi-colored socks The "man in the grey flannel suit" is dead

Of course, this isn't the first time men's fashions have turned around In the early nineteenth century, Beau Brummel shook up the British aristocracy with his fancy dress But it is perhaps the first time an entire male population has changed its ideas on clothing with such speed The reasons of course are many The abundance of money and leisure time the influence of youth and the breakdown of hangups about looking masculine are but a few

The change has been so great men today rival and sometimes overshadow women in their flamboyant dress In fact, it has even reached the point where social columnists spend as much time discussing what the men wear as what the girls do And real he-men like pro-football quarterbacks or baseball pitchers are known to spend thousands on items like double breasted mink coats (Imagine anyone caring what a football player wore *off* the field)

With the fast growing demand for bolder styles in men's clothing leading designers for women's clothing have turned to designing for men In fact many current designers for men originally only designed for women And it's not uncommon to see men's clothes designed by a leading name designer And one beautiful part of the clothing revolution is that there is no longer *one* right way to dress Just about anything goes what's right for one man isn't necessarily right for another

That's one reason Supp-hose Socks are made in sixteen different colors today (Everything from antique gold to good old basic black)

So now there's a pair of Supp-hose Socks available for the well-dressed male to wear with any color combination he can put together He can mix and match his Supp-hose Socks with his tie his shirt his jacket or his slacks Or, he can pick a color that will simply suit his mood of the moment Supp-hose come in colors from one end of the spectrum to another.

Of course, no matter how many colors you've got in your wardrobe, there's one thing every pair of Supp-hose Socks has in common with every other pair It's that famous patented two-way rib that helps give a man's *leg muscles* a lift, while the color of his choice gives his *spirits* a lift

After all, there's no reason why you can't dress in style and feel good at the same time!

You don't look the same.

Neither do we.

Used to be, clothes came in conservative colors. So naturally we made our Supp-hose socks in conservative colors too

But things have changed

Today clothes come in all kinds of great colors.

And so do our socks.

In fact Supp-hose Socks come in sixteen different colors All with the patented* two-way rib

Colors like antique gold, seamon blue, and moss green Even good old basic black

That means there's a pair of Supp-hose Socks to wear with just about anything And of course they all still make you feel great

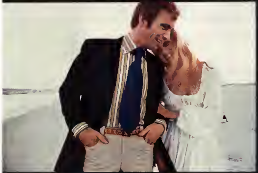
After all, just because you don't look the same doesn't mean you shouldn't feel the same

Supp-hose® Socks.

*U.S Pat No 2759467

KR
Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

Some men can do anything...with great style.



Like ending the evening at 6AM with a bottle of Dom Perignon.
Choosing a high, wide spread collar to wear with
an elegant shaped blazer. To wit: The Gant Highwick.
A soft, COTTON broadcloth shirt. About $9.
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HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

How to Beat Inflation with Ostrich Eggs and Popsicle Sticks

by Lee Berton

Major Hoople can do more for you than a savings account

If you're rummaging through your attic and come upon some woodpecker holes or a Civil War hand grenade, or a platform-access ticket to the railroad station at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, Wales, don't throw them away. They're worth something and growing more valuable every day.

People are snapping up such odd memorabilia, trivia and venerata at auction or otherwise and saving them. The reason: They appreciate in price much faster than inflation is eating away the dollar. At the same time, they provide some aesthetic pleasure and satisfy the squirrelling instinct of Man for the real and tangible, which won't blow away when the economic bubble bursts.

The woodpecker holes Miss C. C. Ruka of New York City would be glad to take off your hands as she now has twenty three which she values at a thousand dollars, the most prized being the holes of the pileated and acorn woodpeckers. "They're worth a lot to me—especially the square and penciled ones—and who knows what price they'll jump to as people start saving them," says Miss Ruka, even as she admits that at present she is the only collector of woodpecker holes she knows.

Norman Flayderman of New Milford, Connecticut, who has written books on such out-of-the-way but rapidly appreciating artifacts as scrimshaw, recently sold a Hane's hand grenade for $425. Flayderman fancies military eccentrics and knows that these Civil War grenades are a rara avis (that seldom took flight) because they were removed from sight a century ago when it was discovered they blew up in one's hand. The few prototypes were thought to be destroyed, but evidently one escaped to become a collector's item.

As to the railroad tickets, the station in Wales sold them for only a four-year period for three pence (three cents) each. After the station was closed under a railway modernization program in November 1965, these six-inch-long tickets with the world's longest geographical name printed on them became collectors' items, worth several dollars each. As time progresses, their price will rise rapidly, say their savers.

If you're planning to become a collector, don't limit yourself, since practically everything is becoming valuable. While famous collectors such as Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon are concentrating on commemorative glass, other famous people have their own specialties. Actor Vincent Price collects art and has a good thing going on it too. Comedienne Phyllis Diller likes Lincolniana, and TV commentator Lawrence Spivak concentrates on old model airplane motors. Investment value also is being built up in cigar-store Indians, Edison telegraph battery oil bottles, Happy Fats and Goo Goo dolls, 1831 stagecoach waybills, 1890 soda fountains and meerschaum pipes carved in the likeness of nudes. Also, there are collections forming of Popsicle sticks, streetcar transfers, old Coke bottles, cigar butts of famous people, barbed wire, pre-1915 electric fans and even glass insulators from telephone poles.

Empty ostrich shells, which used to sell for $5 at the Albuquerque zoo and were boosted to $6 a year ago, should be worth a lot more now. The zoo's female ostrich died recently and they haven't the money to buy a new one

Smartest thing on the rocks

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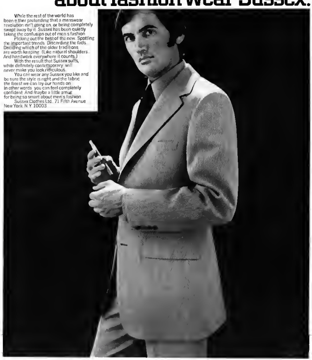

Perhaps zoos in other cities will come to the collectors' rescue.

Dollar bills signed by Joseph W Barr, who served but twenty eight days as Treasury Secretary at the end of the Johnson Administration are being sold for $2 each by Gimbel's coin department in New York City An empty clamshell of no previous intrinsic value was recently sold at Sotheby's in London for $139.20 And stamp dealer Richard Ellis, who in June of 1969 bought a 119-year-old stamped "fold" envelope originally worth five cents for $8750 at public auction, says it will be worth $50,000 in a few years

Sometimes people collect things for no definite reason, like lemmings migrate to the sea Ed Haberman a fifty-eight-year-old variety store clerk at Tama Iowa, saves oil rags. Over the last dozen years, he's collected 785 of them "I've got them in my system," he says "I haven't been able to walk or drive past an oil rag lying in the street or the gutter for years—I know this sounds silly—but I can't stop pickin' them up. Heck, I guess, to be honest I'd have to say I don't want to stop pickin' them up It's important for a man to accomplish something. I'm not going to quit now What really counts is to keep on collecting them. Who knows? One day they may be worth something."

One of these days Haberman is going to be pleasantly surprised, say collection dealers. Someone is going to want to buy his collection And probably for a tidy sum Shocks some folks are already buying old celluloid collars, zinc-lined wooden bathtubs old axe catalogs, Singer sewing machine treadles, double pickle castor frames and inscribed Bilston boxes

The collectors' yen is getting a grip on the young Two years ago Brad Stank of Ridgewood New Jersey, bought ten nails from a three-hundred year old Spanish galleon for which he paid $65 A Ridgewood neighbor of Brad's Jeffrey Green garnered twenty lead grapeshot extricated from the same ship for $90 Brad is fifteen and Jeffrey is sixteen years old

Seventeen-year-old Warren Storch of Brooklyn, New York, in April of 1969 bought the 1939 first edition of Marvel Comics for $250 from Philip Seuling a high school English teacher who says he earns forty to fifty percent each year on his investments in old comic books. 'They're fantastic—better than gold," says Seuling 'I bought the Marvel Comics for $150 and held it for less than a year One Century of Comics 1933 edition featuring Major Hoople and Mutt and Jeff I purchased for $3 in 1968 is now selling for close to $300"

It should be noted however, that sometimes it takes money to make money, even in the matter of collecting Mr Seuling did pay $3 for the book that has appreciated so much, but he bought it in a group of books, and paid $1000 for the lot, on a prorata basis, each book averaged about $3 And this doesn't mean that all the books will be worth $300 It doesn't mean either that some of them won't be worth more

Many valuable objects are probably right under your nose Ellwyn M Carlson of Porterville California, dug up thirty five types of old barbwire in county dumps near his home. One eighteen-inch piece invented by a man named Burroughs was sold for $100 Carlson found that short pieces of other types he unearthed—the upland staple the Watkins lazy plate and the Corsicana Clip—if mounted on a piece of pegboard or plywood could be worth $20 or so to an avid collector but usually they bring $2 or $3. Most collectors of barbed wire Mr Carlson says concentrate on swapping rather than buying and selling He does not sell his wire, but digs it up for shows.

Now and then tinkering with everyday objects can sharply boost their worth Joseph Levine a Bronx New York watch collector, says skilled watchmakers are "enhancing' the worth of ordinary timepieces by adding erotic scenes that are triggered by hourly chimes. One watch for example that opens a small curtain on the dial every hour to reveal two gold animated figures performing intercourse is selling for $1295 "Many of these

Two more shots for the cause.

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watches sell for $2000 today and might not have been worth more than a few dollars before the scenes were added," Levine says Erotic watches have quadrupled in value in the last decade "The sky's the limit," the collector adds.

Of course big killings are being made by more conventional collectors, too, for instance, those who buy letters signed by famous men One of these collectors made a $7800 profit on a letter which bore the signature of General George Washington for which he had paid $2200 only a decade before, according to Bruce Gimelson, a Fort Washington Pennsylvania, autograph dealer The letter was sold for $10 000 in 1968 and is worth more than $18 000 today H. P. Kraus a New York City rare book dealer, says a thirteenth-century manuscript he bought for $182 000 in 1958 is worth $800 000 to $900 000 today The value of some rare books is increasing a thousand percent in a decade he says.

Prices for old Oriental rugs have been soaring, making collecting them financially as well as aesthetically satisfying. 'But some collectors store their rugs in safe deposit vaults for ten to fifteen years' says one New York collector 'They know it's like keeping valuable stones. I'd hate to keep lovely rugs completely out of sight, but it's like money in the bank.' Christopher Reed of Cambridge Massachusetts bought an Ersari Turkoman prayer rug for $800 in 1964 and today the rug is insured for $3000. One sixteenth-century Persian silk hunting carpet recently was sold by a Rothschild to a U S museum for $800 000

Big fortunes are being made at the auction houses. In London during the 1968 69 selling season Sotheby's sales (combined with those of their wholly owned affiliate, Parke-Bernet of New York) leaped to $65 000 000 while Christie's climbed to $35 000,000 In 1954-55 (at a time when Parke-Bernet was not affiliated with Sotheby's) they took in only $8 000 000 together And the fact that Sotheby's and Parke-Bernet are in effect one has had little to do with the great increase in prices during this fourteen year period It's just that more people are interested in collecting than ever before

There are different groups of collectors too which may be the reason why one house may get a much better price for some articles than another 'What sells for $75 at Wrangarten's may well bring $300 at Fischer's in a good Saturday sale, and the same item could carry a $1000 price at Sloane's'" says one New York City auction-sale specialist.

Marcus Lindl, vice-president and head of the decorative-arts department of Parke Bernet Galleries, agrees. "The definition of value and price appreciation in so-called objets d'art is very ambiguous" he says "What may be junk or manure in the eye of one beholder is rapidly becoming art or golden in the eye of another"

Remember "worthless" Confederate money? Michael Hammerson, a twenty-one-year old student recently sold Confederate bonds (with a face value of $30 000) for $224 at auction at Sotheby's. Hammerson had bought the bonds from a junk dealer for $117 50 The sale set for Confederate bonds a higher price than ever before at any time since the end of the Civil War Now, say collectors they may be worth at least one percent of face value ('better than nothing") or about as much as defaulted Czarist Russian bonds are now pegged

Sotheby's recently sold twelve centuries-old mummified Egyptian hands and wrists to private individuals for $140 and a mummified head from the same period fetched $25 "Disgusting"' admits Horner Johnson the auction house antiquities expert who handled the sale for an Ossining New York, collector 'But somebody wanted them and these are extra values." Mr Johnson continues "I have a friend in Edinburgh who collects shrunken heads from the Jivaro Indian tribe and hangs them in his bathroom He pays an awful lot for them But his wife won't enter the room and they absolutely scare the bejeebers out of friends who use his water closet unawares. Mark my word, though One day someone's going to get in there to relieve a physical urge and get hooked on these heads and a market will be established in them Prices, I'm sure, will skyrocket." ##

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WHAT I DID NOVEMBER 15, 1969

Three footnotes to the last parade

1) Rosalyn Drexler
2) David R. Slavitt
3) Thomas Williams

Rosalyn Drexler

Will the button I am wearing be thick enough to stop a bullet? I have premonitions of violence. I am carrying a wet washcloth in a plastic bag to sponge my eyes with in case of tear gas. I've never demonstrated. I've never marched. I've never been moved to . . . but now it is different. I feel that numbers count. That people must show the President that they want the war in Vietnam to end . . . now! Sherman says that this will be a peaceful demonstration. Against my wishes he has brought along Danny, our ten-year-old boy. Elizabeth Scharlatt, Hal's wife (Hal is driving our rented Chevy station wagon), asks, "Do you think the Woodstock people will come?" Ivan Gold replies, "I think they will, the music people are becoming radicalized." So, we're marching on Washington because Washington is marching on us . . . in every way. I expect that the President will be hiding behind his iron picket fence, his well-kept lawn, his palace rugs, chandeliers, desk, bed . . . and that most of all he will be hiding behind his eyes. It is disturbing to think that he is also known as Tricky Dicky.

We stop at Howard Johnson's where the atmosphere is joyous, hopeful except where the service and quality of food is concerned. We are greeted by Harrison Starr and Sally Kempton. I go to the ladies' room and while I am waiting examine an automatic vending machine that dispenses magnetic dogs, lipstick, dice, harmonicas, aspirin, Kleenex, combs. . . . I am introduced to Gail Sheehy, a writer I admire greatly for her *New York* magazine article on speed. I wash my face but can't wash away the wrinkles under my eyes; fluorescent light is wicked to imperfections. I almost buy the harmonica. Danny loves the harmonica . . . I know that Sherman will buy him one in the men's room. He does. The booths at Howard Johnson's seat at the most six people. We let Danny sit at the table with the Golds and the Scharlatts. He orders a hamburger smothered in onions. Sherman and I sit at the counter. I like it. I don't want to talk to friends continually for six to seven hours. It's bad enough in the car. A group of young radicals (militant) waves a black flag over plates of tender fried clams; they look over the crowd and decide: "A bunch of assholes." A man with a movie camera stands at the entrance and films everybody at Howard Johnson's, including the chubby hostess who says that she's been photographed all day long. I wonder if she is doing undercover work for a militant conspiracy . . . the disguise is perfect. The man with the camera moves around to the other side of the room and focuses on Harrison Starr and Sally Kempton. Sherman calls, "Hey, Harrison, that guy is filming you." Harrison is pretty uptight about it. I'd be too . . . I'm totally paranoiac anyway. Harrison puts his hand over the lens and tells the guy to beat it. The guy leaves. I hope the cameraman has it for the record that the chicken potpie sags in the middle and that the Ho Jo Cola has lost its sparkle.

We have reservations at Washington's Sheraton Carlton. We are pleased to observe on entering that there is a huge table in the center of the lobby piled high with dried corn, pumpkins, and squash, in keeping with Thanksgiving. Danny says, "Look at that!" The bellboy (one of the Ritz Brothers who rushes to my aid kicking himself in the ass as he does so) takes our one bag ("Only one bag sir?") to our room on the third *(Continued on page 88)*

David R. Slavitt

Well I thought about it. We talked about it a lot and teetered deliciously on the brink of going. And still, for all the talk, for all the contortion of argument and counterargument, the only real reason we had to think of going up to Washington for the Mobe was that it was a terrible thing to admit to the utter hopelessness that not going would have implied. The trouble, of course, is that we are not radicals. I am envious of those people sometimes, and wish I had their determination, their energy, their conviction that they are right and are effective. But we aren't radicals, my wife and I. We are old-fashioned, over-thirty liberals. We try to be right but we are as much concerned with good manners as anything else.

The crazy thing is that we are as representative of that "silent majority" Nixon was talking about on November 3 as anyone. More, surely, than all the Republican hacks in Colorado ready with their 50,000-signature telegrams within twelve hours of the speech. And, knowing that it was our kind that Nixon was trying to scare away with all those shots of the riot squads of the Washington police and the National Guard coming through on the television news (which, pace Agnew, these Administration people use like a lion tamer's chair), it became a kind of dare. Don't go and you're chicken! (Or contrariwise do go and we'll bash your silent majority heads in for you!) So we wavered. Hotels will be filled. Yeah, but we have friends in Washington. Sure, but there's that deadline. . . . Yes, but what's the point of a writer's freedom if you can't take off a couple of days for a thing like this?

Like that. And so until Sunday November 9, 1969, a perfectly ordinary Miami Sunday when we were going boating with some friends across Biscayne Bay. Their kids and our kids could play together, and we'd go over to the cove on Key Biscayne and grill hamburgers and hot dogs. . . . On a day like that, one could put away work and even political crises and just pay attention to the cruising of the pelicans and the mood of the sky over the water. Right?

Of course to get from the launching ramp at Dinner Key to the cove on Key Biscayne the route is to cut across the bay and turn right at the buoy that marks the end of the Presidential preserve. There were the three Coast Guard patrol boats, and the buoys—navigation points for us, and at the same time, occasions for jokes. Does the President's yacht have the right of way over a boat under sail? Is this huge swath of bay off limits even when Nixon is in California? (Yes.) But thank God he hasn't got bored with Biscayne Bay and decided to board it over and make it into office space for the Executive branch. And a quarter mile or so to the south there's another navigation point, a radio tower stuck out there in the bay on stilts, and then the channel to the cove, a nice sheltered little cove with a small state park around it that has benches and places to tie up.

The President? We forgot about him. There are more pressing problems with lunch to get ready and children to watch, and a little rain shower to endure. . . . And then irrelevantly, because we hadn't been talking about him or the war or the Mobe or any of that boring, tedious stuff on a nice day like this, one of these little Coast Guard patrol boats came buzzing into the cove from Biscayne Bay *(Continued on page [illegible])*

Thomas Williams

Consider the eye that observed whatever beauty, ugliness, stupidity and terror came before it in the capital city of my native land. It has been always instinctive in me never to join and I suppose that has something to do with the times in which I grew up. My forty-third birthday arrived while standing in line, shivering with a thousand others in Freedom Square in Cambridge waiting for the New Mobilization buses. To my class of secret, tired radicals, clothes, hair, even facial expression had always been protective coloration. The eye must be preserved. Even now, the act of placing a political button upon my shirt, the brass pin skewering the cloth, seems an act of simplistic definition, of diminishment: how then could I pass through their lines and back again, observing, waiting to create it all again in solitude? The presumption that I served Art had sustained me—that and certain quick, violent personal confrontations that had sporadically occurred in the past when I was unmasked before the enemy and could not slip aside. So often in my country I had felt like a kind of double agent.

THE LINE: Tolerance and humor. The buses were exasperating. The first buses picked up only a few people because they had to go elsewhere to pick up others. For several hours the line didn't move at all. The buses reserved by S.D.S. and the November Action Coalition had long been filled and had gone. When our buses did begin to arrive in numbers many were ordinary school buses with their hard, narrow, upright seats. A little man standing near me whose name was Bob and who said he had worked for a life insurance company for forty-five years before retiring, shouted in good humor, "Let's play a game! Let's match people and buses!"

A young girl turned to her friends and said, "Look at that neat man!" They all looked smiling, and I would see again and again during the rally and its aftermath this fond, even loving patronization of the old.

We stood warmed by small bonfires made from political leaflets and broadsides. How warm those small fires were. It seemed right that out of the various dialectics of these splinter groups came that basic communal warmth, as though a reverse process took place in those flames.

At one in the morning the line was no longer a line but a strangely reasonable mob pushing forward into the street. The buses kept coming. God knows from where. No one was hurt; always a concerned voice alone could call out for restraint, and receive it.

THE BUS: Our bus captain, a tall, slender boy with soft black hair falling to his shoulders will always in my memory typify the (to me) startling combination of gentleness and responsibility that was the real mood of the moratorium. He spoke softly, yet was not shy. Our bus was old, the armrests were bent, the seats would not all recline properly, the engine made slapping tappet noises, the seats were patched with cloth tape. The driver, whose name was Al, was a heavy, phlegmatic man of thirty-five, also gentle in his way, with jug ears and a wide, shaved neck. Throughout the long journey down and back we grew used to seeing his solid competent bulk there at the wheel. He was shyly polite, friendly, and when confronted himself by some of the resentment really aimed at me he proved unflappable. He wanted to stop at a vacant closed rest *(Continued on page 94)*

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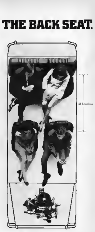

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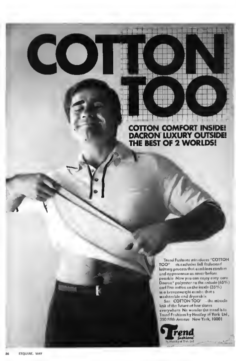
(Continued from page 88) floor. (Our friends have a suite on the second floor.) There is color TV in the room. I warn Danny to keep six feet away from it. He has to walk over the bed to measure six feet. Finally, because I have read about possible danger from radiation, I disconnect the whole thing, pulling out three plugs, and shove the set against the closet. Danny has a cough. I'm still a little sore that Sherman insisted he come along. It is eleven thirty. The bellboy brings in a rollaway bed for Danny. Vera is going to ring us at three a.m. We have to catch a three-thirty bus to Arlington National Cemetery, where the march against death begins. The lamps on the bureau are hung with pear-shaped crystals. As Danny falls asleep, I look at him through the many faceted crystal drops. There is a prism effect. I count five Dannys shimmering in a rainbow of color.

We all meet in the lobby at the appointed time. It's exciting to start out at such a mysterious hour. The doorman has to unlock the door to let us out. Ivan has brought a bottle of brandy. We're in good shape for the march against death. I make the mistake of calling it a death march. None of us are dressed properly. Elizabeth has on shoes with open toes and open heels. Danny has no scarf or gloves. I have my fat to keep me warm. Sherman's breath fogs his glasses. The temperature is under thirty degrees below freezing. We walk a few blocks to the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal Church. (I write the name of the church in my notebook, even though Sherman says he will remember the name. He won't.) We learn that the buses are not running on schedule. We go inside to get warm and to drink hot coffee. Hundreds of people (mostly young) are inside, either sacking out, or eating, or moving in lines to get in and out. On a dais where a boy is announcing places to sleep and transportation news, there is also a large assortment of sandwiches and fruit. It seems strange to me that someone would contribute grapes, when grapes are the center of another controversy—the struggle to allow grape-pickers to have a union. But not having had grapes for so long, I do eat a few. Sherman asks why I didn't offer him any. At tables that line the walls of the room people are selling newspapers, posters, stickers and buttons. I buy myself a button to use where the hook has pulled off my coat. My button is cerulean blue, with blocky black crosses floating upward toward the perimeter of the button. The words in the center, printed in white, read HOW MANY MORE?

We decide to catch a taxi. We want to be sure to march with the New York contingent, which is scheduled to arrive about four a.m. The cabdriver has his wife with him. I guess he is going to be out all night making bread. As we approach the Arlington Memorial Bridge, we see a few people with candles, shielded by paper cups, struggling against the wind, and walking silently, single file, in the direction from which we are coming. "Is that the march?" Danny asks. It is. A bell tolls steadily close by. A girl in a duffle coat, at the top of the muddy hill where we disembark, is swaying the heavy brass bell by hand. We go down the hill to a group of plastic tents. "Smile," a charming blonde girl says. She is smiling. There is no shoving, no bad vibrations, just people with a great purpose who do not want to mar the occasion. I find that I am smiling too. Two tents down we receive our slices of oak tag on which are printed the names of the dead soldiers. My name is Leroy Harold Keller from New York. Danny is respectfully carrying the name of a man who was from Kansas: William Lindquist. Sherman's name is John



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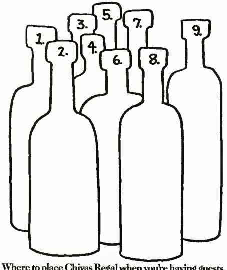

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Anthony Lapella—New York. We go back up the hill crunching frozen mud and brittle leaves. It makes an eerie sound As we reach the bridge, Danny recalls "That water is the Potomac!" Sherman says it was the Potomac that Washington tossed a silver dollar across Hal corrects him 'It was the Delaware.' The Potomac is very wide and very deep and at night looks thick as tar. 'Somebody jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge again and lived!'" Sherman says. We all shiver in wonder and I'm cold I hope that Danny does not get pneumonia. Sherman insists that it is important for him to take part in this historical moment. I'll agree that he is right if nobody gets sick. I'm very middle-class and a momma. Danny's dead soldier's name beats against his chest. (The Telltale Name.) A marshal shakes the kid's cold hand and thanks him especially for coming Marshals tell us when to cross the street. When to expect the sunrise How far it is to the back lawn of the White House

After about an hour and a half we come to a park We stop because we see a marshal standing on a steaming manhole cover "Is it warm?" Vera asks "Very" the marshal answers So four of us at a time stand on the manhole cover, letting the steam roll into the cracks of our shoes and up our pants Danny gets down on all fours and warms his little fingers and knees I notice, standing behind us, three or four David Smith sculptures David's sculptures need a lot of landscape In this case the aluminum sentinels are huddled together, looking more like a barricade to hide behind in case of trouble than majestic works of art. Obviously I am projecting. It makes me happy to find the work of someone I knew and respected along the route of mourning and remonstrance.

We come to a picket fence. "Call out your name now!" a marshal says. Lights glare into our eyes. They can see us but we can't see them. Well all right! We call our names into the night. We keep walking so tired we can't feel it until finally we arrive at the foot of the Capitol grounds, where plain plywood coffins, some open, some covered with flowers are waiting. We are relieved of our placards by a marshal I am uncomfortable without it. Realize that what I had been doing was cradling the piece of oak tag as if it were the name, protecting it from the wind, holding it to my furry breast.

Back at the hotel Danny can't sleep He has an upset stomach He throws up It is hard for all of us to sleep Time is upside down. At nine a.m a truck goes by with a loudspeaker shouting "*The Moratorium is Communist-inspired!*" It is a jarring lullaby to fall asleep by But we sleep.

At noon we go out for breakfast. Walk around in the sun Dig the people in crazy outfits Danny takes a photo of a motorcyclist wearing a hat with horns a Viking hiking. We bump into Paul Krassner who is with a group of friends He tells us that he was interviewed by some reporters who asked "What you Yippies gonna do when the war ends?" And that he answered "We're gonna go to birth defects" He also tells us about how Abbie Hoffman stood on a plane seat to get his coat down from an upper compartment, and called the airline stewardess a bitch when she told him not to stand on the seat 'And he was arrested for it ' Paul says The story is as ridiculous as *Alice's Restaurant*

We make it to the Mayflower shop across the street As the waitress hovers over us I try to tell Sherman a story about Nixon and an exploding fish. He stops me It makes me furious He explains that in Washington one does not speak flippantly of bombs and explosions I'm still mad at him It was only a flight of fancy We meet Susan Stern an editor at E P Dutton She has been sitting with friends in the booth right behind us I join them and joke about Hal and Ivan's suite of rooms. I light a cigarette. Danny sneaks up and pulls it out of my hand I hate that! Then Sherman returns after paying the check and I let him have it. 'Get out' I shout. I surprise myself I must be very tense.

Outside we ask some kids, "What's happening?"

'The Justice Department," one answers.

We call for the Scharlatts and the Golds at the hotel They have had breakfast in their room and are ready to go In the street as we head for the Washington Monument hundreds of people are leaving that area, A girl tells us, "It's all over And we believe her, and go and get the car out of the garage to begin our trip home Danny is in better shape than any of us. The radio reports the confrontation outside the Justice Department an on the spot reporter is choking We hear the dull thuds of exploding tear gas Halfway between Washington and New York we try to pick up the Knicks basketball game against Boston Instead we get a collage of sounds gospel news, commercials half a score I add my own noise to the din by singing *All we are saying is give peace a chance* Danny joins me on the harmonica A chorus of almost a million people spreading out behind the Monument backs us up ###

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(Continued from page 86) And no other. And then this big old yacht, a little tubby-looking and rather old-fashioned. These old square windows on the main cabin. But a big one . . .

There was an American flag flying. (You figure the owner to be some right-wing patriotic give 'em hell nut.) And another flag higher up on the bridge—a yacht club flag? A Bimini Big Game Fisherman's Association flag?

It really did take a moment before we connected the little Coast Guard boats with this thing . . . The blue flag was the President's flag and the boat was the *Julie* out of Washington!

And there looking more jug-eared than he does from the front sitting there in a jacket, enjoying the same respite we were, was Richard M. Nixon! So what do you do? Point him out to the children! "Look. It's the President!" (I mean it's the only President we've got right?) And otherwise leave him alone because we're liberals. And well-mannered. And he has as much right to a cop-out couple of hours as we do.

But then without planning it without having intended to do it I shouted out, "End the war, you bastard!"

Did he hear me? I have no idea It must have been a hundred and twenty five yards that separated us (but voices carry over water). I shouted . . . but not so loud as I could have I could have bellowed. A radical would have bellowed. A radical would have made it his goddamn business to be heard. But I was—am—a liberal and was doing it more for my sake than for Nixon's It was a good-for-nothing gesture like my wife's horn blowing during the October Moratorium. (The car is maybe three hundred feet from the road and nobody could hear the horn except me. And I was angry because I'd been napping and it woke me. But she'd blown the horn the way she was supposed to do.)

He took no notice. He didn't turn around. The Secret Service men didn't whip out rifles or pistols or anything. They just continued their scan through binoculars. I was another harmless pest. They were used to me and my kind. And Nixon? He showed nothing. Didn't turn his jug-eared head so much as a degree. (Maybe it was a dummy and the real Nixon was belowdecks somewhere? I doubt it.) Lyndon Johnson seemed to be an authentic crazy and it made him miserable not to be loved. Which is why he didn't run again. Nixon knows he is not lovable. He has never been lovable and he has learned not to need it. So there is no way to get to him. Shout again then? What's the use? I didn't.

And that settled Washington. If you can't make your point from a hundred twenty-five yards, with a clear view of the back of Nixon's head there are no odds in joining 250,000 other people in Washington. I watched it on television. I liked it when they shouted out the names of the dead soldiers in front of the White House—with Nixon back in Florida to watch the moon shot! I felt a little less stupid, a little less out of it. But not much. I thought it was a good touch to have the black and white balloons in New York for the dead and those who would die in Nixon's war. Effective theatre! But effective? Hardly.

Those jug ears do not flush, do not turn, do not hear. If Nixon does end the war it will be out of arrogance, sheer arrogance. And he will flash that same pear-shaped smile we saw the day after the big speech, when he showed the press all those "spontaneous" telegrams and letters. (Are there 60,000 people in Colorado?) Meanwhile there will be demonstrations, moving, dramatic, impressive and useless. I wish the demonstrators well but I don't have their faith or their hope. Not anymore. ■

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Helping people build a better life

THE EQUITABLE

(Continued from page 86) area on the New Jersey Turnpike to look at his tires. The police there asked him if he were carrying "peace people," and wouldn't let him pull off We had to leave the turnpike and make a detour of several miles

At dawn on Saturday we passed through the malarious hell of the Jersey marshes where, usually, one expects to see ducks and herons on the liquid that looks like water. Blasts of orange fire and yellow smoke as the damned are burned for their greed To the east, through the poisonous yellow haze stood the upper stories of the Empire State Building the rest sunk out of sight below what once might have been called hills. Civilization where are we all going?

The turnpike was crowded in our lane with buses and cars, and nearly every car showed by stickers or by the long hair of the occupants that it was headed for the rally too. Among us was a kind of calm elation and friendliness Food was shared and comments upon the devastated scenery I thought again, as I had the night before, how no one seemed hung up, frozen silent There seemed to be no secrets. They were mostly young, but not all—couples from Harvard, Harvard Law, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, Boston College Simmons Northeastern University of New Hampshire nurses from New England Deaconess Hospital an older couple he wearing rubbers and a green cloth cap In the night only one boy had been at all high and that on a beer and a single joint that he shared with a friend—the sting of grass hanging in the air for a few minutes

THE RALLY There was the Mall I hadn't seen for ten years Washington's white obelisk so pretentiously high, those long coldly monumental buildings that always make me think of Moscow or perhaps Stockholm or St. Petersburg—the broad reaches northern and cold, made for ancient formal ceremonies calculated to glorify power Yet the grass sloped, was worn littered damp—as American as an ill-kept lawn Of course I had never seen so many people Half a million? As the speakers began I couldn't help watching a helicopter which hovered far enough away not to be overhead close enough so that its fluffing roar was a constant irritant to anyone who wanted to hear what was said The gray black machine hung there, watching certainly not hearing us I wondered if it were equipped with the same gas used at Berkeley, or if its pilot had once hovered over Vietnam Fifty feet from us several National Liberation Front flags whapped in the cold wind

There were more blacks than I had expected—I estimated about one in seventy five mostly young integrated speaking the language of the young whites. Older people, white and black in perhaps the same proportion—more in other words, than I saw noted in the press.

It was cold, windy, with occasional sunlight, and it turned even colder as the afternoon went on The music was so very much better than the words.

Among the sitting crowd were small islands of standing people who refused to sit down with everyone else From these islands the N.L.F. flags bravely flew, self-consciously heroic like Russian posters of the Twenties and Thirties 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh! N.L.F. is gonna win!' sang these few, a thin ineffective windy sound, absorbed by the air Disorganized, easily dying away, the voices seemed too weak too high, and the chant itself sounded juvenile like a cheer at a high school football game Later I heard that these people had intended to rush the speakers' platform, but New Mobilization marshals had gathered tightly in front of them. And of course later the violents did do what they could to change the nature of the rally Promises were broken, of course, but do we still believe in promises? When I hear their language—"Capitalist running dogs revisionist pigs, liberal imperialists"—jargon that was tired when I was a boy I think, Man no matter in what ways you may be right you have become your rhetoric, and these simplifications mean someone's death.

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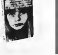

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business management, a voice from the floor-island could be heard: "F--- business! F--- reform! We want revolution!" And I thought, the squares and the violents—they are always heard aloud. Aside: Why am I against violence? Because I am violent myself and thus know violence, its seductive relief from thought. Isn't the most satisfying conclusion to an argument a dead Fascist at your feet?

DREAM CITY I was with Jane, a housewife and mother in her late twenties, and Frank, a Baptist minister from Roxbury who was my age. Jane had long been an activist in civil rights and in war protests, but only in her small New England city, where tear gas hadn't been felt in the eyes. Frank was black, and knew things that we were still having to learn.

We left the rally as Mrs. Coretta Scott King was speaking. Jane was so cold she was shaking, so we left the Mall and crossed Constitution Avenue toward the business district, hoping to find a warm place. As we passed, police were making everybody leave the Smithsonian.

"All we are sayin' is, let's give peace a chance," Frank kept declaiming. "All we are sayin' is let's give peace a chance." An ironic mimicking of the phrase we'd heard sung for at least ten minutes by a half million joyful euphoric voices. 'All we are sayin' is let's give peace a chance. All we are sayin' is let's give peace a chance.' Frank was tall and lean, wearing a black ministerial topcoat, his wide laugh appreciating the subtleties of his variations upon the theme "All we are sayin' is let's give peace a chance!" Jane, who had been moved by the words, did not go along with his ironies.

Everything seemed to be closed. One manager of a closed drugstore-luncheonette standing in front of his door said with apparent sincerity that he really wished his store weren't closed. Then miraculously we found a seafood restaurant open, a rather fancy place. It was jammed but warm. Within half an hour we were being served shellfish Norfolk, and having a long discussion as to whether or not a white teacher could teach a course in black literature. Frank said no, absolutely not.

"Even to whites?" Jane asked.

I said "Even, say, James Baldwin's work that was directed toward whites?"

No. And then I thought, hell, good work is not directed toward anybody. It's for yourself.

In the circumstances all this seemed unreal but not unreal in the nightmare sense with the permanent scarring of the sensibilities that occurred later, after the tear gas seeped beneath the door, when the waiters and customers began to sneeze and their eyes weep, and we were forced to tear under the guns, those broad cold streets in which no one knew which way to go.

I said before that I had lived in my native land as a kind of double agent. The W.A.S.P.'s I lived among and resembled rarely believed what I believed. Yet because I am an American whose memory stretches back to Roosevelt, to a time of trust, to a war in which America—yes, America—fought fascism rather than abetted it, the Washington we crossed that night scarred my soul more than I knew at the time. Soldiers carrying the same rifles and carbines I had once carried observed me as an enemy. It is hard to explain how the U.S. Rifle Cal. .30 M1 was my rifle, how its ugly thickness of receiver was to me homely comfort-

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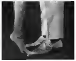

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ing friendly I knew its power, its ballistics. To see it pointed in my direction was like a nightmare in which your father or your friend turns cruel and looks at you

We were frightened, and walked among frightened people. Down Fifteenth Street were blue flashes, soft explosions, and the fog of gas People were running, but there was no consistent direction in which they ran "Don't go down this street! You can't get through!" we were told again and again It is strange to have the direction of the wind assume total importance in the square geometries of a city An American city

On a boulevard sidewalk two white-helmeted riot police kneeled upon a boy, twisting his arms. The air was acid with gas, though still bearable. We had been hearing a pervasive squeaking clashing machinelike sound very loud Jane said fearfully "What's that noise? Is it a gas machine?" Then we saw that it was a tree full of starlings, a thousand starlings in that one great misty tree, screaming to each other in this strange new atmosphere

Frank said, "The police know everything, don't forget it." He wanted to get Jane out of there back to the bus Whenever we came upon a regular policeman Frank spoke to him Now, as the two riot police led the subdued boy away, Frank and a short, jolly black police sergeant were smiling at each other and nodding "What did he say?" Jane asked. 'Just two brothers communicatin'," Frank said with a laugh

Up the street a New Mobe marshal stood in the middle of the street seeming thin young and lonely In back of him were the bus barricades, and riot police shoulder to shoulder, leaning out, somehow, their aggression expressed in subtle but knowledgeably perceived cantings of arm and shoulder—the language of intent an animal understands so quickly and deeply

The marshal said we might go up to H Street across H, then back on Eighteenth Maybe. And of course we did, eventually, find the bus again, and our driver, Al, who had not left us. But two or three incidents out of many on that long, light-heeled walk, seem to belong here.

Always on our left were the troops and police guarding the White House, watching us, with weapons at port arms. On our right were a few broken windows here and there—politically chosen, evidently—such as a loan company's huge plate-glass expanse that would cost at least a thousand dollars to replace. The Hotel Washington was open, and we went into its staid, old-fashioned lobby among those hiding from the touchy reality outside. It was as though this symbol of upper-middle-class stability had attracted its own here were many older people. A woman in her sixties implored me, in the accents of property, to tell her how to get "her party" back to the buses. I told her what I'd heard, and we went on.

The reality outside was touchy, all right. We couldn't help but consider the prediction of violence that had been issued by the Administration Had there been enough for them? A boy stamped into kindling a white sawhorse barricade while a policeman watched A young girl in cape and bell bottoms gave a soldier the V sign, followed by the finger "Pig!" she said The soldier looked A boy was carefully, somewhat shamefacedly removing a red, Picasso-designed flag from its stick so that he could fold and hide the flag It was that tense. "What's a mother doing here?" Jane asked 'Or an underinsured father?' I said

We came upon a platoon of guardsmen in gas masks: the very element could change at their desire, and they could swim and breathe, but we could not. Yet I was more trusting of their humanity than I was of the cold banal man they protected. Was he through looking at television then? How had the football game come out? Did he have

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that little television echo behind his eyes?

On Eighteenth Street a girl lay on the sidewalk surrounded by several young people. "My face is on fire!" she cried. With concern they touched her and one boy wiping her face with a Kleenex. Someone said the gas had burst upon her in liquid form, soaking her face and clothes. Her face was orange, constricted almost into folds like crushed paper.

It was a street of dark heavy buildings. I hadn't felt, since the Army more than twenty years before, the ticklish ghosts of bullets at my side. A sprinkler faucet had been turned on, coating a small planted sapling with ice. Twenty or more young people stood looking down a brick ramp into the cellar of what must have been an armory. We caught a flash of white from down in there and against our inclinations had to come back to look more closely. At first it looked like a television screen, bright, small, without depth. Then reality struck with the force of hallucination, for in the glare of fluorescent lights so unlike our darker street were troops, their jeeps and weapons gleaming and ready in suddenly too-vivid three dimension. We walked lightly on.

Flaming plastic looked from the bottom of a burned-out trash basket. At the corner we came upon a girl with a silent boy talking to a young cop. She was near tears. The cop's face was ruddy, healthy—a country look. "We can't get through to our bus and we only have one dollar!" she cried. "And we don't know *anybody* in Washington!" She wanted him to solve it. He kept taking off his uniform hat and rubbing his black hair, sympathy like a defect in his face. The girl turned and put her head against the boy's chest. "I want to go *home*!" she said and began to weep.

"Me too," said the young cop.

We went on, and reached the Mall, where the gas was thicker. Bonfires burned across the grass, observed silently by troops in a dark line of jeeps. We crossed along in defilade, their ominous profiles to our left. At this point I couldn't see well out of my right eye. Many of the buses had been moved or were gone, but we found ours there, dented and warm, Al stolidly in his seat, the young bus captain and his girl waiting for us. "So there you are," he said, some sternness in his quiet voice.

Post-script: A Town in New Jersey

We slept, woke. In the middle of the night, when Al was not allowed to stop on the turnpike, we left it and came to an all night diner in the town of Burlington, New Jersey. Now for all I know, Burlington, New Jersey may be a center of nonviolence, its citizens for some strange sociological-cultural reason un-American in that sense. Or perhaps in the half wakefulness of that hour I didn't read my country right. The diner was crowded. Our passengers' hair, that badge of belief, told them all who we were, yet I did not feel aggression or resentment. A middle-aged man in a suit came over to the bus captain and said, "I hope it does some good." A waitress in her late forties, big, affable, asked Al if he were the driver. When he allowed as how he was, she said, "God bless you."

Can Nixon create that familiar monster, an unholy alliance between big business and the know-nothings, the "silent majority"? Maybe I grab at a straw and quote the waitress because I need a sign, hoping that my country is too complicated for him and that there is still a chance that the best of this beat new generation might benevolently impose its freedom upon all of us. ##

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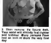

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A Memoir in the Form of a Novel

by Gore Vidal

In which a fictional author named Gore Vidal comments on life, literature, youth, the nature of power, incest, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, lust, the Kennedys, Cocteau, Vladimir Nabokov and Eleanor Roosevelt

Despite my protests Marietta revealed her breasts "You would never know—well, you would, but no one else—that I shall be fifty-two years old this November Sagittarius, what else? That's why we get on so well Cancer always does with Sagittarius"

"Libra." As I gazed without lust at those familiar not altogether false breasts they suddenly resembled scales, my birth sign made absurdly flesh

"They still look awfully nice. But I think you'd better cover up" I indicated the building opposite. The sight of her had frozen two plasterers at their work the scales had become the minatory eyes of Medusa

"You were always such a prude" With a brisk shake reminiscent of her old friend Isadora Duncan, she returned the relics of our past association to her blouse Released from Marietta's spell one workman dropped a bucket and looked to heaven for a sign while the other eyes shut, gripped his genitals—in Italy a common gesture and not, as foreigners think, a sign of lewdness or lice but a way of touching base in order to ward off the evil eye

Marietta often has that effect on men It is no accident that her favorite adjective is "ensorcelled" She cannot write a book without it Unfortunately I cannot read a book that contains it (excepting always the handsome prose of Anais Nin) This has made for a degree of coolness between us since Marietta wants to be not only a love goddess (a legend in her own time as the reviewers say—as, in fact she herself has so often noted in the five volumes of memoirs she has to date given us) but an artist of the first rank heiress to Sappho, George Sand, Virginia Woolf, a colossus of literature whose shadow falling across the wasteland of twentieth-century art makes sickly pale those contemporaries who must dwell forever in her shade, particularly Mary McCarthy Carson McCullers and Marietta's near contemporary Katherine Anne Porter

Marietta Donegal is sixty-eight, not fifty-two yet in her way she is still beautiful preserved by an insatiable appetite for glory and sex Alone among the women of our time, Marietta has managed to domesticate Sophocles' cruel and insane master At eighty she will be making love and writing about it in that long autobiography which begins with our century and will I am certain, last well into the next for like it or not, we live in *her* age—was she not the mistress of D H Lawrence (two volumes hardly described the three—or was it four?—times she bedded that ensorcelled genius) as well as the beloved inspiration—and brutal seducer—of as many other writers painters sculptors and even one President, though whether it was sunrise or sunset at Campobello has never been entirely clear (out of admiration for Eleanor Roosevelt she has yet to give us the entire story) She is unique in all but talent

"I could hardly believe it when I heard you'd written *Myra Breckinridge* It was so out of character"

After a quarter century of publication, I have learned never to discuss my work with a fellow author it excites them too much. I shifted Marietta's attention to Nabokov's *Ada* which had just been published I half expected her to tell me that she had been *his* muse too, but apparently they had not met. I was not surprised to learn that his current vogue distressed her as it does us all (writers are by nature envious, and easily undone is there no justice?), even though the success of men writers usually does not upset her quite as much as that of women Shortly after an entire issue of *Horizon* had been devoted to Mary McCarthy's *The Oasis* the two girls met by accident at Martha's Vineyard With a terrible cry Marietta fainted from rage

"I was so upset by what Nabokov said about you in *Time*"

"I'm afraid I don't read *Time*"

This is not true I am addicted to *Time*'s political "reporting" in which one can follow from week to week the fictional adventures of actual people. Instead of decently ending the novel seems to have got a new lease upon our attention in the form of the weekly "news" magazine

"Nabokov attacked everyone, Tolstoi You Mailer"

"Ah that old world charm"

"Charm! I find it disgusting"

"But normal Writers like to attack their betters."

This was a mistake inadvertently I had left an opening which she was capable of filling happily Czarist Russia's gift to our poor letters continued to distract her "He attacked *Portnoy's Complaint*"

"That was unkind I should have thought the man who celebrated pedophilia would regard masturbation with a tolerant eye"

"and said that even you were more interesting than Philip Roth"

"That was perceptive."

"But you know what he meant"

"I still enjoy his books Oh perhaps not as much as he does That would be impossible but"

"How easily taken in Americans are! They are mad for foreigners who make fun of them"

"Don't worry No one will ever read *Ada*"

"It is already a best seller"

"And has taken its historic place beside *By Love Possessed*, *Ship of Fools* and *The Confessions of Nat Turner* Books that

Initials by Richard Weigand

defy one to read them, in just the way the Sunday New York *Times* does. They are ceremonial artifacts to be displayed but not used." I was launched upon a favorite theme. Also, in the back of my mind the perfect analogy to Nabokov had suddenly surfaced: James Branch Cabell. I began to compose a blurb: 'Not since Cabell's *Jurgen* has there been a novel so certain to delight the truly refined reader as Nabokov's *Ada*.'

But Marietta was on her own track. "*The Heart's Archery* hasn't sold twenty thousand copies since March."

"The what?"

Marietta's eyes became hard malachite. The voice dropped an octave. "My last book of memoirs. I sent it to you. You never answered."

"I never got it." This was true. "There is no such thing as a mail service in Rome. Do you know how many sacks of mail there are at San Silvestro?"

The subject did not intrigue her. "You're in the book, you know." She sounded threatening. "That party in Los Angeles. Isherwood's in it, too."

Marietta was one of the first to realize that, in an age of total publicity, personality is all that matters. And if one has 'mattered' in the world, by middle age one is sure to have figured in a dozen novels, a hundred memoirs, a thousand newspaper stories. I have already made a number of appearances under my own name in Marietta's memoirs where, inevitably, I say something disagreeable which she gets slightly wrong. Yet, sexually, she is surprisingly coy. Her lovers—if alive—are only embedded, as it were, in her fiction. The three months we lived together in 1947 (I twenty-two, she forty-seven) formed the central motif to one of her most Lorenzian novels in which I appear as a faun-faced poet so overwhelmed by her autumnal beauty and ripe wisdom as to contract an acute case of priapism. At least that is Marietta's version. My recollection is that I was tired a good deal of the time (I was coming down with hepatitis) but enjoyed being with her at the Hôtel de l'Université in Paris for a summer (in 1947 it was always summer) because she had a gift for intimacy. She was—is?—one of those rare women with whom one likes to talk after the act. *Post coitus Marietta* I once called her. I don't think she was pleased.

As we sat on my terrace overlooking all of Rome to the west of the Largo Argentina, a fine if jumbled view of golden buildings, one twisted tower (Borromini's St. Ivo), the green Gianicolo and a dozen domes, the nearest San Andrea delle Valle (*Tosca*, Act One), the farthest, St. Peter's like a grey-ridged skull, Marietta discussed the latest details of her literary career. I shall not record what she said since she is bound to confide it to us in Volume Six of her memoirs.

At first I could not figure out what she wanted. True, she still expects me to compose a full-scale critique of her work in which once and for all her quality is established. For twenty years we have played this game, she cajoling, threatening, weeping, I backing and filling, evading the dread commitment. I had assumed when she rang me this morning to say she was in Rome and needed my advice that once again I would be asked first to write about her at length or, failing that, to praise in a line or two the . . . what was the title? *The Heart's Archery*. But the expected request was not made. She had something else on her mind.

"Eric Van Damm. You remember him, don't you? From Paris."

A long-shut door swings open to reveal high summer—yes, it was always summer twenty years ago. I am standing in a room at the Hôtel de l'Université as Eric, tall, slender, blond, quite naked, takes apart for the hundredth time his German movie camera. That moment has remained as vivid to me as Henry James's recollection after a half century of a boy cousin being sketched in the nude at Newport before his life was "cut short in a cavalry clash, by one of the Confederate bullets of 1863."

Death, summer, youth—this triad contrives to haunt me every day of my life for it was in summer that my generation left school for war, and several dozen that one knew (but strictly speaking did not love, except perhaps for one) were killed, and so never lived to know what I have known—The Beatles, black power, the Administration of Richard Nixon—all this has taken place in a trivial aftertime and has nothing to do with anything that really mattered, with summer and someone hardly remembered, a youth—not Eric—so abruptly translated from vivid, well-loved (if briefly) flesh to a few scraps of bone and cartilage scattered among the volcanic rocks of Iwo Jima. So much was cruelly lost and one still mourns the past, particularly in darkened movie houses, weeping at bad films, or getting drunk alone while watching *The Late Show* on television as our summer's war is again refought and one sees sometimes what looks to be a familiar face in the battle scenes—is it Jimmy? But the image is promptly replaced and one will never know whether it was he or only a member of the Screen Actors Guild, now grown old, too.

But in 1948, the war three years behind us, the Korean War not yet upon us—the American empire quiescent, gorged with conquest—we lived as though it would be forever summer, and did not brood upon our losses. It was enough that Eric Van Damm should say, "Well, come on in," as I started to leave, embarrassed to find him without clothes. Without self-consciousness or coquetry, he continued to polish lenses as I sat awkwardly on the sagging bed while he asked me what I thought of Marietta.

Now Marietta wants to know what I had thought of him. I answer, truthfully, that although I have a sensuous memory of him I do not, strictly speaking, *think* of him. I don't tell her that what I best recall are long legs covered with golden hair. To be candid with Marietta means to be fixed for all time in the distorting aspic of her prose.

"I loved him." Marietta can say that sort of thing in a most winning way. It is only when she writes that she loses.

"Is he still in California?" The last I had heard of Eric he was making documentaries for television.

Marietta gave me a long look, then she said, very carefully, "If you had read *The Heart's Archery*, which I'm sure you got, you would have known that Eric is dead. . . ."

Saw the long legs reduced to bone, saw the blue eyes glaze, and fall back into the skull, saw the skull without skin, lips, smile. Yet it is summer in Rome as I write these lines.

"How?"

But Marietta is an artist first, a messenger second. "I've known for some time that you take no interest in my work. Or anything outside yourself. . . ."

Some minutes later, when she had exhausted herself if not the subject, I learned that Eric had fallen off a roof while filming a riot in Berkeley.

"Such a ridiculous way to die!" Marietta was blunt, having no more fear of death than of life.

"Anyway, I have something of his which I want to show you." She opened her handbag and removed a scruffy red notebook of the sort French children use in school, and a manuscript.

"He left these by mistake in Paris, for that sister of his. . . ."

That sister of his! Erika had been a perfect feminine version of Eric's own perfect youth. Fantasies of the two of them (they were twins, she dark, he fair) have figured, I am certain, in a thousand erotic dreams for they were rare beings and quite unknowable. Each made love with the same sort of kind good humor, yet neither seemed entirely present in the act. I looked at the notebook hopefully. Was I about to find out why?

"I was quite upset that summer, as you remember."

I do not but said I did.

"It was understood that he stay in my room at the Hôtel de l'Université until I got back from Turkey. Well, when I came back he had left with what's her name, the bad actress . . . ?"

Memory stirred. "Didn't you use that in your novel, *The Archaic Smile*?"

Marietta looked at me like a child given a present. She was, for an instant, a girl again. "Yes! Yes! Oh, you did read *Smile*! It won the Prix d'Avignon, you know, in French. Yes, I wrote all about Eric and me and his disappearing, and then running into him years later in Monterey as though nothing had happened. Yes, I wrote it all, just the way it was. . . ."

"You never invent, do you?" I could not resist the comment.

"Why should I? The only thing that matters is the life. What *really* happened. You make up everything, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Everything. Even you."

But she was not listening.

"Now, I want your professional advice. I read somewhere that you were doing the film of *Myra Breckinridge*."

"Not exactly. Someone named Zanuck is doing it. He is very talented. But I am doing a screenplay of *Julian*."

"Strange the way you've always been drawn to history. I hate the past. You're very like Eric, you know, he liked classical history, too. This . . ." she held up the script ". . . takes place in the third century B.C." I felt a premonitory weariness at the thought of Eric as guide to that lost world.

Then Marietta was all business. She wants to sell the script to a movie producer. With Eric dead, she would be able to keep the money from the sale and buy the Positano villa which, until now, she only rents. "I think I should ask a hundred thousand dollars for it, don't you?"

I tried to explain to her that it was most unlikely that anyone would want to make a film based on a twenty-year-old screenplay by an unknown writer, but Marietta was confident. "That sort of thing is extremely popular now. Look at Fellini and the *Satyricon*. The timing couldn't be better. And with you knowing all these film people . . . well, I'm sure you'll find somebody who'll buy it. You are such a friend, really."

"What is the notebook?"

Marietta frowned. "Very odd. I don't think you'll like it. After all, you're in it. We all are."

"A diary?"

"No. Just . . . well, you'll see. Eric was not what he seemed."

I realized at that moment that I did not want to read either notebook or script. Most people—and all women—are eager to read other people's mail, eavesdrop upon other people's conversations, to find out just what it is that others say of them. I am the opposite. I have no desire to know the worst, or for that matter the best, unlike Marietta who reads everything written about her. From Kyoto to Spokane, book reviewers have been astonished to receive long letters from Marietta analyzing what they have said of her and though no praise has ever been quite sufficient (I compared her once to Katherine Mansfield; she did not speak to me for a year) Marietta is a master of "ensorcelling" those who write book chat for the press, turning to them that legendary Aphrodite face which D. H. Lawrence had on three—no, three and a half—occasions scratched with his bronze fox beard. The reviewer has not been born who can entirely resist the full panoply of such all-conquering charm; as a result, her pen pals now range across the earth and her fame increases with each passing year for, truth to tell, Marietta is an astonishingly good writer of the sacred monster sort and the decades in which she was regarded as something of a joke ("Claire Clairmont without the wit," Cyril Connolly was supposed to have said) made her not only bitter but strong and infinitely cunning in exhibiting both self and work as one until, just as the postwar period became prewar (circa 1965), she was able to enter her kingdom for she is exactly what the times require: a writer who is neither more nor less than what she writes. Entirely lacking in the creative imagination, Marietta Donegal is triumphant, though not as rich as she would like to be.

"I do need money." She rose to go. "Mario is waiting in the Piazza Navona." I have long since stopped asking her to identify for me the Marios and Guidos, the Benjamins and Dereks who are forever waiting a few streets away, priests of her cult, and with the passing years no doubt well paid for their ministrations at that high and entirely public altar.

"We're driving down to Positano tomorrow. I'll come by in the morning, to see what you think."

Dramatically she embraced me on the terrace. Over her shoulder I could see the two plasterers, morbidly eager for another glimpse of that ancient dauntless flesh, but to my relief she disappointed them and allowed me to lead her inside the apartment, still cool with the early morning of a fine summer day.

At the front door, Marietta pauses. "Do you believe in possession?"

"Nine parts of the law?"

"No. Spiritual possession. One person's spirit inhabiting another person's body, mind, personality."

"Marietta, I do not believe in ghosts, astrology, palmistry, graphology, John Cage, love or God. I do believe in the moment, in the pleasures of the flesh, of conversation, of art—at least for the few so minded. I believe. . . ."

"What is art?" Marietta is a tough infighter, and knows all the right questions. Unfortunately she is driven to give wrong answers. She is very effective on television panel programs.

"If I told you what art was you would turn into a pillar of salt."

"A pity you never wrote with so much feeling as you did in *The City and the Pillar*. Of course it was a very young book but—oh, what a good time we had in New York that winter! At least I did. But then I've always been freer than you—and that's all I really wanted for you, to release your inhibitions, to teach you to *flow*, to put you on the throne, Dauphin to my Joan."

"You were Joan all right, but unfortunately I was Gilles de Rais." This was halfhearted. As usual, Marietta had managed a series of low blows.

"You are too intellectual, my dear. Too self-absorbed ever to allow yourself to *flow*. . . ."

"I'm not a river." I was brisk. "Who was possessed by whom—or what?"

"Eric. Now don't look like that. I'm quite serious. I've always believed that the dead continue to exist. Somehow. Somewhere. And I think that sometimes they even inhabit us, speak through us. . . ."

"Have you been getting messages from Eric?"

"No. But last fall in Taos I saw Lawrence, in front of the post office."

"How did he look?"

"Troubled. He was carrying a large cactus in a pot."

"Did he speak?"

"No. He was just there. Briefly. Then he faded. Like a mirage. Like a vision of water in a road on a hot day. Poor Lawrence. How he suffered. Trapped by that dreadful Frieda. . . ."

Marietta was drifting off course. "Eric?" I tugged her back to the subject.

"You'll see when you read what he's written. *If* he wrote it and not someone else."

"Who else?"

But Marietta enjoys mystery, having none herself.

"Someone dead far more than two thousand years."

Depression began. "Not Jesus of Nazareth, a simple carpenter with a lesson for all men?" The golden Eric was capable of dross.

"No. Someone quite different. Anyway, you'll be fascinated. I was. Eric was not the person we thought. Not at all. But the film could be marvelous. Ten percent for you, if you can place it."

Marietta was gone. I sit now on the terrace, beneath the lemon tree which each year produces so many blossoms but never the expected lemon. Just above the tree a daytime moon, ash white on blue, and circled at this very minute by three Americans, with a flag.

To read or not? I dread meeting myself in Eric's pages. In a sense, the only purpose of life is the creation of a self and what matters, finally, is the sum total of all one's attempts. By themselves, the early drafts are simply grim reminders that at any given moment in one's youth unripeness was all; the latest draft, for all its flaws, at least has the charm of familiarity, with all those X-ings and interlinear additions; it is still somehow *right*, and though the basic text varies little from youth to age, the means of execution shift and change.

Last summer at Sag Harbor, listening to Dwight Macdonald talk on and on, entirely happy in his pursuit of thought, I said, "Don't you realize, Dwight, you have nothing to say, only to add?" He stopped short and he found this a most impressive statement (he has the ability to listen while talking—a rare gift, alas, not mine). Yet what I said of him I really meant to say of myself, of us all. For what is there to say, finally, except that pain is bad and pleasure good, life all, death nothing? To these obvious texts one can only add one's life, which is so little, particularly if words are one's only means of telling what was, what is, what ought to be. Marietta commands battalions, divisions, armies (of night and day) of words and yet loses every war. While I am a solitary rifleman behind a tree, waiting to shoot down the pale rider when at last he appears (even as I write this I hear the earthy drumming of his horse's hooves). But as I wait for him, M-1 at the ready, I know that victory in our private war is already his—structured that way, as the academics say—and all that matters is the accuracy with which one isolates that pale head, holds it in the gun's sight, and fires as death dies and one's life, too. Perhaps it is only the tree which matters, and the long waiting. In any case, master of armies or lonely sharpshooter, the enemy is plain. Eric used film (not words) and fell while taking pictures from a roof, and all that's left of him for me as I sit now beneath a lemon tree on the terrace of a Roman flat is this notebook in my hand.

What do I think of Eric now? Memory is fitful at best. People come and go at random in the swift uncertain circuits of the brain, and with each year one loses more and more names and faces while even sexual encounters tend to blur one into another. (What exactly happened that night in a Seattle suburb before I went overseas from Fort Lewis?)

Yet now that I deliberately put my mind to it, I can *see* Eric as he was, or at least as he was that day in the Hotel de l'Université, taking apart the camera. I suddenly recall, as I write these words, that his two front teeth were chipped, not the most romantic memory of that Beatrice to my Dante—or perhaps Tadzio is the better analogy.

A moment of panic. What *did* happen? Who was he and did I ever really know him? A tough, worldly young man with a will to prevail and, as I suspected then, a special relationship with his sister. That does it! For the first time in years I have used without irony the word "relationship." An hour with Marietta and I am a creature of the Forties again when hardly a paragraph was spoken or written without that terrible jargon word.

The Eric I knew—or thought I knew and still recall from time to time like the phrase in *Don Carlos* which recurs so hauntingly at each encounter between doomed prince and revolutionary friend—that Eric was a golden solitary, intent upon his art, totally and seriously absorbed by film long before the *Cahiers du Cinéma* was dreamed of. Now, having read a part of the notebook, I find that what he really wanted to do was make a commercial film with a Hollywood producer. Apparently I have allowed that unexpected sentimentalist, my memory, to make Eric something he never was or—alarming thought—chose even at the time to mythologize him.

I am shaken. Do I never get the point to those I—the word could be "love" though I never use it? Yet am I not always, in my careful (or so I think) self-scrutiny, always quick to determine what is lust and what is sympathy? The first in common, the second rare. The two together not possible except by an act of the imagination. For me the two did coincide at a particular point in time on a hot summer day in a Paris hotel room, or so I thought until now, when it seems that my imagination may have created something which did not in fact exist. But then none of us exists except in terms of others and so with each person not only a different performance but a different self. Later, when alone, as images come and go, constantly changing, we begin to feel, and then invent. Love affairs can only take place after the act. In memory, at a decent remove from urgent flesh and that colliding of masks which seldom does more than meliorate the fact of two hostile and alien—yet so similar—wills.

The Eric of the notebook is someone I never knew, also, reading him, I get no sense of the Paris of my youth. Have I invented that too? What will he say of me? (He calls me "V" in the notebook.) Or Erika? I detest Marietta for having done this to me.

I've read the script which Marietta wants me to sell, and it is impossible by any standard.

A perfect example of what happens when two people (Eric and the Hollywood producer) who have not the slightest understanding of one another decide to work together on a subject neither has any real feeling for. The result is always painful—though sometimes enormously successful with the public. Unfortunately for Marietta there is no longer a public which would accept *The Two Sisters of Ephesus First Revised Screenplay (24-8-48) by Eric Van Damm and Murray Morris based on an original treatment by Clyde R. Baumister Jr. and Murray Morris.* Not only were the two authors at cross-purposes but the subject itself never came into focus.

I think I know why. Eric was interested in the rivalry of the two sisters. Murray was interested in the possibility of tempting Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, the two reigning queens of the box office, to play the eponymous sisters. Knowing Murray's ability to get his way, I was not surprised to read scene after scene of the girls relaxing in the bath surrounded by beautiful ladies-in-waiting, diaphanous gowns clinging to their nubile forms, as the late W. C. Fields used to say. There was even a paddling scene that had the unmistakable Murray Morris stamp. It is the only scene in which either of the authors appears to be entirely committed to what he is writing. The rest is *Kitsch* without sincerity which means, to continue in low German, *Dreck*.

I first saw them at the Café de Flore in the summer of 1948. They were seated side by side at the center of the first row of sidewalk tables, quite outshining Sartre and de Beauvoir, who were holding court nearby. Obviously the sight of two so splendidly *nourished* (or so they seemed) Americans was most exciting for the French who were in those days somewhat more grubby and irritable than is usual even for that untidy race.

How did they actually look? Fair hair, dark hair, similar features. No, that is too general. Try again. Think of clothes. Like the rest of us, Eric wore the remains of his Army uniform, khaki trousers and shirt (for ten years I wore my Army belt until the webbing snapped) while Erika wore—well, I have no idea what anyone wears unless it is in some way vivid, like the see-through dress I encountered last night at a Roman party, the girl's breasts plain beneath pink-and-white-striped gauze. All agreed the left was perfect, the right flawed.

In any case, Erika was as beautiful as Eric and wherever they went together (though not always separately), they reigned. Particularly at the Hôtel de l'Université where they shared two rooms until Marietta arrived to continue her 'relationship' with me. As I was otherwise engaged, she moved in with Eric and Erika took the room next to mine on the floor above.

Last year when I visited Paris I was happy to see that the Hôtel de l'Université has reappeared. For a long time it was an office building and no matter how carefully I prowled the quarter, like Le Grand Meaulnes, I could not recall which of the row of eighteenth-century buildings opposite the Ministry of Finance was the scene of my youth.

Now things look very much the way they were but of course they are not. For one thing, youth is gone. Worse, the Paternaults who ran the hotel are gone. Madame was a splendid cook and thoughtful. "Mr. Weeks," she said one morning to an Iowan aesthete, "I sometimes notice a curious smell coming from your room. Today we expect the police. If there is anything you would like me to hide, I will." Without a word Weeks gave her his pipe and cache of opium and so was not caught in the great drug roundup of 1948.

There was also a good deal of sexual traffic that summer. The stairs creaked at all hours as lovers came and went, moving from room to room, floor to floor, sometimes, in the case of at least one energetic girl (now a leading matron in San Antonio), making several errands of mercy in a single night.

But Erika was enigmatic. As far as I know, she went to bed with no one except a young American actor who—or so she told Eric who told Marietta who told me—was infantile in bed. Marietta used this particular episode to good advantage in one of her privately printed novels (hard to believe that in those days she was forced to be her own publisher), excoriating not, as was fashionable then, that national villain the American mom, but the men who so loved themselves that they could not properly appreciate the truly, deeply feminine, that is to say, Marietta. Long before Leslie Fiedler began to monitor Huck Finn's raft, Marietta was confident that all American men were basically homosexual and so incapable of appreciating Woman the first principle of the universe. Nevertheless, she refused to admit defeat, and at regular intervals like a goddess, she would descend from her heart-shaped machine and ensorcell men into worshiping her, or at least going to bed with her. Eric took to her in much the same way I had, though more cynically, since her writing did not impress him and the fact she had money mattered a great deal.

My own friendship with Eric was tentative, due to shyness on both sides, for we were the same age, which is as great a barrier to friendship among the young as it is an invitation to enmity among the old. Also I was notorious that summer, for my third novel, written at twenty-one, was not only a best seller but a source of rage to many, not all writers. As a result, Eric regarded me warily, and with some reason.

Nevertheless, despite all that was not said—and done—brother, sister and I spent many evenings together, usually ending up at the Boeuf sur le Toit whose long decline had even then begun, unknown to us, as we joined the other young Americans who came to the Rue du Colisée, hoping that by simply being at the *Boeuf* they would become part of the prewar Paris of Picasso, Cocteau, Milhaud, none aware that this was a new time, and that we were that time as we ate and drank and talked of—what? Ourselves, I suppose, as the young must, and of course Literature (my subject, not since Hemingway was there a young writer so intent on dominance!), Film (Eric's subject; he was one of the first to take seriously the commercial film on which we had all been raised) and Erika. For us she was a subject of constant interest, though she never pressed (unlike Marietta), never demanded equal time no matter at what great length Eric and I declared our ambitions and defended our accomplishments.

Needless to say I was the most defensive, having most to defend. The book of mine which had been such a success that year had been thought to be artless autobiography. No one seemed aware that its art was to seem true and artless and that it was, in fact, a work of the imagination and therefore a rare thing in our letters. Since then I've accepted the fact that my countrymen are literal to the point of—the hand pauses on the page. What shall I say of the country I was born in? Well. . . .

For a long time it was hoped that as the civilization whose absence drove Henry James to Europe came slowly to be born in America, the diversity of life might yet be understood and so make possible interesting art. But it was not to be. Civilization has not taken hold even in our alabaster cities. Rather the opposite, for violence is now the order of the day as we produce our crude artifacts and call them art, all the while dreaming those simple lurid dreams which precede, traditionally, a time of fire: so much is ending that was good, so much continuing that was bad.

As for literature—how feeble the word itself sounds in an age of rock and bright murder—it has no relevance to the young who were brought up on television and movies, and though they are doubtless happier for that whole experience, they are also quite unable to comprehend the doubleness of things, the unexpected paradox, the cause of yes-no without which there can be no true intelligence, no means, in fact, of examining life, as opposed to letting it 'wash over' one.

Without history, without art, with a memory that begins with each morning's waking and ends with the night's sleep, they are able to achieve a numbness far more comforting to the spirit than the always dangerous and sometimes fatal exploration of self and world which was the sum of our old culture, now discarded.

Discarded? Never known.

In 1968, the day after the notorious Democratic Convention in Chicago, the New Party was born (soon to die) and I was one of its founders. Several hundred bright young dissidents, appalled by the police riot and the collapse of Eugene McCarthy, met in a university auditorium.

At first I was startled by the incoherence of the speeches but then, in the warm mood of our common cause, I decided that this was the result of shock, and we were all of us more or less stunned by the bad days we had been living through.

When it came my turn to speak, I described a meeting I had had that morning with Senator McCarthy. He had told me that he would not run for President on our ticket because he thought he would be of more use supporting good Senatorial candidates. "After all," he said wanly, "it was the Roman Senate that saved Rome." I respected this even though I had felt obliged to point out that "it wasn't the Senate but the Capitoline geese that saved Rome."

I usually have some sense of audience. But this time I had walked into a wall. Those faces which were not simply bewildered were hostile: what's all this crazy shit about *geese*? I realized too late that they have in common no history at all. 'We have nothing to fear but fear itself' would have been just as puzzling to the *New Generation*. . . which is already *then* for as I write 1968 is slipping into that limbo where dinosaurs and Charlemagne, dodoes and L.B.J. together consort in nameless darkness.

Trying to recall, after twenty years, what it was we talked about so late into the night, I suddenly recall that politics was seldom mentioned. After all, fascism had just been vanquished for all time while communism was as remote as the Soviet Union, and about as appealing. Eric and I were both too young to have been attracted to the Party the way so many of our older friends had been before the war. As for domestic politics, the summer's choice between Dewey and Truman seemed to be no choice at all.

The only political discussion that I can remember from those days was with Tennessee Williams. It occurred shortly before the Italian elections in which the Communists were expected to win. "The Russians," Tennessee announced most uncharacteristically, "are not a predatory people. I don't know why there is all this fuss about 'international communism.'"

I disagreed. "They've always been imperialists, just like us."

"That's not true. Just name me one country Russia has tried to take over? I mean recently."

"Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia," I began. . . .

"And what," asked Tennessee, "are they?"

It is his charm and genius to be his own world in which forever turn in hieratic attitudes mother, sister, father, self, a world in no way connected with the one of newspapers and, perhaps for that reason, more durable than our furious quotidian.

I thought of Tennessee early this spring when I checked into a hotel at Amalfi where we had stayed twenty years ago. Now I was alone, making a screenplay for old time's sake of his latest play which I had thought very bad when I saw it but then, after some study, found parts were marvelous and laughed aloud, hearing, as I read, the wry cadence of his voice, heard our old laughter in the courtyard of the hotel (where Ibsen wrote *Ghosts*) and marveled to myself that so many years later I would be adapting him in a place we had once stayed before time had played its usual jokes, made him a bit mad and, for me at least, remote, made me . . . the same.

Tennessee traveled with but one book, a handsomely bound (blue-stamped white leather) edition of the poems of Hart Crane. Only now do I begin to fathom those sea-kept fabulous shadows.

Eric's father was briefly something of a power in the Republican Party and was to have served in Willkie's cabinet, had there been such a thing.

As I write the word "Willkie," I suddenly feel the summer heat of Philadelphia thirty years ago. I am at the Republican Convention with my grandfather (though a Democratic Senator he attended all conventions with an excitement which proved contagious).

In a hotel suite I join a group of delegates come to meet Willkie. He stands in front of a window as people file past him, shaking hands. He is a white-faced, soft-looking, sweaty man (this was pre-air conditioning; Senator Vandenberg's supporters passed out fans which said "Fan with Van"; few did). Willkie is smaller than I'd expected. He never stops talking, like a wound-up toy. I can still hear his creaking tired voice say

"Ah be a lahrr if ah said ah diddn wan be Prez Nigh Stays." The Hoosier accent is charming if somewhat calculated after all his years as a Wall Street lawyer.

Eric's father was also at the convention, doubtless listening with pleasure to the people in the galleries chanting "We Want Willkie!", a somewhat cheap echo of a radio comic's tag, "We Want Cantor."

To my grandfather's disgust I left the day before the actual nomination, wanting to get back to Washington and my first affair—a better reason than usual for I always tend to vanish at a certain point on public occasions. In 1960 as a New York delegate to the Democratic Convention I seldom went near the Sports Arena though I wanted Kennedy to win, yet when he did I felt like Murray Kempton whom I found, draped sadly over his typewriter. "Is this" he cried "*all* there is to it?"

Afterward Arthur Schlesinger Jr., J. K. Galbraith and I had a triumphant supper at a Polynesian restaurant in Beverly Hills only slightly shadowed by the bitterness of Stevenson's supporters, one of whom had just accused Arthur of being the greatest traitor since Benedict Arnold. In mid-feast I thought suddenly of Eleanor Roosevelt's last appeal to the convention. We were making a mistake, she had said, waving a long finger at us, if we did not nominate Stevenson. But no one had listened. Her passion for Stevenson was the source of many cruel jokes and her loathing of the Kennedys thought to be unfair: the father's sins ought not to pass to the next generation. With a twinge of guilt, and some malice, I asked my companions "*Have* we made a mistake?" Certainly not! They were euphoric. As we left the restaurant, Ken grabbed the ship's wheel which decorated the entrance and spun it, shouting, "This is the Ship of State!" The spokes fell off.

Recently I spent an afternoon full of silences in the Protestant Cemetery with someone I did not have an affair with a dozen years ago—too much silence at a crucial moment on a midnight beach and a sense she was distracted by someone else—yet we continue to see one another year after year and affection grows, unstated and undefined and all the deeper perhaps for that.

Standing in front of the tomb of Goethe's son (whose billing is mysteriously larger than that of Keats on the various signs set out to guide us morbid pilgrims) I think how remarkably beautiful she is as one marriage ends and another begins, and how we are once again together, in transit emotionally. I prepare myself for the new husband, hopefully an improvement on the old, an emotional cripple who used her—much to her initial delight, it should be noted—as crutch, wheelchair, iron lung. But the masochism of women tends to be limited, and usually stops altogether when they give birth. Hers stopped, and so did the marriage.

Beneath ilex trees we stand for a time observing an incredibly small hummingbird—dwarf among miniatures—hovering on fast wings at an arm's length from us, plundering grave flowers.

We talk then of that recent biography of Lytton Strachey which revealed in such extraordinary detail the sexual and emotional lives of the Bloomsbury Group. She was most struck by Carrington (as an actress she wants to play everything): the woman who lived with both Strachey and her lover in a happy ménage which only ended when Strachey died of cancer and she, not wanting to go on, took a shotgun and killed herself. "I shouldn't like doing that last scene," she confesses.

We ponder Bloomsbury, that bright short-lived world I have always found attractive. Particularly what our sociologists describe so elegantly as their "intra-personal relationships." Certainly the complex private and public lives of those rare beings resemble not at all the way we live now, or—in America—ever lived. Of course my view of Bloomsbury is deliberately romantic, echoing Voltaire's similar dream: "What a delicious life it would be to share a home with three or four men of letters with talent and no jealousy, who would love one another, live agreeably, cultivate their art, talk about it, enlighten each other! I dream one day to live in such a little Paradise." So do we all, and never will.

Traditionally American writers have few lines of connection with one another. The country is too large, the philistinism too profound, the pseudo democracy too fatally corrupting. It is no wonder that from the beginning the few good American writers were all, to say the least, a bit deranged as they tried desperately to conform life and art to the values of a peasant society which any European writer would have been startled to find a man of talent taking seriously.

Last spring I was much criticized when I said it is only because we are now a world empire that our writers are taken seriously. A number of reviewers brought up on *Moby Dick* (that masterpiece!) disagreed. Apparently American writing reflects our national genius, not to mention *the American experience* which so deeply moves our recent arrivals. Yet can anyone seriously compare Melville, Hawthorne, Twain—all we have of the near-first rank—with Pushkin, Tolstoi, Dostoyevski, Turgenev, Chekhov or with Stendhal, Balzac, Hugo, Flaubert or with Dickens, Eliot, Conrad? American megalomania is now of such imperial proportions that reality no longer intrudes as we relentlessly display the clumsy products of our meager civilization as paradigms for all the world to admire and imitate.

This unreality has had a bad effect on our writers who tend—like everyone else—to read less and less but when they do read are driven to the study of American writers. As a result *The Great Gatsby* is their idea of a masterpiece and the work of a Musil (or even Proust) unknown country not worth exploring. American writers want to be not good but great, and so are neither.

Perhaps the best aspect of Bloomsbury was the setting of standards not only literary but human and despite a wide range of vivid human frailties they made life and literature a good deal more meaningful than it ever was before in England, or ever will be in our perpetually—at least to those who must live there—foreign land.

They did their best work for one another, and who among us can say that he has any particular public or world in mind when he makes something? Or even any standards to uphold since it is the sense of this era that art should be play (echoing the least of Schiller's arguments), available to everyone, with no grades given because the idea of competitive skill is not democratic. "We all write books," said one very young writer recently, "but I guess we don't read much, you know, like they used to." Or care about much of anything, he might have added. But then we global villagers have no past, and cast no shadows.

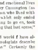
"Will there be books like that about us?" she wonders.

"I doubt it. Not enough sources. For one thing we don't write letters. And they haven't started saving telephone conversations yet. But maybe the day will come. Can't you see a volume called *The Collected Telephone Conversations of Truman Capote*?"

"Except it will be a long-playing record, not a book."

"Yes, no more books. A relief in a way."

We turn and walk through the green shade past marble angels weeping. Intricate arrangements of metal flowers, a bronze plaque which records the death by falling from a horse in the sunshine of a young girl's days. "We could be like"—she says it first—"Lytton and Carrington, what a wonderful life they had, except the end." We are in front of Trelawny's grave. I say nothing.



People who obtain power do so because it delights them for its own sake and for no other reason. The American fantasy that politicians represent, at best, Ideals or, at worst, Interests is nonsense but one is not loved for saying so. In fact, whenever I discuss contemporary politicians I am called cynical (my fourth-century portraits, on the other hand, are acceptable since that was a long time ago). One despairs of ever communicating to people what it is all about: the grim jockeying for position, the ceaseless trading, the deliberate use of words not to communicate thought but to screen intention. In short, a splendidly exciting game for those who play it. That little good comes of any of this—often as not much human suffering—seems never to distress the believers who choose to see in this politician or that true virtue and so take comfort in the cosmetic radiance of his smile. No good men? No, nor bad either, at least not often. Just men at play. With us as counters to be moved about.

Of all the power-lovers I have known, Eleanor Roosevelt was the most divided and so the most interesting. On the one hand she possessed the Puritan conscience: she really believed that one ought to be good and help others less fortunate. But she was also a spirited gamesman driven, like the rest, to prevail at any cost.

One hot summer night, there was a small dinner in her cottage at Hyde Park, a few miles from where I used to live. Mrs. Roosevelt had just led to victory a Reform movement in New York City: she had brought down the leader of Tammany Hall, restored democracy. It was a high minded campaign, and successful. Our little dinner was to celebrate the victory. Her son Franklin was particularly delighted by what had happened because the leader of Tammany Hall had, some years before, helped end his career in the Democratic Party.

As we toasted our hostess, an angelic smile quite illuminated the beautiful luminous grey face with its swift shy glance (she would giggle nervously if you caught those small clear grey pebbly eyes looking at you), and, in her hesitant fluting voice she answered our toast. "Years ago when Mr. de Sapio did what he did to my Franklin I vowed that I would bide my time and one day I would 'get' him. Well I have!" So much for Reform.

Yet perhaps it is just as well the people do not understand their masters and are drawn to support or attack them on frivolous grounds, much the way they like or dislike athletes and singers. For even if they knew what it was all about, they could change nothing. As it is, they are reasonably content. After all, slavery is the usual condition of our race as noted by—of all people—the Emperor Tiberius. When the Roman Senate passed a law validating all his decrees thus far as well as any he might in the future make, he was horrified—what happens if an emperor goes mad?—but the Senate was insistent and so he accepted this *carte blanche* with the comment, "How eager they are to be slaves!" Naturally, the ideal of the American republic was something else, but it is not the first ideal to have been quietly abandoned.

To me the most astonishing phenomenon is not the power-man's desire to dominate but the human craving to believe—if not in Man—in a man. No doubt ape-watchers will tell us we are structured (this year's verb) that way. If so, it is a perennial tragedy since the world as prison is the ultimate conscious or unconscious dream of the man of power, with himself in complete charge, his voice alone reverberating over the loudspeakers. There is no substantial difference between Mao and Franco, Stalin and Hitler, Mussolini and Castro, Nasser and Salazar, only the rhetoric varies (and even that not much for nowadays each governs in the People's name) and though some power men appear to be "nicer" than others, at heart they are as alike as rabid dogs driven to infect the healthy, to assert totally their will. Nor is there finally any way of stopping them for they are truly the people's choice, the last assertion of our ancient tribalism which insists on homogeneity at any cost—all hair to be cut at an agreed-upon length while any violation of social, sexual, dietary taboos will be punished because the good society is the same society and variation is its enemy. With modern means of communication that anthill commune which is the unstated (except by Mao) dream of every man of power can be achieved, and who would be so aberrant as to not want what the leader wants? After all, he would not be our master unless he truly embodied our secret longing for a totally ordered life without surprise or choice.

Marietta lives in a world of supernatural powers. She has always been fascinated by spiritualism. She once spent a week in a copper cage guessing which cards were being dealt in a cottage some miles away. The results were inconclusive. Nevertheless, Marietta refers to herself as a "sensitive" and likes to quote the formidable Eileen Garrett who once told her, "Your true gifts are psychic, not literary." Lacking irony, Marietta has never realized that Eileen's message to her occurs at the end not at the beginning of the sentence.

But any game can give comfort and a belief in ghosts is no sillier than a belief in art (as I write this line I mentally cancel it; art does exist, ghosts don't, but I preserve the line since I can neither prove nor disprove the existence of either). Certainly in an age where the traditional religions are disintegrating (not fast enough for me) all sorts of makeshifts like astrology, scientology, drugs will fill the void. After all, there is nothing so absurd that someone will not believe it, which brings me to the question: Are we made that way? Do our brains require the supernatural, the symmetrical god?

I hope not. I am not made that way—as far as I can tell. I accept glumly the fact of death as extinction in time and so take all the more pleasure in the living moment. There is no god anywhere in my mind and no need for one. Yet I understand Marietta's belief in ghosts; if they exist then she too will exist after death, able to regard with perfect love her shadowy self for all eternity. This thought comforts her, horrifies me.

I have always known that not only are there plenty more where we come from but that the sense of uniqueness each of us has is the one thing which makes us most alike. We are interchangeable, born to reproduce and die, nothing more. At least that is what I would tell Marietta if she were here with me on the terrace, anything to disturb her self absorption. Of course there are other things the living do. We play games. That is our occasional glory.

It is hard for critics to realize that only writers know how they use the "real" in their fictions and no writer has yet been willing or able to explain how he does it. Fortunately his testimony is no longer sought. We live in an age of explicators for whom the novel is not an act of creation but a mere reflection of the author's actual life which, with perverse (even neurotic) ingenuity, he has disguised, never realizing that he is certain to be found out for now there is no Xanadu so remote that some devoted Interpol academic will not make the journey, reporting to us on the state of the road, the people encountered, the books the author was reading when he first looked upon that stately pleasure dome, pleasure no longer for what was Xanadu, finally, but a troubled dream brought on by several grains of laudanum and the random reading of a disorderly life?

It is a pity that what pleasure literature might still give to the not-so-happy few who like to read is undone by the explicators. Even the most devoted young reader is not apt ever to want to look at another novel after "studying" the subject at any American university. And what madness to "teach" the works of contemporary writers who write not to be taught but to be read. It is like teaching conversation—not a bad idea come to think of it—or how to watch a movie.

Yet to a greater or lesser degree all writers reveal themselves in their works and if one is more interested in the writer than in what he has written, as I am more interested in Eric than in his screenplay, then the work is fair game for a literary detective.

I sometimes wonder if there is such a thing as the past. Perhaps it is all an illusion, a set of false impressions dealing with possibilities rather than with actual things.

That summer I thought so much about going to bed with Eric that my memory of him, finally, is entirely sensual which is why I have such difficulty in recognizing the author of the red notebook as anyone I ever knew. But then I did not know *him*, only the dream I had of him, an erotic fantasy never translated into actual life because of shyness—no, not shyness, pride. Neither of us would make the first move and so I took another turning, abandoned Eric as unfinished business, now quite finished.

Yet for a long time I enjoyed sentimentalizing what might have been, although to be precise I knew even then that the Marietta cult of love was not for me. Invariably my interest wanes as my partner's increases and, alas, the other way around. In this at least, Eric and I were alike and who deserts first would have been our game, a fierce duel if prolonged for there is nothing so brutal as a contest of similar masculine wills. Yet what, paradoxically, makes impossible a long knowledge of one another adds extraordinarily to the excitement of the brief coupling. In fact, I have found nothing to compare to those moments when two bodies separate themselves entirely from personality in that kind of beautiful war which D. H. Lawrence dreamed of but could not bring himself to start much less win, as he so sadly confesses at the end of *Women in Love*, where he finds himself wanting not only the woman but the man, too, and fails to possess either in a way he would like.

Some years ago Lawrence's old patron Mabel Dodge Luhan began to write me letters from Taos (she had found *The Judgment of Paris* Lawrenzian). I wrote her back, asked about Lawrence whom I had read with delight at twenty and with disgust, may I say, at forty. She told me that Lawrence had admitted to once having had an affair with a farmer (Lady Chatterley, *c'est lui?*) but nothing lasting came of it—which of course is the whole point: although the male encounter is no more permanent than a flash of lightning that does not rob it of meaning. Thirty minutes with Eric might have been better than thirty years with Erika. But I made my choice that summer. The mystery continues.

Just as I was about to return to the red notebook, the doorbell rang and there was Fryer Andrews, older and greyer than when I last saw him, and a good deal soberer.

"I have given up drink entirely," he said, stumbling onto the terrace. "The day after New Year's the doctor took my liver in his hand like this." He opened fingers wide enough to hold a football, then grimly he shut them slowly, wincing with remembered pain. "'If you don't want a horrible and painful death never drink again.' And I haven't."

Fryer looked as if he might weep. But literary gossip soon recalled him. *The New York Review of Books* did too little for literature (that is, his poetry) and too much for the dizzier aspects of the New Left. Yet of the two of us, Fryer likes anarchy better than I do and regrets his current poet-in-residency at a minor college where the action has been less vivid than at Berkeley or Columbia.

We discussed absent friends, applying to them the same high standards we knew that they applied to us: none measured up. I tend to forget in my Roman life just how bracing the malice of the literary world is and I always look forward to Fryer's occasional visits, which usually take place in midsummer when wife and children are abandoned at Sag Harbor so that he can begin touring Europe in a rented car on the lookout for that perfect seaside resort where he will be able to finish the long poem begun just before the Second War, a work considered by those who have seen its parts (the whole exists only in Fryer's or perhaps Plato's mind) to be far superior to anything by Auden or Lowell. But mosquitoes, noise, bad food . . . there is always something to drive him on to the next town, his madonna of the future still incomplete but for a perfect hand, the curve of a breast, the beginning of a smile. Meanwhile when he is not a poet in residence he teaches English: he taught Eric.

"I haven't thought of him in years. Where is he?"

"Dead." I told him Marietta's story. He was deflected not by death (Fryer is sixty-four with an enlarged liver) but by Marietta. "I've never understood your liking for that woman."

I wearily explained. He did not listen. "She is purest chloroform. She has given self-love a bad name."

"We've not made it exactly attractive." Despite a creased magenta face and an enormous stomach, Fryer considers himself a man of considerable attractiveness and, it must be granted, women are often beguiled by his caressing voice and special fame, particularly on the campuses. In the drawing room, however, he does less well and of course it is there—perversely—that he most wishes to glitter. Unfortunately, the Duchess of Windsor does not respond to the greenhouse imagery of Theodore Roethke while Cal Lowell's butchering of Racine's text is a matter of no great urgency to Madame Onassis. Yet Fryer is fatally drawn to the company of the gilded and, to the extent he is able, he makes the rounds like some California Proust, mystifying those who prefer talk of clothes to even the wittiest bad news from the world of letters.

"I've often thought that you and Marietta were rather alike." Fryer began to purr as he always does when he is about to be slanderous. "The two narcissi of the Forties. . . ."

"But still at it, Fryer, and you must admit that, after forty, narcissism requires a strong character, hard work . . ."

"All those exercises you do!" With affection Fryer caressed his stomach's fine parabola which begins almost at the breastbone and finishes well over the crotch. "You're crazy. Women don't care what we look like and boys only want our money. So why not relax?" He blinked. The word "boy" reminded him of Eric. "I expected him to be enormously successful."

"At films?"

"At anything. He had that awful drive—you had it too when you were his age. Remember our first meeting?" It is a sign of age in Fryer that whenever we now meet certain stories must be retold. This one is never omitted.

I was in uniform, just back from overseas. With a Modern Library edition of Pepys under my arm I wandered into Times Square's Astor Bar (now torn down), a long dark room filled with soldiers, marines, sailors and the men who wanted to pick them up, not realizing that the young were there—the world was innocent then—not to hustle but to meet one another. As I approached the bar, a quiet voice quoted, "'And so to bed.'"

We never did go to bed but over the years we have continued to be friends until I realized quite recently (I am slow in these matters) that Fryer dislikes me. Carefully examining myself, I find that my original liking for him has been succeeded by that watchful neutrality with which one tends to look upon the world (had he sensed this in me before I did?). In any case, knowing one another gives neither pleasure. Or as Evelyn Waugh noted, with the passing of time old friendships simply stop, new ones do not start and finally there is nothing left but the writer remembering—or in my case trying to remember.

Fryer finished the story of our first meeting somewhat perfunctorily, as though he was as tired of knowing me for so many years as I was of knowing him. Yet I am somewhat annoyed since my lack of interest in him I take to be entirely natural while his lack of interest in me betrays bad character.

"Eric was in my American Poetry class. He was ridiculously attractive. Everyone lusted for him, even my wife—you never met Dagmar, did you? We were divorced around then, though not because of Eric. You know she died last year. Everyone died last year. I sometimes think I did too. I can pinpoint the exact moment of my own death. It was at that party in Princeton where . . ."

Fryer's conversation becomes more Jamesian with each passing year, one thing forever suggesting another. But I got him back to Eric, only to have him ask, "Why are you so interested in him?"

I was not prepared to answer (why indeed am I? to recapture my own youth?) and so preferred to speak of Marietta and the screenplay, losing his interest.

Fryer yawned. "There was something impressive about him, no doubt of that. He was one of those people you tend to look at, and not because he was as lovely as his sister. I could hardly keep my hands off her when she came up for the winter dance, and what a scandal that would have been my first year in merry Hanover." I always felt Eric would do something unusual in the world."

"Poetry?"

"Oh, no. No talent at all, though he did know how to read. He could command a printed page, a lost art." Fryer quoted McLuhan for a time, then, "I don't know what I thought he'd do. A politician perhaps, though I didn't think that then. But looking back he was very much in the new style, the Kennedy sort of thing. And the family was rich. Did you know them?"

"Only Erika, the twin sister you lusted after."

"What's she called now? *la duchesse de quelque chose?*"

Any reference to a title makes Fryer smile involuntarily like a carnivore catching the scent of some herbivorous beast.

"Duchesse de Besançon. The Duc has a harelip and sells insurance. They live in Neuilly. I saw her last summer at the Windsors'."

This was not true (I had met her at a banker's house in Versailles) but I knew the reference to the Windsors would wound Fryer. It did. He shut his eyes with pain, then rallied. "I had a long conversation about you with one of your alleged relatives, Madame Onassis."

"Not by me alleged." For some years the press has enjoyed relating me to the *ci-devant* tragic empress of the West because my onetime stepfather is currently her stepfather, a fragile connection which snapped entirely some years *(Continued on page 169)*

The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew

by Martin Mayer

A few words in praise of the Veep, who, believe it or not, may be restoring the good name of language

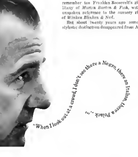
Oratory and invective are the inevitable waste product of democracy, and through most of our history Americans have been good producers. The economy of language has been especially remarkable, whether the purpose be challenge (as in Patrick Henry's *If this be treason*) or affirmation (as in Jefferson's *All men are created equal*) or theory (as in Washington's *The true administration of justice is the firmest pillar of good government*) or admonition (as in Truman's *If you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen*). We have treasured the best rather than the first statement: nobody but Bartlett's remembers that Webster in 1830 spoke of *Government made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.* Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency thirty years later mostly because he could take a line like that and make it really sing.

Our invective has been rougher, without quite the same polish of quality. We cannot match Churchill's reply to someone who had praised Clement Attlee's modesty (that *Attlee has much to be modest about*), and we have never had in our public life anyone who could have equaled John Wilkes' retort to the heckler who said he would rather vote for the Devil (*But if your friend is not standing?* Wilkes asked solicitously). Nevertheless, history remembers rather fondly (as history goes) Randolph's comment on the floor of the Senate that *The word honor in the mouth of Daniel Webster is like the word love in the mouth of a whore.* And few except Huey Long's biographers can wholly resist Carter Glass's quibble at Suetonius' rebuke to the people of Rome who had elected a horse to their Senate: *Think*, Senator Glass said, looking over at Long, *how much more enlightened they were than the people of Louisiana, for at least THEY sent the whole horse.* Most people over forty will remember too Franklin Roosevelt's gleeful litany of *Martin, Barton & Fish*, with its unspoken reference to the nursery rhyme of *Winken, Blinken & Nod.*

But about twenty years ago, somehow, stylistic distinction disappeared from American oratory and invective. Dwight Eisenhower's syntax was an invention in linguistics when he spoke for himself, and when he delivered a prepared oration the genius of his advisers from the big-circulation business kept him from saying anything at all. The twin phrases that remain—the warnings against a *Military-industrial complex* and a *Scientific-technological elite*—are not only chewy in sound but demand rather special referents before they acquire meaning. Adlai Stevenson's speeches of course conveyed some of the self-deprecatory charm of the man, but when you think back on his campaigns what you remember best is the coarse generality of a decision *To talk sense to the American people*, plus a hole in a shoe.

Camelot took us rapidly from bad to worse with the abominable seesaw of Theodore Sorensen, the awfulness of an *Alliance for progress* and a *Peace corps*, getting moving again to the Marlboro Country of a *New frontier*, *Think not what your country can do for you.* And then—but charity draws a veil, quickly, over the later 1960's, the dissociated moralizing from left and right, junk mail like *Extremism in the defense of liberty*, the personalism rather than personality in the use of the perpendicular pronoun by Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, the bits of transparent yet distorting sincerity that he suspended near the surface of every Richard Nixon speech like globules of fat in a reheated chicken soup.

A charitable observer of the political scene in 1968 would have had to console himself with the thought that rhetoric was not, after all, the first of the lively arts to be shot down, and perhaps not the most important—look what was happening to music. The tragedy could be seen as inevitable. A considerable spread of literacy had undermined the oral traditions of the Volk without giving them much in return; among the professedly literate a diminishing acquaintance with Latin and with the Bible (the twin sources of great English prose, as Evelyn Waugh once pointed out) had hindered the development of any native sensitivity to phrasemaking. Politically, more-


"When I look out at a crowd, I don't see there a Negro, there an Italian, there a Polack. . . ."

[1] September 13 1968

over, ours is the age of television. Oratory depends on a sensed audience response and television—pace the devious inanities of Marshall McLuhan—is a medium to which active response is infrequent, as its traditional failure in educational uses clearly demonstrates.

But in Fall, 1969, just as the speech departments at the universities were readying the funeral meats for the wake that would legitimate their activities, American political oratory sprang dramatically to life in a trio of utterly unexpected speeches by Spiro T. Agnew.

—Spiro who?
Whom.
—Spiro whom?
T. Agnew.
—Right on!

Please. For six weeks the Vice-President's speeches dominated the conversation of sophisticated people on the Eastern Seaboard, a situation without precedent in American history. Since Thomas R. Marshall said *What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar* (a statement he appears to have made without clearance from Woodrow Wilson) no Vice President of the United States while in office had said anything to which anybody paid the slightest attention. The job is still, after all, much as John Adams labeled it—*The most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived.* The Vice-President's prime duty is still the one Finley Peter Dunne described—*Ivry mornin' it is his business to call at th' White House an' inquire afther th' Prisidint's health.* A President could presumably use the Vice-President to announce some significant new governmental policy, but no President ever does, and Agnew's most discussed speeches did not break with custom. They were nothing more than expressions of personal opinion, and most of that opinion was predictable or canonical or both. Why all the fuss?

Tangential explanations have been offered. The country was jaded. Moon walks, student revolutionaries, black gunmen, dirty movies, stoned rock—all had been tried and found insufficiently entertaining. The baseball season was over, the football season not yet quite in command. The President had decreed that there was to be no news last fall so far as he was concerned. Ho Chi Minh and Drew Pearson were dead. Castro was chopping cane. *The gods were bored,* Søren Kierkegaard once reported, summarizing the history of the world, *and so they created man. Adam was bored because he was alone, and so Eve was created. Thus boredom entered the world, and increased in proportion to the increase of population. Adam was bored alone; then Adam and Eve were bored together; then Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel were bored en famille; then the population of the world increased, and the peoples were bored en masse. . . . Everyone who feels bored cries out for change.* Thus, the theory continues, the media created Spiro Agnew.

It is a good explanation, and doubtless satisfies those who offer it, but in the end it won't wash. The fact is that nobody at the levers of control of the media is clever enough to have invented Spiro Agnew. He did it himself; he obtruded successfully upon the consciousness of the nation despite the insignificance of his position, and he did it in the old-fashioned stand-up way. Tribute is due to art. That it is the Vice-President's own art seems rather undeniable—writing in *The New Republic,* Gerald W. Johnson, Mencken's successor as student of the Maryland booboisie, noted that *Never did such crisp and lucid English issue from the Towson courthouse, or from the Annapolis statehouse during his tenure of those offices.* In one of his speeches Agnew himself made reference to those *more erudite and eloquent than I,* which presumably includes certain friends and neighbors in the executive office. Still, the fellow who signs the work is the fellow who gets the credit, as Perugino explained to Raphael, and these ventures in oratory will go down, maybe even in history, as Agnew's speeches. It's sad that so many people who consider themselves sensitive to art have been put off the Agnew speeches by dislike of their content—but perhaps he wouldn't want their appreciation anyway. You never can tell with these artists.

By far the most important recognition of the quality of an Agnew speech came from the officers of the three television networks, all of which decided (they say independently) to broadcast live and in its entirety the Vice-President's talk about their medium in Des Moines on November 13. Nobody in Washington had asked that this time be given to the Vice-President; indeed, there is every reason to believe he was surprised to find himself on the air. (The prepared text indicated some hope that a few words might make the eleven o'clock news: "Whether what I have said to you tonight will be heard and seen at all by the nation is not my decision; it is not your decision; it is *their* decision.") Copies of what Agnew was going to say got to the network offices in New York about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after reading the speech the directors of the news divisions decided they had better broadcast it. None of them had a Des Moines affiliate capable of giving a direct live feed on such short notice, but a Washington crew had gone on the road with the Vice-President and its services were taken on a pool basis by all the networks.

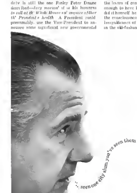
The speech started with an attack on the commentaries the networks had offered on November 3rd immediately after President Nixon's remarkable lecture demonstration on how to float a lead balloon. These commentaries which have been reprinted in a pamphlet together with an anguished reply to Agnew by CBS president Frank Stanton were in fact extraordinarily mild. Two of them ended with statements quoting or paraphrasing the President's most emotional arguments; the third concluded with a commentator making the point that while most Americans wanted to get out of Vietnam, two thirds were opposed to "losing" the war, which in effect supported the President's concluding remarks.

Among those who commented (on ABC) was Averell Harriman, no friend of the President's, who had been America's chief negotiator at the Paris "peace" talks. Governor Harriman was uneasy in his role. "I'm sure you know," he said in answer to a first question, "that I wouldn't be presumptuous to give a complete analysis of a carefully thought-out speech of the President of the United States. . . . But since I'm here I've got to answer your questions." Agnew's speech struck with invective of near Churchillian quality at the touch of impropriety in Harriman's position. "Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, Mr. Harriman seems to be under some heavy compulsion to justify his failures to anyone who will listen." That this was unfair to a great public servant returned from a thankless task is obvious enough—but the notion that political rhetoric should be fair is a belief of such ethereal purity that it can be held only in a vacuum.

The central criticism the Vice-President wished to make at Des Moines was of the networks' arrogation of the President's audience, 88,000,000 strong, to hear the opinions of private commentators whose views could not otherwise command anything like that kind of attention. Though in fact the networks have been extraordinarily scrupulous in their use of such privileges, in theory the dangers are great and the Vice-President was not the first to note them—indeed, he quoted Walter Lippmann at length in the speech. What was remarkable was the economy and strength of Agnew's phrasing the attack on the network news departments as "a tiny and closed fraternity of privileged men, elected by no one, and enjoying a monopoly sanctioned and licensed by government," and the description of their theoretically dangerous privilege as "a right of instant rebuttal to every Presidential address."

A week before the Vice-President's speech, FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, speaking from a rather different political position, had told a luncheon meeting of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, "I think never in history has any handful of men had more power than big broadcasting has in this country today." Compare Agnew on the same subject. "We cannot measure this power and influence by traditional democratic standards, for these men can create national issues overnight. . . . They can elevate men from local obscurity to national prominence within a week." Note the balance of "local obscurity" against "national prominence." The coupling of "local" with "obscure" (how can obscurity be merely local?) expresses a deep truth about the nature of broadcast journalism—and does so, as always with Agnew's best, with consummate brevity.

"The Bill of Rights," Fred Friendly wrote in *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control,* "still flies high; it just doesn't happen to have much to do with the profits of a government-granted monopoly. . . . And certainly we can't expect the franchise holder, who is subject to all the pressures of the stock market demanding larger earnings and of the advertiser demanding larger audiences, to police himself." Compare Agnew: "I am asking whether a form of censorship already exists when the news that forty million Americans receive each night is determined by a handful of men responsible only to their corporate employers. . . . And in the networks' endless pursuit of controversy, we should ask again what is the end value . . . to enlighten or to profit?" Here again, the economy of means. No comment in television criticism is so commonplace as the insistence that the networks and stations avoid their public obligations for the love of lucre. Agnew's polar contrast—"to enlighten" as against "to profit"—puts twenty pages of Carnegie *(Continued on page 207)*


". . . seen one city slum you've seen them all."8

8. October 19, 1969

"Today's students have an obligation, too, to question radicalism and demands for relevance as satisfying answers. Revolution is ridiculous and relevance often an excuse for more amusing and less arduous involvement. Where is this drive for reality in the demand for non-graded courses?"9

9. December 10, 1969

Ali watched the Joe Frazier-Jimmy Ellis fight on closed-circuit television in Philadelphia surrounded by loyal fans. Then he wrote this article

"I'm sorry, but I'm through fighting now"

by Muhammad Ali

The Champion, retired, answers Joe Frazier's challenge and tells the American people what he would do if he were white—and President

People keep asking me why I ain't grieving and suffering because I'm the ex-heavyweight champion of the world, retired, finished out of the game. I know I won't fight again. They can come up tomorrow and say, "We want you to fight Joe Frazier in Madison Square Garden for millions of dollars with no taxes. Here's your license to fight. We're all ready." I'll just tell them: "I'm sorry, but I'm through now. You all keep it all. I can't sleep under but one roof, can't eat but one meal, can't wear but one suit, and can't ride in but one car, and I got plenty of that. So why do I want to fight? I don't need no prestige at beating up nobody. I'm tired. And I want to be the first black champion that got out that didn't get whipped.

"You done rolled the dice on me. Now we're going to have to finish the game. You can't cop out now. We done gone too far to turn around. You've got to go on and either free me or put me in jail, because I'm going to go on just like I am, taking my stand. If I have to go to jail, if I have to die, I'm ready."

When I look at the pattern of how things go in this country, I don't see myself losing nothing. Boxing has become a preliminary for me now. It's child's play. The glory. The so-called prestige is nothing compared to what a man receives for taking a stand for the freedom of his people. Boxing's just a sport. Right after the Frazier-Ellis fight—or any other fight, for that matter—they stand around and say, "Good fight, boy, you're a good boy, good goin'." And that's it. They don't look at fighters to have brains. They don't look at fighters to be businessmen, or humans or intelligent. Fighters are just brutes that come to entertain the rich white people. Beat up on each other and break each other's noses, and bleed, and show off like two little monkeys for the crowd, killing each other for the crowd. *And half of the crowd is white.* We're just like two slaves in that ring. The masters get two of us big old black slaves and let us fight it out while they bet, "My slave can whup your slave." That's what I see when I see two black people fighting.

That's why I never fought hard with certain people, especially the black ones I fought. I could have fought harder, but I didn't, and still I was the greatest in the history of the planet Earth. In the ring, *not a man on earth could match my worth.* But after coming into my religion, the Islamic faith, I just couldn't see myself giving a man a brain concussion or causing him a detached retina, or doing something terrible to a fellow human being just for a little old check that the government takes ninety percent of, anyway. I didn't feel like fighting. I just had to, because I came up in it, boxing. That's the way I earned my living. But I didn't really like it.

I was too good, and that's why they had to get rid of me. That's why they tried to take the heavyweight championship of the world away from me. Only it backfired on them, didn't it? They couldn't take away the championship just because of my religious beliefs, or because I said I didn't have no quarrel with the Vietcong, or because I wasn't about to go into no Army. The only way a champion can lose the championship is for a challenger to whip him. The only way to become a champion is to whip a champion. I did that. Joe Frazier didn't do that. He didn't whip nothing but a homegrown make-believe champion in James Ellis. He whipped my sparring partner, he didn't whip me. Ain't that something?

Joe Frazier's good. He proved that. But the only thing that makes him heavyweight champion of the world is the fact that I've retired, not the fact that he whipped a champion, because he didn't, and everybody knows it. Frazier ain't got no rhythm. He just keeps coming, punching from his knees up. Ducks and keeps coming, trying to get you on the ropes and hold you, like some old robot. There wasn't no boxing in that fight with Ellis. When I was fighting, I boxed. You remember? Pop, pop, pop, pop—dance around—pip, pip, pip real fast—dancing and faking—WHAARUP! —back off and circle—pop, pop, rat-a-ta-ret-a ta-ret-a to like a typewriter—POW! That's championship fighting. Frazier can't do things like that. He's an old plow horse. But I got more respect for him now than I did before the Ellis fight. I only seen him fight once before that and he didn't show me nothing. But against Ellis he was pretty good for his kind of fighter. He wasn't afraid of nothing Ellis threw, he just kept on coming. And he had a tricky, fast left jab that surprised me.

I wouldn't of fought him like Ellis did. Ellis wore himself out, got weak, couldn't take no punishment in there, and by the fourth round—whoooee—he was done, gone for good as a heavyweight contender.

I'd be pickin' and pokin'
throwin' water on Joe's smokin',
It might shock and amaze ya
but I'd destroy Frazier.

That's a little poem I wrote about Smokin' Joe Frazier. Hah. I'd come out there dancing—pop, pop—take my time—pip—stop a while and look the man over—whomp—talk to him, "what's your name?"—pow—shoot a jab—whaa—back off from him, get my wind—pop, pop, pop real fast—let him come on in, tie him up, let him throw his thing—thunk. Seven or eight rounds go by and he can't keep it up. Pop, pop, pop, whaaap. It's all over. Frazier never met me in the ring. He would show up to be a homemade champion if he ever met me. I'm the heavyweight champion of the world, retired. I wouldn't fight no more for nothing, because they run me away from it. If I went back, it would make everything I've said in the last three years false. So I've got to stay out now. You'll just have to wonder what me and Frazier would have looked like in the ring. I'm not boxing anymore.

My real fight is just getting started. It's going to be a tougher fight, but I'm more confident than I ever was in the boxing ring. I'm a Freedom Fighter now. Frazier and Ellis fought for my old job. Now I've got a new job. My job is freedom, justice and equality for black folks, to resurrect 30,000,000 so-called Negroes into the knowledge of their true selves, their true God, their true religion. I done conquered the boxing game. Now I've got a bigger job, to honor Elijah Muhammad.

Frazier talked about retiring, too, if he couldn't meet the great Muhammad Ali in the ring. I hope that's what he does. Me and Joe Frazier can get together then, and talk about freedom for black folks. He doesn't agree with me on a lot of things, but we can get together and talk, like Presidents and Prime Ministers and other people who don't agree. I'll go to his house and he'll come to mine. We'll ride around together at night, going through the ghettos. We'll be out there walking and talking, not forgetting our people because we're living halfway decent. We'll see an old winehead, sitting on a doorstep, drunk. Nobody knows him and nobody wants him. He ain't got no money and doesn't know when he's going to eat next. We'll do it for him and for all the people we see going off to work at five o'clock in the morning to earn $85 a week—$85 when they got children to feed, bills to pay, and troubles. Oh, what troubles. We're sick to death of seeing black people hungry and starving, catching hell, being shot and killed.

Me and Joe Frazier will be buddies. We're tired of seeing black men get famous, then go off and marry somebody white and forget their people. I say, "Dammit, I don't care what they do to me—jail me, shoot me, I don't care. I just want it to go down in history that I didn't sell out or Uncle Tom when I got famous," and I don't think Joe Frazier's going to do that, either. He ain't dumb. When he got home from that homemade championship fight, he knew he didn't have any more respect than he had before. *He was still a Negro.* They gather around him and say, "How you doin', Joe? Good boy. Good fightin'. 'Way to go, Joe." All his Cloverlay, Inc. stockholders who own him are gathered around him, acting like he's their racehorse. That's just the way my white managers were, investing in me, buying and selling stock in me, getting on trains for the big fights, like they were going to some kind of slave festival, to watch their slaves perform. Frazier knows all that. He had to go along with it to get ahead, like I did, not free to go where we wanted, say what we felt about race problems or politics, or religion, because the boss wouldn't like it. The boss can fire you, you know?

You got a lot of black people who think that if they take a stand for freedom, justice and equality, they might lose their jobs, lose money. They might go into poverty. That's the threat America gives to its people. It scares them, and can you blame them for being scared in this kind of society?

A lot of people—white people who think they got to put down a black man—criticize me because I don't live in the ghetto. But America's economic threat to black folks is the reason I don't live in the ghetto, and they can't see that. Black people can. The way I live—I got a big house in Overbrook, one of the richest neighborhoods in Philadelphia. I know it's rich because so many white judges and city politicians live there with me. What that big house and my lavender Cadillac cabriolet and my swimming pool really show is that you can stand up for God and the truth, for black freedom, and you're still going to live. Even if the white power structure puts its thumbs down on you the way they've done to me, you're still going to make it. The power structure says, "If you join the Muslims, you lose your job." "If you don't go in the Army you'll never get a job." (There'd be a lot of unemployed if everybody who didn't go in the Army couldn't work, wouldn't there?) Well, I defied all that. I said, "To hell with it!" People waited to see what would happen to me. "He's gonna end up in a garage, greasin' cars," they'd say, or "He's gonna end up sellin' shoestrings." "What's happened to him?" "How does he live?" "Is that where he lives? That his Cadillac? That his big ol' house?" "God must be with him. He's making it. Ain't nothin' happened to him. They can't keep their feet on his neck. I'll do it. I'll take a stand, like Muhammad Ali."

But what if I lived in the ghetto? They'd say, "See there what happens if you follow the Muslims? If you take a stand for freedom? He ain't no better off than we is. Better not take no stand for justice and equality or we'll never get outta the ghetto." That's why I live the way I do. That's the way Joe Frazier ought to live, too. It means something.

Photographed by Carl Fischer

Then Joe can take all of his fame, like I'm taking mine and we can do all we can to wake up the black people. We can put on exhibitions—that's the only way we'll get in the ring together—to help relieve poverty We can go to Jim Brown, Lew Alcindor, Arthur Ashe and all the top black athletes and all of us can go down to Mississippi and do something to help the poverty people We'll take all this fame the white man gave to us because we fought for his entertainment, and we can turn it around Instead of beating up each other, and playing ball games and running miracles for the entertainment of white folks, we will use our fame for freedom I want Joe Frazier to join me I'm getting together a dope-addict program, rehabilitating addicts And there are some black welfare women in Los Angeles who want my help because they don't have clothes for their children They're trying to buy a shop where they can make their own clothes but they can't get the money All they've got is the seven dollars a week the government gives them to live on Me and Joe could put on one boxing exhibition and get them more sewing machines than they could use in a lifetime

Me and Joe can be buddies. That'll really shake up the boxing commissioners won't it?

It's a pleasure to get out of this game. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of the newspapers, tired of cameras, tired of crowds, and the sweat and the strain and the tensions I want to raise my little girl, Maryum, she's nineteen months old and she's so cute, growing up. I don't want to listen to a savage crowd, welcoming blood and watching two fools pound each other on the head two black brothers. That's nothing God's shown me I don't need these people. I'd be letting the Supreme Being down and everyone else, if I went back to it now I want to raise more children with my wife, Belinda. I want to set down to chicken dinners on Sundays Cut the grass Sweep the yard Wave to the neighbors Go down to the corner barbershop Go to the corner hardware and buy a broom Just work, and be ordinary Working full time at my new job—*to set my people free!*

I don't eat but one meal a day in the faith Don't drink Don't smoke Don't fool around with women I'm not hooked up in the American way of life I don't gamble I don't play golf. I don't waste money I don't need money I'm just one individual the power structure tried to stop from making money by taking my title away What does it mean? Why should my one true belief and my court case about the draft still attract so much attention? People have died by the thousands since my case. Good people. There's so much dying that's been bigger than mine Martin Luther King The Kennedys. So much bad has happened in government in finance, in poverty in world crises, in disasters, mine cave-ins murders wars Why should I matter so much?

It's because of what I stand for After my fights, I didn't have any victory parties with white women boozing it up in nightclubs. I'd go to my own room with a few religious brothers We'd eat ice cream and drink sodas and watch the rerun of the fight Then I'd say a prayer and go to bed. That's too clean for boxing My case will always fly up in their faces when they talk about fair play and cleanliness in boxing I can honestly say, "You had a clean man, cleaner than all of them You got rid of him. He was clean fightin', clean livin' and you took his title away You've hurt the game of American boxing not me. The championship belt I gave to my high school in Louisville is red white and blue, the colors of the flag It's supposed to represent fair play in America. You made it dirty, not me. *You cannot stop a real Champ!* People still recognize me as the Champion."

The power people, right up to the White House, think I'm the baddest, not the greatest According to them I'm supposed to be a hardened criminal, a jailbird I wouldn't serve my countree!!

America's got a lot of faults Every country has But one thing about this country—the masses of people not the boxing commissioners the law makers the power structure—is that the people will recognize quality and most of them black and white are fair-minded When the Russians came here to fight the Americans in Las Vegas, and it looked like a Russian had beat an American everybody booed the American They saw the Russian boy win They're fair They recognize talent and appreciate it In my case regardless of my religion or the draft the masses of people have come to my defense Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin David Frost, Joey Bishop Esquire, the everyday man on the street. The people stood up for me They support me because they know that I really am the champion and I'm in trouble with the power structure because I act like a champion and stand up for what I believe I'm the cleanest champion they ever had and people know that Everybody laughed when they said I couldn't box in Las Vegas because I might corrupt the city Me? Corrupt Las Vegas? Before I'm through with my new fight, they'll wish I was back boxing not fighting the bigger fight for freedom

I think a lot about what this country—America—really means and what it ought to mean. The power people run it, not the real people, because the real people are fair, and America isn't fair Sometimes I think what it would be like to be President of the United States I imagine myself sitting in the White House. I try to think of myself as if I'm a *white* President, ready at last to be fair to the black people of America I'd sit down in front of the TV cameras in the White House your new *white* President and I'd say

"Now it takes a real man to admit when he's wrong when he's guilty And we white Americans are guilty of many crimes The worst crime our ancestors committed was when they brought those slaves over from Africa I'll get to that one in a minute. But first, I'm gonna stop that war in Vietnam tomorrow Start de-escalating, North Vietnam because we're leaving It's wise for us to get out, now! South Vietnam, you just do the best you can, because we're through.

"Now after all the boys get back to America I'm going to tell you people that's been getting paid for not growing food that you'll get the electric chair if I catch you destroying any more food We need that food I'm gonna hire a bunch of people with all those billions we've been spending on the war I'm going to pay them $300 a week to help their brothers And I'm gonna say, 'General Motors, listen here I want you to make 50,000 diesel trucks' I'm gonna fill them trucks up with canned goods and all the food that you people have been throwing away We're gonna take it all down to the black people of Mississippi and charge them nothing.

"I'm going to take that $25 000 000 000 I was gonna spend on helicopters for Vietnam, and it's going to go to Alabama and Georgia and Mississippi and pay for $25,000,000 000 worth of houses, nice brick houses with at least three bedrooms in each one. Each black man who needs it is going to be given a home

"Now, fellow Americans, we owe these black people for four hundred years of back slave labor They've done a lot for us. They've died in the Japanese war the German war, the Korean war the Vietnam war We're repaying them and this is just some of the repayment It's only temporary, getting them settled and comfortable and well-fed, and sending them some money every week because they can't work—there's no jobs for millions of white unemployed either

"Now fellow Americans, all of us know that black folks and white folks can't get along We been trying integration Tried sit-ins Tried swim-ins Ain't nothing happened has it?

"Now, you black people are educated You're doctors, lawyers mechanics, ain't nothing you can't do today You can govern yourselves now You're free. We got cotton-picking machines that do the work of 50,000 slaves a day, so we don't need you-all for that anymore.

"Now, then, we got fifty states here. That's a lot of states We're gonna give you black people six states, rope them off, they're yours That still leaves us forty-something, which is still a lot of states We'll be all right We're going to give you a seaport where you can pull your ships in and trade with other countries We're going to teach you how to run everything because if we don't, we're all going to destroy each other The country's getting worse and worse, and this is the only fair-minded way to make it better We want you to go to your own schools build your own neighborhoods, have your own factories grow your own farms, milk your own cows, make your own shoes cut your own trees make your own furniture have your own electricians, your own plumbers Govern yourselves

"Now, black people, we're just repaying you We ain't giving you nothing We're guilty We owe it to you It ain't no gift. Soon, we'll have a whole black and white society, separate and living in peace No unemployment. No hunger You'll be working for yourselves Everybody will be happy

(Continued on page 226)

RAQUEL WELCH
Retrospective Exhibition 1964-1970

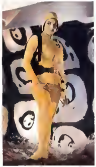
Two years ago this magazine poked gentle fun at the above object in a somewhat frivolous article called *Perfection in an Imperfect World.* Well, times change, and we are the first to change with them. Two years ago we sat in the seat of the scornful, today, having repented, we are perched on the front pew, eager to make amends by singing hymns of praise at the top of our voices. On the next six pages, therefore, Esquire presents, for the first time anywhere, a complete historical account of the cinematic oeuvre that changed our minds and hearts, intermingled with exciting scenes from the real off-screen life of the little girl from California who became the acknowledged love goddess of the entire world without ever taking off all her clothes at the same time.

The Pink Period

Where did it begin, America? Here, where bursting on the screen and bursting at the seams at one and the same time, the "Divine Rocky" hit her first pay dirt in a classic. None other than that oft-forgotten, hard-hitting, neo-realistic, never-to-be-equaled drama of top hooker Polly Adler, *A House Is Not a Home*. Check out our girl looking something like Dolores Del Rio with monkey glands, as she sits in that Frederick's of Hollywood chemise hard by (and you ain't kiddin'!) big Brod Crawford. Decorous! You better believe it. A few drinks, a few jokes, then everybody goes home happy.

Here we begin to notice that incredible Welchian phenomenon, whereby all photos of Raquel look exactly alike and you can never tell what movie it is unless somebody tells you the name. We'll tell you. It was *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand*. Now do you think maybe you can remember? Okay.

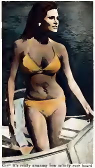
Remember Little Caesar, folks? Here he is—apparently not quite dead after all—socking it to and being socked back by the original Wonder Woman herself at some swell underworld wingding. The movie was *The Biggest Bundle of Them All*—beginning the double-entendre-title genre.



Now this was some picture, huh? *Fantastic Voyage*, in which every guy could fantasize Raquel crawling around inside his body. Abba dabba. And when those antibodies attacked her body, oh, wow!

This is an interesting picture, as it is the most famous Raquel Welch picture of all time and yet nobody in the world ever seems to have seen the movie *One Million Years B.C.* Was she great!

Just as America clamored for Garbo to come to our shores in years past, Europe cried out for Barbra Streisand. But she couldn't make it, so Raquel Welch went there to make *The Oldest Profession*.



God! It's really amazing how nobody ever heard of these movies and yet she's a star! This one was *Fathom*, but if we told you it was *Peanut Butter and Jelly*, you'd have to believe us, wouldn't you?

The scientific study of the Raquel Welch phenomenon—the sartorial epiphany out of nowhere of a full-blown Cytherean love goddess in the midst of the all-too-concrete 1960's—is as yet in its infancy. The following outline, therefore, should be considered rather as a study guide, an attempt to point out the lines most likely to yield sound research in the future, than an explanation or even a chronology. We have seen in a glass, darkly; generations unborn, we hope, will bask in the fuller light of tested and confirmed hypotheses. For our part, we draw no conclusions but must be content to hope that our labors will not earn the contempt of our successors.

The most reliable traditions suggest that Raquel Welch was born Raquel Tejada on September 5, 1940 (it is sometimes said that she has claimed 1942 as her natal year, but there is insufficient evidence for this), in Chicago, the daughter of Armand Tejada, an immigrant Bolivian engineer of Castilian extraction (the name is said to mean "spears of clay" in Spanish, though this is hard to believe) and Josephine Tejada.

Documentary evidence for the next seventeen years is fragmentary or, according to many critics of the deposit, nonexistent (these photographs here reproduced are accepted as genuine by the latitudinarian school). Only one thing is certain: during this period, and very probably in Raquel's second year of terrestrial life, the family was transferred to La Jolla, a community bordering on San Diego in Southern California. Oral material, however unsatisfactory, is not wholly lacking. According to one account, Raquel first determined to become an actress or singer at the age of five, after hearing Al Jolson, a "blackface" impersonator, on the radio. Another story is told to the effect that at age seven, having seen *The Red Shoes* ten times, she settled on a career as a ballerina; since extremely reliable chronologies place *The Red Shoes* no earlier than October, 1948, it is clear that we have the tale in a slightly distorted form, but no doubt some truth lies concealed beneath the superficial error, for it is virtually certain that Raquel studied ballet (for a period of seven, ten or twelve years, according to variant sources). There are indications that she learned acting at or near the Old Globe Theatre in San Diego; there are various reports of sightings at Wind And Sea Beach, a well-known surfing spot in La Jolla; she is said to have spent many hours at La Jolla's one movie theatre, enjoying in particular the performances of Tony Curtis (the name Curtis appears of particular significance in the legend, as will be noted later).

All in all, it is difficult to know how much credence to place in the scanty data surviving from what may be termed the First Legendary Period (1940-1957), and there are those who dismiss the stories of a stage-struck infant, preparing from childhood for a career as a Love Goddess, as so much retrospective invention, the imagination of the faithful supplying what ought to have happened than concerning itself with what is probable or indeed possible. However, less doubt can attach to the information deriving

Coming of Age in Some More

This is her really little. If you can imagine that. It was cold.

Already she's getting bigger the way we all need her to be, guys. The horse from what we can gather by way of research was a live bleached Shetland pony name of '117.' Probably dead now though. Pity

Now they're getting good, right? This shows our patootie when she got hit by the ballet bug and aspired to be Cyd Charisse. But her leotards couldn't take it. Lucky Cyd!

You old timers in San Diego remember when Raquel was the weather girl on TV? And she was talking about precipitation and like that, and you were praying for fallout?

Awright! Awright! The year was '67 and the Willys of Hollywood hosiery outfit was behind this

Here's another snap from the Golden Era of Hosiery. Clever that Willy!

It's Dali, folks, who was inspired by the Big R to whip up something on canvas. He's done better, but he was under very very intense pressure, as who wouldn't be?

Oh God, why weren't there cheerleaders like this when we were kids in high school?

Miss Raquel Tejada. Voted Most Likely. Drama Club. Ambition: Glorium Excelsis.

After being vice president of the Senior Class of La Jolla Junior-Senior High, the only direction she could go was up. Then, honest, was up. Miss Con Tour, Fairest of the Fair. Stardom was right around the next block

from the First Documentary Period (1957-1959), to which the principal witnesses are the 1957 and 1958 yearbooks of La Jolla High School, which exist in hundreds of copies. They contain a number of photographs of the young Raquel, some of which are reproduced on the accompanying pages, revealing her in the guise of a simple cheerleader, as vice-president of her graduating class, and so on. Yet uncertainties persist, and among these must be ranked foremost the vexed question of "the nose," as it is called, which has given so much ammunition to skeptics. "Something has happened to that nose," they cry in contemptuous chorus, and indeed it is true that the nose appears to have diminished rather than increased during the years, contrary to the normal course of human cartilaginous development. Yet would it not be rather surprising than otherwise if goddesses followed this so-called "normal course of human development"? reply the orthodox, supposing this specious contradiction to be a miraculous sign confirming the faith, rather than a dissuasive element. To judge between the rival opinions is not the task of scholarship, but we may point out that, according to the iconographic evidence here reproduced, the nose appears to have diminished as the bosom has amplified, so that the total substance may well have remained the same, subject to some as yet little-understood rule of compensation.

Nothing in the yearbooks tends to substantiate the early legends of many hours devoted to dance and stage—Raquel does not appear in group photographs of the high school's dancers, its actors, its cultural leadership group in general. Are we to conclude that the divine nature had not yet revealed itself, that she was keeping it all in store until the beginning of her great mission?

The most astonishing document of all from this period lay concealed until 1966, when it was published, of all places, in an Italian magazine: Raquel's marriage license, which seems to show beyond a doubt that she was married in 1959 to one James Welch. Unfortunately, this blinding flash of illumination is succeeded immediately by the darkness of the Second Legendary Period (1959-1967).

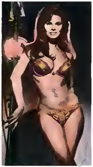
The next eight years are a labyrinth of conjecture, a tangled skein of possibilities from which all that can be drawn for certain is the unquestioned content of the collective consciousness at the end of the period. In 1959 scarcely a man was alive who had heard of Raquel Welch, while in 1966, if not earlier, the world lay at the feet of an indubitable love goddess, an international star whom in sober "fact," as the commonsense view calls it, no one had ever seen, not even in the movies of which she was universally reputed to be a star (her unheralded and unnoticed appearances in *Roustabout* and *A House Is Not a Home* [1964] tend to strengthen the view that unseen powers had been at work in the interim). During these years the name Curtis, to which we have drawn attention before, recurs with impressive frequency, usually in the form of one Patrick Curtis, said to have met Raquel in a Hollywood coffee shop sometime around 1964. It would appear—and we repeat that in this shadowy

The guy on the right is Patrick Curtis and he is married to Raquel Welch and there just don't seem nothin' else to say, right? Hey, bartender . . . another beer here!

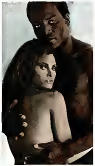
Practice, practice, practice. R.W. is going to meet the Queen soon, see? And you should see the pictures of the Queen practicing to meet R.W.!

The Gold Period

The difference between the Pink Period and the Gold Period, aside from the gelt our girl is packing in, is that some of these movies people alive today have actually seen. Not that they remember them or that they are any good, but at least some of us have seen them. Like *Bandolero!* Her first Western with James Stewart, Dean Martin and George Kennedy yet. She was . . . unforgettable. That's it.



In *Bedazzled*, which was pretty good, Raquel Welch wore this outfit and posed for this picture, so maybe this is still from *Fathom* or *Shoot Loud*. Ach, who cares, she looks like a million.



When is somebody going to think of something new to do with this God-given gift, a nation wondered. The answer was *100 Rifles*, Jim Brown, and a few heart attacks in Biloxi; otherwise, no change.

In *Flareup*, a nut killed her roomies and then went after her. Some nut. But just when our surrogate closed in for the . . . er . . . kill, little Pollyanna burned him all up with gasoline. Aw, Raquel. . . .

At last, as Myra Breckinridge, the La Jolla Dose slams into the big time, playing half of Rex Reed. We thought you'd much rather see this half. (Okay, guys, cool it—the movie's not out yet.)

Tremble, O America! This is it, mythology in the making! The stuff of legends! The battle of the giants! Frank Sinatra, who is The Leader (God knows of whom) and Raquel Welch, who is The Sex Person Lady Thing, together! And in one rotten movie! *Lady in Cement!* The vibrations caused by their on-screen chemistry started the San Andreas fault to shaking with dread anticipation.

In *The Magic Christian*, the soi-disant wraps came off our goddess *and* our psyches at long last and finally we got what we secretly wanted so badly: Raquel with whips! And a whole boatload of helpless topless galley slaves to waft us all away on a sea of dreams to the land of our innermost, rottenmost imaginations! All this plus Ringo Starr, just in case *that's* your kind of innermost imagination.

era all is little more than conjecture—that this Patrick Curtis, recognizing the latent goddess within, proceeded to execute what *Time* magazine has called a "slick transatlantic crossruff"; the precise meaning of this ritual cannot be reconstructed, though it appears to have involved representing Raquel to the European press as "America's answer to Ursula Andress" (a contemporaneous but somewhat larger sex goddess from the Arctopolitan wastelands) to such excellent effect that no fewer than ninety-two European magazine covers were devoted to representations of Raquel's image by mid-August 1966. The resultant publicity material was then returned to the United States, which accepted the epiphany with every appearance of true conversion, issuing in turn many American magazine covers bearing the sacred *ikon*.

Meanwhile, the mysterious James Welch, who is reputed to be living in San Diego at the present day, was expelled from the divine presence, though Raquel retained the two children of the marriage, Damon and Tahnee as they are called, rearing them in such seclusion that few were aware of their existence (though murmurs persisted). On Valentine's Day, 1967, she took Patrick Curtis as her second husband, just a few months after the conclusion of the Second Legendary Period, whose *terminus ad quem* is marked by the release in the United States of her first feature film, *Fantastic Voyage* (September, 1966).

The Second Documentary Period, or Current Era (1966-?) has been distinguished by the release, at intervals, of costly and elaborate motion pictures revealing the goddess in significant attitudes. There is as yet no sign of the end of the period, though some have speculated that the yet-to-be-seen *Myra Breckinridge* may signify a turning point of immense magnitude. The films themselves, of course, have received and will continue to deserve the most painstaking scrutiny, and it would be premature to interrupt the critical process at this time; yet we must point out some areas of interest. In *Fantastic Voyage* Raquel is reduced to microscopic dimensions and injected within the body of a sick man, where she assists in restoring the sufferer to health, a patent allegory of the goddess entering the life stream of mankind, working from within to restore and affirm the vital impulses themselves. *One Million Years B.C.* first revealed the three holy words spoken by Raquel in the movie: *Akita* ("Help!"), *Seron* ("Giant pterodactyl!"), and *Tumak* (meaning, apparently, nothing more than "Tumak"). There is little point in giving here a catalog of the remaining films, which are well-known to everyone. However, we are so far willing to descend from objectivity as to recommend to the public our own devotional practice of repeating, whenever in distress, *Akita! Seron! Tumak!* Though the spiritual mechanism is unknown and must ever remain so, the inestimable comfort of the incantation passeth all understanding, and so it is likely to remain till the end of our time.

—Monograph by Tom Ferrell
Annotations by David Newman

Remember Bomb Shelters?

by Roy Bongartz

Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast.—Isaiah 26:20

It is only ten years now since that ancient time we panicked and tried to crawl into safe primeval dust and built all those bomb shelters in our cellars and threatened to shoot off the head of any intruding neighbor. Somehow it all seems very far away from us, as remote as the French Maginot Line of the Thirties which also briefly provided a cozy sense of security for the good guys. The great shelter boom, although well within range of the childhood memories of our newest teen-agers, is dead as a mackerel and gone from our minds. As if some secret all-clear signal had called out an "Ally ally infree!", all those elaborate cement-block doghouses with their stocks of survival crackers and ammunition have been abandoned, or turned into junk boxes or wine cellars or tool sheds or lawn-mower garages.

What happened was that the upstanding citizen—the frustrated rugged individualist, of limited imagination, perhaps, yet invincible anyway, like Skeezix—unhumorously and heroically defended his family by digging in when his government began seeing Russian bombers behind every cloud. He had, however, a short attention span. The bomb never dropped, and he soon said the hell with it. But if he thought that hiding in the cellar was a good idea ten years ago, he ought to take another look around today. The fact that newer threats to his environment are coming more from general cosmic carelessness than out of any enemy's malice would not make much difference in shaking off an accidental attack of nerve gas or bubonic plague. Maybe he needs more than just a shelter—a new planet, possibly.

It did take the American some considerable time, during the Fifties, to build up to an acceptable level of terror, where he was ready to burrow. Postwar Europeans had been saying all along that it was too bad the U.S. couldn't have experienced a few sample bombs, on the ground that it would have made Americans more sympathetic to the torn-up other half of the world, made them more human, more jumpy. In May, 1955, when a flight of Russian bombers was spotted heading for the Pacific Coast, and a real alert was sounded in the streets of Berkeley and Oakland, nobody paid it the least attention. The identity of the planes had been mistaken, of course, but the alert was real, and a team of sociologists set to work on a monumental study of this indifference to danger, which eventually proved only the obvious fact that people weren't really worried yet. In November, 1958, telephone lines accidentally tied in with the Civil Defense system set off air-raid warnings all over Washington, D.C., and only five percent of the people tried to find shelter. In September, 1959, when the Chicago White Sox won the pennant, air-raid sirens were sounded in Chicago for five minutes. It was the standard alert signal, but only a third of the population thought it might have been that, and comparatively few took it seriously. Two percent did believe it meant "something bad," though—the panic was just beginning.

Then the cold war chilled and suddenly everyone had to have a shelter in his house. Schlock artists installed phony "blast-proof" rooms with "100-PF," a hard-to-disprove "protection factor" supposedly a hundred times safer than no shelter at all. The Federal Trade Commission had to regulate shelter ads against false claims and switch selling; one rule was, "Scare tactics such as the employment of horror pictures calculated to arouse unduly the emotions of prospective shelter buyers shall not be used." A shelter salesman's manual was published by an outfit called Nuclear Shelter Consultants, and a booklet called "Mr. Atom and his Sinister Blanket" was issued by the National Concrete Masonry Association. Mail-order houses sprang up all over the country to provide such items as a thermoelectric generator to power a transistor radio with a kerosene flame, a "family radiation-measurement kit," a pen-sized Geiger counter called "Chirpee" that chirped to radioactivity, and wallet-sized preparedness cards with such printed instructions as, "If you cannot reach a shelter lie flat on the ground face down, or crouch on the floor of a car." A copy of "What to do until the Doctor Comes," by William Bolton, M.D., was also stocked in many shelters.

The mania brought with it a moral issue that split the country. In a bombing, should intruders into a shelter be shot? Civil Defense coordinators officially instructed residents of Beaumont and Bakersfield, in California, to arm themselves against the hordes of refugees who would pour in upon them from Los Angeles in a nuclear attack, and immediately Nevada began arming its border against the same threat. Novelist Pat Frank threatened to shoot anyone he found in the emergency food supply in his Florida house, especially since he had in it some vacuum-packed cigarettes and some liquor, for trading. "I have a hunch that one year after the outbreak of nuclear war a pound of tobacco will be worth more than a pound of gold," Frank wrote. "If you don't have a gun and are concerned about protecting your home, I'd recommend the Remington 66, a .22-caliber automatic rifle with nylon stock, so light that your wife can easily handle it. And if there is no war, it is a fun gun."

Some religious spokesmen thought differently. Billy Graham said, "I feel a primary responsibility for my family, but I don't believe I myself could stay in a shelter while my neighbor had no protection." Another clergyman said, "Christian believers ought to greet today's almost morbid interest in fallout shelters with a smile and a tear—a smile, because it challenges the popular fallacy that death is always a tragedy, that the essence of human life lies in mere physical survival; a tear, because men seeks refuge from atomic radiation more than from the fallout of evil." Dr. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church predicted, "Some very sturdy Christians will decide to live dangerously, to ignore preparation of shelters and to die with dignity as part of the brightly colored cloud. No Christian or any other citizen should be asked to provide an individual shelter for himself or his family."

But thousands of home shelters were built nevertheless. A Harvard group mocked antishelterists in a Committee for a Sane Navigational Policy that came out against lifeboats in ships on the ground that these would undermine passengers' confidence in the captain. A private shelter in Sylvan Shores, Florida, sold rooms for just twenty-five families, four in a family, at $1500 a room. The underground complex had a decontamination room for late arrivals, although only the immediate families of the original subscribers would be admitted inside. The residents would be equipped to live forever, having supplies of farming tools and seeds for fast-growing vegetables, and they could stay down in the shelters for six months by bringing in filtered air with foot-powered generators. The place was quickly sold out, and the occupants were sworn to secrecy: the caves were hidden under an orange grove. The long-range planning included three crypts with the latest plastic "body bags" for anyone who might want to die of natural causes during a bombing. In Danvers, Massachusetts, a motel put in a shelter that could double as a nest for the beginning of a whole new (and inbreeding) population after an attack. Besides sixty transient motorists, the proud parents would in- *(Continued on page 128)*

A Little Treasury of Nonnegotiable Verse

by Karl Shapiro

Awake, Muse, and zap the kiddies

If fascism comes to the United States, noted Dos Passos, it will come from the Left. I believe this is true but I do not believe it will happen, now or ever.

The characteristic of our leftist "Revolution" or Movement is in every aspect childishness or at best puerility. Even when the Movement becomes involved with adults it capitulates to the mentality of the nursery school or of the sophomore (Spockism or Marcusism). The simple fact is that America neither wants nor needs a Revolution. The overwhelming majority of Americans observes the clowning of the dissidents with mingled amusement, horror and disgust. Nevertheless, the street riot is our latest spectator sport and we are not sure we want to give it up. Television in particular seems to regard the Riot as its best account, a kind of pseudo-proletarian soap opera with a volunteer cast of thousands.

Two months before the Democratic Convention in Chicago a woman from New York wrote me: "Help us destroy the Democratic Convention!" I answered that I believed in democracy and democratic conventions and told her to go to hell.

The farcical and absurd character of the Left rumpus has served only to discredit the motives and the intelligence of the Movement. The trashy and anachronistic bohemianism of the college dissidents and the street people, the trick-or-treat mentality of the demonstrations, their inability to understand, exercise, or keep order—much less power—all point to a general failure of imagination. It is no secret that not only has the level of scholarship declined in almost all schools and at every level, but that the level of intelligence itself has sunk and continues to sink. The most obvious indicator of this decay is the shrinkage of vocabulary and the abortion of language as the true vector of communication. The language of the New Left is chimp.

What we are experiencing in America is not a Revolution but the parturition of a new and barbaric "religion," based upon the least common denominators of intelligence, learning, sensibility and goodwill. Let us hope that this specter will remain a plaything of the Media and never become a reality of history. There are signs that the sickness is passing and that even the radical rich are becoming bored with the intellectual slapstick of the Movement and its failure to conceive objectives.

The poems that follow are footnotes to the above.

The Race

I wonder what ever happened to my rights,
Now that the blacks are better than the whites.

Joe And Gene

Senator Joe McCarthy slogged through the swamp
    of his mind to his doom;
Senator Gene McCarthy walked across Lake
    Michigan to his room.
Never mind, Gene,
Remember the other Nazarene.

University Revisited

Soon there will be nothing left of the university
Except the roving bands of the radical rich
Who will teach each other about idealism and
    brotherhood,
Until they begin to slaughter each other with the
    finest machine guns
About how to spell the word *relevant*.

There Are No Ghettos

There are no ghettos in America;
There are plenty of slums and heartbroken cities
But no ghettos Ghettos had law and honor
And cleanliness Ghettos lived by the Book
And when the soldiers came, died by the Book
Let's get the language straight,
Let's be done with this defilement of language,
Let's be done with criminal "humanists"
And poets who hire out for hate.

People's Park

The new way to steal is to point at something and
yell, "It's mine!"
The way an infant does with another infant's toy,
And having screamed, "It's mine!" you proceed to
possess it,
Screaming louder and louder and banging your
ideological high chair,
Until a crowd collects and the TV cameras arrive
And the yellers really begin to believe "It's mine!
It's mine!"
And the gleam of idealism is born in their eyes

Hair

Nowadays youngish professors wear beardoes
Because they're afraid of their classes;
They don't want their classes to think they are
asses
So they beard up their faces like weirdoes
Some look like Lincoln, some look like Che,
Some look like Castro—anyway,
The clean-shaven face is now infra dig
Please, somebody, try on the Jefferson wig

The Peace Sign

And when they raise two fingers in a V,
Thinking that they are making history
Because some Cause of theirs has been abused,
Answer them, teacher *You may be excused.*

Stop The Dialogue

As the fountain falls back into itself,
STOP THE DIALOGUE
As the rose sheds its petals at its feet,
STOP THE DIALOGUE
As the wind plays with the leaves of a book,
Play with the leaves of a book
And return to yourself

Illustrated by John E. Johnson

Rock Festival

What they love is the herd,
The smell of the mob and the merde,
They shuffle in herds and bellow emptiness,
They low and stumble like kine,
They twitch like Holy Rollers in the mud,
They re-invent a religion of cattle
And hurtle toward the nearest precipice
Possessed—like the Gadarene swine.

The Radical Rich

Wear Levis and Indian beads
And carry books which went out of fashion
In their fathers' time
The radical rich are melancholy,
Knowing neither how to be radical
Nor how to be rich
Little wonder that they smash shopwindows and
shout
"Arrest me! Arrest me!"

The Students With The Turned Down Mouths

You would think that they had their teeth pulled,
These eighteen-year-olds, nineteen-year-olds,
Their smiles have shrunk into puckers,
Their hair is long and lackluster,
They have neither grace nor language,
They seem ashamed of themselves

So young, so favored, where is the beauty
Of the teen-age hag, the youthful dotard?

Isms

The liberal is your true undying friend,
But disagree with him and that's the end

The radical, however, claims no friend
Except his catechism, which can bend

In the revolution there are always cracks:
The Communists killed Trotsky with an ax.

The guns of the Idealists are red-hot:
Whoso commits nonviolence is shot.

Sociology

The sociologist with lofty mind
Defends his favorite student who was fined
For smoking marijuana in his nook.
This is the subject of his latest book

Sestina: of the Militant Vocabulary
by Karl Shapiro

The first word you must know is *relevant*,
The qualifier of *experience*
Relevant experience of the *revolution*,
For instance, trains you to confront the *pigs*,
The first defense line of the *power structure*,
Which guards insidiously the *Establishment*.

What we are after is the Establishment,
Which acts as if we are not relevant
And forces us to wreck the power structure
This confrontation is an experience
Not only for the people but for the pigs
Whom we'll win over in the revolution

When we make love we make the revolution,
As war is made by the Establishment,
For in our confrontation with the pigs
We prove to them that they're irrelevant
And immaterial to the experience,
Which in itself can wreck the power structure

The military-industrial power structure,
A major target of the revolution,
Must also be a sexual experience.
To expose the symbols of the Establishment
Expose yourself—it's highly relevant
And absolutely petrifies the pigs

In our utopia there will be no pigs
And no remains of any power structure
Except what we decide is relevant,
And what is relevant but revolution?
We spell the death of the Establishment,
Which will probably welcome the experience

Meanwhile, experience the experience,
Demand, demand, and overwhelm the pigs
Till we in fact are the Establishment
And constitute a groovy power structure.
Remember the slogan of the revolution:
Now is forever; Now is relevant

While pigs perpetuate the power structure,
Baby, be relevant to the revolution
Till we experience the Establishment

A Weekend of Incredible Gluttony

by Roy Andries de Groot

The city of Lyons, in France, contains no cyclamates

Lyons is the heart city of French provincial cooking—a rich city, where, according to local expense-account gourmets, everything smells deliciously of crackly crisp money and richly pink sauce Cherse. They say that the city floats on three rivers: the Rhône, the Saône and the red flood of Beaujolais. One way to rate the gastronomic status of a city is to add up all the stars of all its restaurants. Marseille, the second city of France, has a total of four stars—Lyons has twenty-one. Of the seven three-star restaurants in all of provincial France outside Paris, five are within dining distance of Lyons.

The raison d'être of this excellence is Lyons' position at the center of some of the richest agricultural lands in Europe. To the northeast is the Bresse country, famous for chickens, ducks, geese. To the northwest is the Charolais, the best beef country in France. To the southwest is the foie gras luxus of the Landes, and the truffle paradise of Périgord. The city is surrounded by forested mountains, where the hunters bring in wild boar, hare, pheasant, partridge, thrush, lark . . . while the lower woods are thick in season with wild strawberries and field mushrooms.

Getting to this gastronomic garden became relatively easy when Air France recently began running connected jet flights from New York via Paris to the central metropolis. It is now perfectly possible to dine in New York, sleep at 35,000 feet over the Atlantic and breakfast in Lyons, so that a long weekend of high gourmandise is easily available to any spendthrift New Yorker.

How much would it cost? A few months ago, I flew from New York to Paris for a long weekend among the fleshpots and, by more or less swimming around in a sea of truffles, managed to run up a four-day tab (including two first-class, round-trip transatlantic air fares) of just about $2100. When my loving Lyonnais friends heard about this, they wrote: "You can do better than that in Lyons. You know you can. Lyons is the place where gastronomic money disappears faster than anywhere else on earth. Come for a weekend in Lyons and really start taking some nourishment." So I accepted the challenge, with certain ground rules. First, there were to be no unreasonable curbs of a low economic nature. At the same time, I undertook not to indulge in unnecessary conspicuous consumption and to keep a strict account of my expenses. I was to be allowed to indulge my personal prejudices and tastes, while leaning, for current advice, on my Lyonnais friends and on the famous French gastronomic guidebooks. I would concentrate, not on the classic *haute cuisine* dishes, which are available everywhere, but on the local specialties of the Lyons region—comparing them from one restaurant to another. (For example, the glory of the region is its fresh, unpasteurized and unpreserved foie gras, which comes in so many subtle variations that it is worth eating three times a day.) As to wines, I would also avoid the internationally distributed great châteaux labels in favor of the local *vins de pays*, never exported from the home soil on which they flourish so charmingly and refreshingly. I would visit some of the accepted high temples of the gut, but would also do some slumming among the lesser-starred *grands pots*, the little places which many French gourmets find so good that they want to keep them secret. Finally, the climax of the weekend was to be a grand dinner at the restaurant, seventeen miles south of Lyons, which has been regarded by connoisseurs for many years as the finest in France: La Pyramide in Vienne.

All advance arrangements having been made, I presented myself with a lovely companion shortly before six o'clock on a Thursday evening at the first-class Air France lounge at New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport. We were made welcome with ice-cold Champagne, Dom Ruinart, Blanc de Blancs 1961. Just before seven, we climbed into our quarters aboard the Boeing 707 and were handed more Champagne at the moment of *le décollage* (the vivid French phrase for the takeoff, meaning the unsticking of the plane from earth) and then served a dinner worthy of the start of a luxury weekend. Exactly on time, at seven a.m., we discharged our Paris-bound passengers at Orly and, a little after nine, we were safely down on Lyons' Bron airfield, where a luxurious creamy-white Mercedes 300 was gently purring as it waited for us. By nine-thirty we were crossing the Rhône over the Pont de la Guillotière and by ten we were comfortably installed in a hot bath in our suite in the Hôtel Royal overlooking the central Place Bellecour. We made a few telephone calls and by eleven-thirty were surrounded by a small welcoming group of Lyonnais friends, toasting us on a reasonably unlimited supply of Moet et Chandon Dom Pérignon, 1960.

The question before the meeting was how we should divide our time between the restaurants in the city and those in the surrounding country. Lyons is full of temperamental gourmets eternally engaged in a never-ending search for that imaginary, perfect, unknown little back-street bistro, where one can dine in the style of Louis XIV for the price of a pack of peanuts. When any new boîte is opened, the rumor races around town and the place is jammed. The owner, sensing a gold rush, doubles the prices, halves the quality, and is soon deserted. So there is a continuous seething of change and disappointment about the city's restaurants, and the knowledgeable Lyonnais, when he wants a great dinner, drives out into the country. Then, having dined and drunk superbly, he is not in the mood for the effort of driving home and prefers to sink at once into feathery-soft slumber in the auberge attached to the restaurant. This seemed a wise pattern to follow.

We also asked for advice on the general reliability of the various restaurant guides. Some of our friends say they are losing their former childlike trust in the omniscience of *Le Guide Michelin*. They feel a tantalizing suspicion that it has become so gigantic and bureaucratic, so inextricably entangled with the ultraconservative *haute cuisine* establishment, so inflexible and slow-moving, that it no longer quickly reflects the accelerating pattern of change in the restaurant business. *Michelin* inspectors seem to have become obsessed with luxurious decor—the gold braid of the doorman more important than the sauce. The *Michelin*'s principal na-

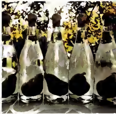
Among the indulgences of a four-day gourmet spree in and around Lyons is an appetizer of cold baked eggplant

Pierre Troisgros cuts the fish for his famous dish of escalopes of salmon in sorrel sauce

The shops in Lyons are open Sunday morning and filled with things for a perfect picnic

La Pyramide's chef Guy Thivard prepares famous crayfish gratin

Luncheon in the Alps: "boiled dinner" of chicken and fresh vegetables, pickled cherries, sauces scented with wine and Calvados.


Pear brandy highlights dinner at La Pyramide. Bottle is slipped over branch; pear grows inside

The celebrated Paul Bocuse, right above, supervises a rush delivery of strawberries. He says he owes his success to the absolute freshness of ingredients

At the Restaurant Les Mesanges in Grenoble, near Lyons, the diner encounters whole roasted larks with sliced potatoes, all baked in cream

The area around Lyons abounds in *Terrines de Foie Gras Frais*, and this one, served at Les Mesanges, is one of the very best. It comes en gelée

The Mesdemoiselles Girard (left) and Artaud run L'Auberge de L'Atre Fleuri in the mountains and serve a loaf-like dessert soufflé flavored with chartreuse.

Under the flaky crust at Bocuse's restaurant, a truffled pork sausage as an hors d'oeuvre

Mainstay of Mère Brazier's renown: chicken with truffles under the skin

At Troisgros, a Charolais steak marinated in red wine, then sautéed and served with red wine sauce and wild mushrooms.

Jean-Baptiste Troisgros' sons Jean (right) and Pierre run the best restaurant in Lyons area

Showman Paul Bocuse presents a delicious fantasy: pastry fish stuffed with *loup de mer*, stuffed in turn with rich mousse of trout, *sauce Choron*

Troisgros' pâté of thrush: a final reason why dieters avoid Lyons

Photographed by Dan Wynn

tional competitor, *Le Guide Kléber-Colombes*, is by comparison a struggling young organization. Yet its editor-owner, Jean Didier, seems to be trying to make up in energy and imagination for what he lacks in manpower and resources. Obviously, the *Michelin* is still the indispensable reference, but its more controversial opinions are taken with, let us say, a grain or two of Kléber-Colombes salt.

For our first lunch, we decided to pay a pilgrim's homage to the oldest and most famous of Lyons' chefs and restaurants, La Mère Brazier, in her mountain aerie at the Col de la Luère, about fourteen miles out of town. The Lyonnais cuisine has been dominated for more than fifty years by an extraordinary procession of gastronomic Mummas. The first was Mère Filloux, who took on as apprentice in her famous restaurant a young blonde girl named Brazier. She, in turn, trained Mère Guy, who probably trained Mère Bigot, who may have trained Tante Alice.

The queen of the bunch was Brazier, who in 1922 opened her own bistro on the Rue Royale, where it is still operated by her son. In 1928 she took the pile of gold she had amassed as the most successful restaurateur in the history of Lyons and combined her home and her business in a lofty pavilion on a mountaintop. All Lyons flocked to her and, within a few years, she achieved the three-star rating. She remained astride that peak for more than thirty years, until 1968, when she reached the age of seventy-eight. Then, the ruthlessly inquisitive *Michelin* inspectors thought they sensed a slight slowing down and removed one star. Business at her restaurant doubled as Lyonnais gourmets went out in droves to judge for themselves whether *Michelin* was right or wrong.

The restaurant is like a small ship tied up among the chestnut trees at the side of the mountain road. La Brazier received us at the entrance. She remains strawberry-blonde, smooth of skin, alert of eye, pudgily trim in her starched white uniform and still speaks with the rolling r's of a country girl from Bresse. She has the aura of a millionairess charwoman.

Our table was at the great picture window which commands what I personally consider to be the widest view in France of things hardly worth seeing: the back side of the city, far below, wreathed in smog, chimneys belching smoke, blast furnaces flaming and sparking like miniature fireworks.

Lunch began with dry, ice-cold Champagne, Piper-Heidsieck Florens-Louis, 1961, which led into the hors d'oeuvres: soft artichoke bottoms weighted down with tombstone-size slabs of foie gras. The fish was one of La Brazier's chefs-d'oeuvre, a Soufflé de Brochette Nantua, fluffy as foam, the flavor of the pike framed by the sauce of puréed crab and lobster. The wine was a white Hermitage from the Rhône Valley cellars of Marc Chapoutier, a Chante Alouette, 1964. For the entrée, we ordered the dish which has been for more than forty years the mainstay of the restaurant's reputation, Poularde de Bresse en Demi Deuil à la Mère Brazier, the chicken with rounds of black truffles inserted under the skin, making it look as if it had been beaten up by Mayor Daley's Chicago cops: a nice bit of chicken-in-the-pot, but surely never worthy of three stars. When the wood-topped wagon appeared with a dozen or more regional cheeses, we turned to a young and fruity red wine of the Loire, a Bourgueil 1967. After fresh fruit for dessert, when the coffee was served with an inhaler of Bisquit Dubouché Cognac Extra, I invited Madame Brazier to join our table.

She reminisced about her life in Lyons and was quite willing to discuss the loss of one of her stars. The inspector, on his annual visit, had asked her what was new on her menu and what she was planning for the future. She had told him that she rested on her reputation of forty years and that everything remained the same, neither better nor worse. There, I sensed, was the heart of the problem. In this age of change, development, progress, can it ever be enough for a restaurant to rest on its laurels?

When I asked for *l'addition*, I found that the damages came, for a party of four, to almost exactly $20 a person, including the liquid refreshment and the normal 12½ percent surcharge *pour le service*. This seemed a highly satisfactory opening salute to our spendthrift weekend.

We were due to dine at eight o'clock at one of the most auspicious of the gastronomic pleasure domes of the Lyons area, the restaurant of Paul Bocuse in the village of Collonges-au-Mont-d'Or, about six miles up the Saône valley. We found a relatively unimpressive building with a small sign, "Paul Bocuse." Large display is hardly necessary. This is one of the top twelve restaurants of France and the gastronomic world beats a path to its door. The young Paul, after arduous training under Mère Brazier, the great Fernand Point, and in some of the top restaurants of Paris, took over the Bocuse family bistro in 1956 when he was thirty years old. By 1960, he had his first star. In 1961 he was elected the top chef of France—the youngest ever chosen. In 1962 he won his second star; in 1966, his third. With a chef of such meteoric brilliance, I thought it wise to write in advance saying that I would leave everything in his hands. It was the best decision I ever made.

We were greeted by Madame Bocuse and Raymond, the maître d'hôtel. At his suggestion we slaked our travel thirst by splashing happily in tall tulip glasses of Roederer, Réserve Crystal, 1961, delicately flavored with an essence of raspberry. We began with an hors d'oeuvre which Paul called an opening bow to the Lyonnais cuisine, Cervelas Truffé en Brioche, truffled pork sausage in a fluffy pastry crust. This was followed by an extraordinary Soupe de Moules Dieppoise, a bouillon of Mediterranean rockfish thickened with a purée of Nantua lobster, as the base for wine-poached Breton mussels. We drank, with it, a gay and fruity local Pouilly-Fuissé, *de l'année* (of last year's vintage). The only snag in this marvelous meal developed when I noticed that my roll was stale. I tapped it against my forehead to show Raymond how hard it was. He said, "Be careful, Monsieur, or you will break bread."

The next course was magnificent enough to be worthy of Louis XIV at Versailles. A huge silver platter held a whole fish, almost three feet long, completely covered with a golden pastry crust, sculptured by hand to represent the fish's scales, fins, tail, head, mouth, eyes and all. When the crust was broken open, there was revealed a Mediterranean *loup de mer*, which, when taken apart and boned, revealed in turn a stuffing of mousse of trout, speckled with dice of black truffles and green pistachios. The sauce was a pink Choron, a Béarnaise laced with a purée of tomato.

These regal complications were succeeded by the dramatic contrast of an utterly simple loin of milk-fed baby lamb turned on a spit over a smoky wood fire. With it we drank one of the world's most agreeable light red wines, a Beaujolais Brouilly, *de l'année*. There followed two sensational voitures, the first with sixteen different local cheeses, the second with a superb array of fresh fruits, including the juiciest and sweetest wild *fraises des bois*, picked locally this morning. Finally, there appeared, as a gift from *le patron*, a bottle of Mercier, Réserve de l'Empereur, 1959, which I interpreted as the signal to invite Paul Bocuse to join our table.

He said that his ancestor, Michel Bocuse, had owned a mill in this village two hundred years ago. The farmers brought in their grain and waited around for it to be milled, so it was a natural for Madame Bocuse to serve them lunch. From this start, the small restaurant was continued by each eldest son, generation after generation.

I asked Paul how much his country restaurant had been changed by the three-star rating. He said, "A restaurant cannot exist without maintaining its base in its own community." He serves lunches and suppers, caters for local community organizations, and offers wedding breakfasts, at prices easily within the reach of local businessmen, farmers and their families. He said that income from this local service is substantially greater than his income from expensive dinners for visiting gourmets. I asked about the marvelous quality of his food. He said it came not alone from skill in the kitchen, but mainly from skill in buying the ingredients. He depends less and less on the wholesale markets of Lyons, more and more on direct purchases from small local farmers. They arrive at the back door of his restaurant early in the morning with sacks of freshly picked peas, or bunches of leeks smelling of the moist earth, or strawberries warm from the morning sun. His fish is delivered swimming in a seawater-filled tank truck. Paul Bocuse claims that the modern chef must be part farmer, part orchardist, part stockman. His lamb, for example, is specially raised and fed to his precise specifications on the western salt marshes, so that the meat is exactly textured for his method of cooking.

We were now hitting our stride in the spendthrift spirit had called for elegance all around. Paul produced a bottle of the truly great Remy-Martin, Grande Fine, Très Vieille, âge inconnu, but usually considered to be at least seventy years old. Even after the check appeared, this dinner seemed a vast success and the merest bagatelle at about $195 for our party of four, including wine and the cognac, the most expensive single item, at about $72 the bottle. The total seemed to indicate $25 to be flung around among the staff. The grand total was, thus, a fairly substantial $56 a person.

As we drove back into Lyons along the river, the day's events seemed to show that Mère Brazier is still as good as she was twenty years ago, yet she has been totally surpassed by the young Bocuse. It is not enough for a great restaurant to stand on its fame. The young progressive chefs, like Olympic runners breaking the four-minute mile, are taking the art of gastronomy onward and upward.

Reasonably early the following morning, a brilliantly clear and sunny Saturday, we *décollaged* ourselves from the Lyons hotel and headed in a generally southeasterly direction toward the High Alps. We thought that a sight of white peaks and a breath of snow-cooled air might improve our appetites. But most of all we were on the trail of one of the hottest secret tips we had received in years—a whispered hint about a "small unknown place, but don't tell anyone else!" By eleven we were in the foothills of the Alps. By eleven-thirty, we were climbing in second gear the steep, narrow valley leading up to the Massif du Grand Som. By noon, we had passed through the tiny village of St.-Pierre-de-Chartreuse and had reached our objective, an almost miniature inn rejoicing in the name of l'Auberge de l'Âtre Fleuri. It was run, as we had been told, by two discriminating ladies from Provence: Mademoiselle Vivette Artaud, the hostess-cum-manager-cum-maître d'hôtel, with Mademoiselle Ray Girard as the cordon bleu in the kitchen.

We decided to stay the night in this charming place and explore its services. We had lunch in the garden, enveloped in the sound of white water rushing down a rocky stream bed and the gentle sigh of wind in the pines. We began by refreshing our self-confidence with a few rounds of an exceptional version of Vin Blanc Cassis made, not with the usual Chablis, but with a refreshing white Côtes de Provence from a vineyard in Rognac, owned by friends of the management. The hors d'oeuvre was a Gallic version of the famous Turkish appetizer, Aubergines de l'Imam Bayaldi, cold baked eggplant stuffed with chopped onion, puréed tomatoes, slivered roasted almonds and white Turkish raisins. There followed one of the best versions I have ever tasted of a Terrine de Campagne de Faisan du Chef, layers of wild pheasant interspersed with an aromatic pork stuffing and moistened with cognac and Madeira. The wine was the local white Crépy de Savoie, of current vintage. The fish was a baked salmon trout hooked earlier in the day in the local Lake Paladru, stuffed with crayfish tails and sauced with a cream made by pounding the crayfish shells to a paste. The accompaniment, on the plate, was sautéed wild chanterelles, picked in the woods the previous evening by our hostess and, in the glass, the local white Seyssel Blanc de Blancs, slightly pétillant. The main entrée was an ancient recipe unearthed by the chef in a local library and named after a famous family of the region, La Marmite des Lesdiguières. It was a wine-and-Calvados-scented "boiled dinner," dramatically served on an enormous ceramic platter divided into seven compartments for the various meats, vegetables, rice, sauces and garnish of pickled black cherries. The wine was a strong red Hermitage of the Rhône valley, a nonvintage Chapoutier Pavillon. From the well-loaded cheese board I tasted a local, very fresh Père Ernest and thought it had the qualities not of a monk, but of a good nun: colorless, odorless, tasteless. The desserts included a homemade ice cream of fresh walnuts and what turned out to be the best hot dessert of the tour, Oeuf à la Neige à La Grande Chartreuse, the lightest of soufflés, heavily laced with the local liqueur. With the coffee, an ancient armagnac, specially bottled for the auberge.

From this sustaining lunch, we arose in midafternoon at peace with the world—a peace purchased, with a suitable pourboire for the waitress, for the startling price of $58 for our party of four, or about $14.50 a person.

After a revivifying walk in the woods, we decided, for dinner, to track down another hot lead to a relatively unknown restaurant whose chef was said to have been recently rising to rarefied heights of excellence. This involved a drive of about fifteen miles across the mountains, along the turning and twisting road, until we saw the first lights of Grenoble far below us, like a small San Francisco seen from the top of a doubly high Nob Hill. In the Grenoble suburb of Montbonnot we found the Restaurant Les Mésanges, owned and operated in classic bistro style by a husband-and-wife team, Georges Achrin as chef, his lady as manager-cashier. She welcomed us warmly and suggested a refreshing start with cold glasses of Laurent Perrier, Réserve Grand Siècle, 1961. The hors d'oeuvres brought us face to face with the *grande spécialité de la maison*, unquestionably the finest Terrine de Foie Gras Frais au Gelée that I had ever tasted—delicately pink, subtly flavored with cognac, port, and an essence of truffles. The result—celestial! It was accompanied, in a perfection of balance, by an only slightly sweet sauterne, La Bergerie, 1962, of Baron Philippe de Rothschild. The second hors d'oeuvre, in sharp contrast of flavor, was a dominant Terrine de Marcassin of young wild mountain boar. The fish was a gratin of lobster, followed by the main entrée, Les Alouettes au Gratin Dauphinois, whole roasted larks with sliced potatoes baked in cream. We liked the sauterne so much that we continued it through all these courses and its gentle richness blended wonderfully with the faintly sweet, tiny flesh of the larks. After a taste of the local cheese, the Tome de Savoie, and a dessert of fresh fruits and sherbets, the coffee was accompanied by snifters of Marc de Champagne.

The check, for our party of four, came to about $48, and with another $7 distributed where it would do the most good, we called it a remarkable deal at the end of our second day for just under $14 a person.

Back in our room at the auberge I flung open wide the casement windows and was refreshed by the magnificence of the night, by the sense of vast space and deep peace and the sweet scent of grasses and herbs. The events of the day seemed to have proved the relative inaccuracies of the famous restaurant guides. Here was an auberge not even listed in the *Michelin*, although it is in the *Kléber-Colombes*. I thought of all the one-star and two-star restaurants I have known. This auberge, in food and service, was better than many a one-star, almost as good as some two-stars. Here was the restaurant in Grenoble listed at one star, yet our food and service tonight proved it to be as good as many two stars. My mother used to tell me that comparisons are odious. Some odium is unavoidable if truth is to be served. If Mère Brazier is two stars, then Mère Girard of this auberge should also be two stars—or I am prepared to eat my *Michelin* from cover to cover, without pepper and salt.

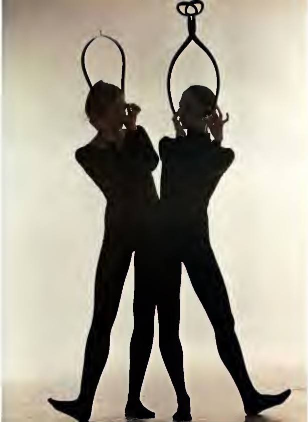
Sunday morning on this deluxe kick found me with a mild case of the shakes, but a cold shower and a substantial intake of coffee proved more immediately effective than a week at Aix-les-Bains. Within an hour, we were on a fast run in radiant sunshine back to Lyons. On the way, one of the lovely ladies of the party proposed a picnic lunch and the idea seemed just right for such a beautiful day. Why not a picnic in the Lyonnais style, with some of the famous Lyonnais charcuterie specialties at a shady spot on the bank of the Rhône?

Lyons has a shopping tradition which ought to be adopted in every civilized city. All the food and wine shops, from the most luxurious pâtisseries to the smallest stalls in glass-domed Les Halles, are open on Sundays until lunchtime. We happily shopped around in such gleaming establishments as the Charcuterie Bonnard on the Rue Grénette and the Charcuterie Jouve on the Rue de la Bourse, as well as at market stalls with curtains of hanging sausages and mountains of pâtés and terrines.

We bought *cochonailles*, prepared pork: three kinds of ham, the lightly smoked *jambon de Bayonne*, the sun-dried, very soft *jambon cru* and the strongly aromatic *jambon de montagne*; also, among cooked sausages, the *cervelas truffé*, the *rosette de Lyons*, and a tightly rolled palantine of game. We added to the list the famous onion and olive tart of Lyons, called tart Provençale, and from the fish counter a mousse of lobster and some smoked trout. Finally, Lyons' most famous cheese, the Mont d'Or, plus some local goat cheese, Rigotte de Condrieu, which smelled a bit like the menagerie of a circus. At the wine shop we bought bottles of light red Beaujolais Chiroubles, Château de Chatelard, 1966. The total cost of this much security against starvation was just about $18 for three of us.

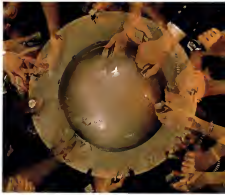
With our trusty Mercedes thus loaded, we took the main highway south for the seventeen miles to the old Roman town of Vienne, turned right across the Rhône by the

(Continued on page 209)



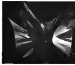
HARK, HARK! THE ART AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS

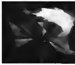
Every age gets the art it deserves and if now our own art begins to scream at us, nobody is to blame but ourselves. We've watched while painting and sculpture tried every possible novelty and at last turned to junk before our glazed eyes. Language, sunk to angry rhetoric, has lost the power to move us. The only route still open into what used to be called the realm of the spirit is the ear, and the artists are beginning to discover that fact, turning out, conceivably, more sounds than some may care to hear. Establishment approval is now officially certified by New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts with a show inviting the most promising innovators to make themselves heard, visual samples of which are shown on these pages. At left is *Moon Music Makers*, the work of Reinhold Pieper Marxhausen. The artist has welded old metal doorknobs onto a pair of ice tongs and a loop of metal. Wire bristles project from the knobs. The wearer holds the knobs to his ears, strums the bristles and hears a gentle music. "The beautiful thing about them," says Marxhausen, "is that no one else can hear them, only the wearer. It allows him to draw into himself and enjoy a solitary, intimate experience." *Blue Harp* by Charles Mattox, at right, is a construction of fiber glass over birchwood with four strings and a pendulum-like pick arranged in its center. When the work is set to rocking back and forth, the pendulum plucks the strings and produces sounds similar to a guitar, the rhythm being determined by the rate of motion. Mattox enjoys "making pieces of sculpture that the viewer can become involved in, can participate in—that is, the person has to do something to activate it."

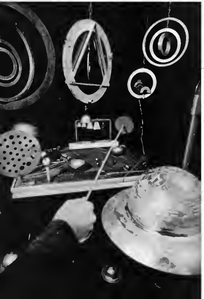


Should conversation flag at your next party, New York artist Terry Fugate-Wilcox, who calls himself Aeon, is ready with the solution. His *Aetheous Plus Twelve*, above, is a Plexiglas column five feet high surmounted by a dome; from a rim around the dome hang twelve handsets, each with a button to be depressed by the participants' thumbs. The buttons are connected to electronic equipment inside the pedestal. When activated, one button produces the sound of a French horn, another a snare drum. There are also animal sounds, a ticking sound and a pulsating tone akin to a busy signal. The harder the buttons are pressed, the higher the frequencies and the faster the rhythms. "Actually, two or three or four players can cancel each other out with a bad mix," says Aeon, "so each has to be aware of what the others are producing, as in an orchestra. You can't just grab the thing and go; you must be aware of the sounds and how they are combining with the others." This gift by Aeon to communal harmony is priced at $1500.

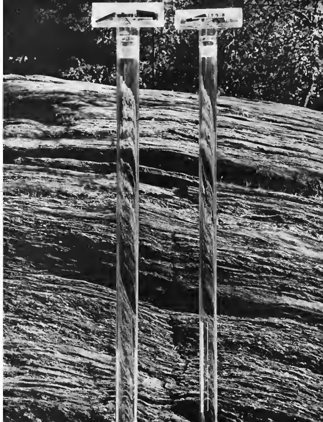
The two stainless-steel wings of the sculpture at right are rigged to electronic components and light sensors in the base. The thing emits a constant low vibrating hum and when the viewer nears one of the wings or touches the metal, the hum is altered. The man in the picture is breaking the light path with his arm, causing the sound to change pitch. The more one presses or caresses the apparatus, the higher the tone. This work is called *Xonarimax II* by its creator, Italian artist Attilio Pierelli, and is on loan to the Zabriskie Gallery in New York. In addition to creating light-reflecting, humming sculptures such as this, Pierelli is a dentist.



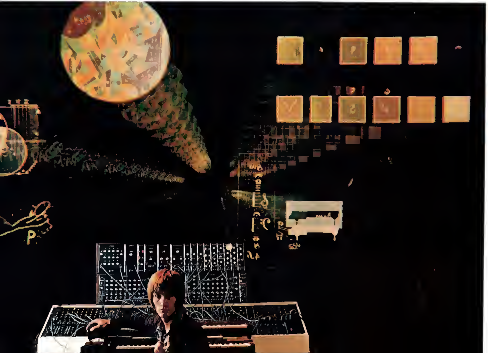


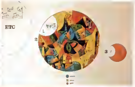


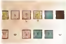
[illegible] oriental wind chimes. Two French brothers, François and Bernard Baschet, fashioned *Windmill* from stainless steel. Seen stationary in the top picture, the sculpture whirls in the breeze (second photo) and causes twenty-four metal rods to hit against a metal ball. The music sounds a little like a short melody played fast on a xylophone or what you might get if you ran a piece of metal over the spokes of a bicycle. *Atomic Reject*, at left, by the American Tony Price, produces sound only when one chooses to bang upon it. The kick comes from the knowledge that all the parts are discarded materials from the Atomic Energy Commission's plant in Los Alamos. To make an instrument of pleasure from a death-dealing device is no small achievement and Price is proud of it. "One of the scientists told me the giant aluminum bell [lower right in the picture] was the nose cone of a missile," he says. On it he has inscribed an ancient Tibetan chant having to do with the beginnings of man. Price is asking $4000 for *Atomic Reject* but adds "I'll accept $2000." Small transistor radios plus Centralab, Hoffman solar batteries are encased in clear plastic at right and mounted in plastic tubes. This is the work of Theodosius Victoria of New Jersey and is intended as a permanent outdoor sculpture. The sun activates the batteries and plays the radios, which are tuned to news broadcasts and government weather-forecast stations so that the immediate landscape is filled with muted "information about our environment"—but only when the sun shines. To Victoria, this is extremely significant. It probably is.

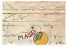


Composer Gino Piserchio of New York City is shown below with the most versatile of the new sound-producing instruments, the Moog Synthesizer, and surrounded by projections of the scores of "new sounding music," all of which can be played on the machine. The Moog (the name rhymes with "vogue") was invented some years ago by Robert Moog, an amateur musician and electrical engineer who now produces the instrument at R. A. Moog Inc. in Trumansburg, New York. Piserchio paid $10,000 for this one and became acquainted with the machine while writing the music for an underground movie. A Moog has one, two, or more keyboards in front of what looks like telephone switching equipment. The sound-producing devices are within the instrument and consist of amplifiers, mixers, filters, voltage-controlled oscillators and, of course, speakers. Depending upon how the player arranges the switching apparatus, pressure on a key will trigger an electronic "raw sound" from the equipment. This is then refined by other parts of the equipment, given volume, duration, vibrato or echo. One can "play" the instrument live or record sounds on a channel of tape, combining these in any fashion into multi-track tapes. Bach, The Beatles, and the songs from *Hair* have been successfully reproduced on the Moog. "Actually you don't compose for the synthesizer," says Piserchio, "you create on speakers a sound you hear in your ears. The only way to learn how to do it, really, is to do it." Homeowners who want one will notice how well it fits into an ultramodern decor and also that, mercifully, there is no room on top for all those framed photographs that inevitably clutter up the living room grand.









With loudmouth sculpture and electronic sound machines proliferating, it is comforting to note that someone is paying attention to the actual music the things will produce. Directly above, you can see details from the scores of three compositions, each of which comes with a lengthy description in recognizable prose so that the musician can figure it all out. Two of the scores were loaned the Museum of Contemporary Crafts by *Source*, a magazine devoted to music of the avant-garde. In keeping with the mixed-media method, they are intended to be performed like theatre pieces. At top is *Hi-Yo Point or Bite-Off Ranger* by Daniel Lentz. It has to do with a girl who sits onstage and a pianist who first plays Debussy's *I^ere Arabesque*, then, as indicated in the multicolored circle, performs with various electronic equipment. The effect is intended to simulate the man's seduction of the girl. The various shapes and colors tell the musician, more or less, how to manipulate his apparatus. Bottom left is *November* by Harold Budd. The player is given a bit of latitude here; he can assign to the color red the equivalent of a high note—or a middle or low note. Having made his choice, though, he must then follow through with chromatic logic; if red is high, pink is high middle and so on. To the right of this piece is *Strobe I (1967-V)* by Alcides Lanza, which indicates to those who can read the score that the musician is to play a programmed electronic tape, strum bass fiddle, hit a percussion instrument and attempt in vain from time to time to hit a gong. The word "Moggg" is something the performer must sing out himself in his own voice. If you don't find yourself humming snatches in the lobby, you'd better stick to the old soft shoe.

Photographed by Ben Rose

If the Silent Majority could talk, what would it say?

This

by Tom Ferrell

Fifty-nine percent of America according to a Harris poll thinks that it belongs to the Silent Majority. This finding confirms as everything tends to do, the sagacity of President Nixon, who named the phenomenon, and of Vice-President Agnew who appears to be more familiar than anyone else with its local habitation. There is no doubt, of course that the Silent Majority is well and truly fed up with anti-war protesters the cost of living, and long hair and there is plenty of evidence that even though it learns most of what it knows from the national media out of New York, it doesn't believe what it knows. However often the networks and newsmagazines insist that there was a My Lai massacre forty-nine percent of Minneapolis replies that there wasn't. And when the Vice-President asks the folks at home to write and let the networks know how they are loved and trusted blizzards of angry paper descend upon the network public-relations desks

Alternatives emerge either Middle America doesn't believe what it hears out of pure contrariety, or else, somewhere between the left bank of the Hudson and that as yet undiscovered bourn beyond the sunset that defines the national heartland somebody else is speaking to Middle America in a voice it hearkens to. Little does New York suspect it but there are out there in the west newsmen who go down to the office every day and get the goods across to the citizens printwise tubewise or even on the radio who are ever ready to blow the whistle on the dirty tricks and rhetorical jimjams of the national media

Here now, and on the following pages are four real living breathing professional communicators who do not live in New York, who do not want to live in New York, who don't care much for the way things have been going lately, and who eat regular all the same. If you don't already know who they are, please turn in your own Silent Majority membership card at your local office of the Associated Press, but not until you have read on and found out what you've been missing

Paul Harvey should be deported" "Who is Paul Harvey?"

Such were the results of an informal survey recently conducted in a typical media office in midtown New York. The rest of America is more tolerant and better informed. Paul Harvey's news commentary is, at the moment, available on 462 American radio stations, 126 television stations and through 300 newspapers. His columns and broadcasts have been reprinted in the *Congressional Record* eighty-seven times! He has received eight honorary degrees! He has been given the Key to the City by five hundred communities! He was a runner up in the 1969 Gallup Poll's list of America's Most Admired Men! (So were Cronkite and Huntley but Brinkley and such substantial network second bananas as Robert Trout, Sander Vanocur and Roger Mudd were nowhere in the running) *Variety* reports "Harvey appears popular everywhere except along the Eastern seaboard" A sinister pattern emerges there is one America that knows and loves Paul Harvey, and another smaller America that doesn't. Harvey's America writes the President of the United States from Atlanta to tell him that Harvey is "as terrific as Mr. Agnew. He is for Our President and for law and order. He would be a terrific addition to your group of advisers." Nebraska writes to Harvey and says "If we had leadership in the United States as you put out today and every day during the week, we could boast of living in a Christian country " Correspondents in Mobile, Alabama, Marquette, Michigan, and Honeoye Falls, New York (west of the Hudson), propose Harvey for President.

Harvey is not certain where his audience is largest "Probably where we have the best station—in the most populated area—Los Angeles I used to sort of identify myself with the West and Southwest because it was axiomatic around ABC for many years that I *should* be identified with the West and Southwest But then when we started the television series the first hunger for what I like to think of as political fundamentalism was not necessarily in those areas, it was in Pittsburgh! Cleveland! Washington D.C.! Boston, Massachusetts! And this *amazed* me It *just* amazed *me*! I don't know how to explain it yet except that there has been such a dearth of anything other than the Manhattan point of view available on the networks that this filled a void"

The nerve center of political fundamentalism is an office suite overlooking the mysteriously backward-flowing Chicago River and the aspiring cathedral of the Chicago *Tribune*, thrusting its spire toward the sky in a gesture of simple faith Here originate the hot-news broadcasts which ABC distributes twice a day, to the 462 subscribing radio stations Every Monday Harvey moves across the river to the WFLD television studios where he tapes a week's worth of *Paul Harvey Comments* for his syndicated television series Sitting or standing before a prop library ("The books are real," emphasizes Mrs Harvey, who is Mr Harvey's Executive Producer) Harvey editorializes in favor of monogamy ("One-and-one, side-by-side becomes eleven") and squares ("A square is a guy who doesn't want to stop at the bar and get all juiced up, because he prefers to go to his own home, his own dinner table, his own bed") and against handouts ("Uncle Sam's well-intentioned generosity has spawned a generation of spoiled brats") and Black Panthers ("The mouthpiece for one rights' outfit, on nationwide television protested, 'It's obvious the police are out to get the Black Panthers' I should hope so!")

Not for Harvey the micrometric twitch of Brinkleyan eyebrow or the subaudible catch in the ostensibly objective Cronkite throat that condemns yet another Vietnam policy to the paradise of fools "Every man worth his salt has opinions" he says "We have to be for and against if only in our selection of news. The only difference between me and those who pose as objective is that I just let it all hang out" Indeed Harvey's delivery is heavy with doom, hushed with awe, pregnant with suspense, strident with indignation, *crescendo* and *accelerando* with incredulity, *diminuendo* and *ritardando* with resignation, and all this while the finger shakes the jaw juts, the brow furrows and the eyes search the camera for the point of perfect contact. Harvey acknowledges that his mannerisms, at least of gesture, derive from years of platform speaking, but resists the obvious suggestion (he is descended from five generations of preachers) that his secular platform style descends from pulpit oratory "I don't like to get the two mixed up I have enough problems just praying Paul Harvey through every twenty four-hour day I don't want the responsibility for anybody else's salvation "

Photographed by Larry Dale Gordon

Paul Harvey: "I'm a highly impressionable fellow. I could go back and sit in Manhattan Island for a few weeks and become a liberal."

George Putnam "Why must I be labeled as a conservative or an ultra-conservative or a right-winger? I just believe in the traditional American values."

S.L.A. Marshall: "There wasn't one intelligent story out of Khesanh—nothing but tears for poor individuals who were staked out to die. This was absolute nonsense!"

M. Stanton Evans: "The [illegible] Indiana are self-[illegible] as Hoosiers, as Mid[illegible] certain hostility [illegible] be assumed."

Conservatives tend to believe that Paul Harvey is one of their own. Harvey, who displays no labels, admits some confusion. "I don't know what is a conservative and what is a liberal anymore. The Vietnam thing has scrambled us all up to such an extent that you can get bogged down in semantics." As early as October, 1966, he declared for pulling out of Vietnam, and since then has regularly deplored "win-less wars" on behalf of "an unworthy government." "When I changed from hawk to dove I *changed*, and I said so. I had done it once before, when I had endorsed the American position opposing the Diem regime. I heard Madame Nhu endorsing human barbecues and I found this so dreadfully objectionable and I said so. I advocated this country's subverting it, which it did; the result was frightful chaos in even less responsible hands. I said I had been mistaken. That's two public confessions in thirty years."

Since 1944, Harvey's ABC radio show has originated from Chicago, and since 1944 he has resisted the network's natural urge to bring him to New York. "I'm a highly impressionable fellow. I could go back and sit in Manhattan Island for a few weeks and become a liberal. I could get just as myopic as the rest of those Manhattanites. The administrators of network newsrooms in New York want to keep things under their own thumbs so they will *know* what's going on, and I have to confess that if I were in their position I would be tempted to administer the affairs of the network in the same way. It's much, much *safer* for me to know that everything is in this room."

Harvey is at pains to emphasize that his relations with ABC, though sometimes strained, have been correct. "I have tried very, very religiously to keep myself out of ABC's administrative prerogatives. And recognizing the risk they have accepted, I have bent over backward to be extremely careful that I never embarrass the network. The administrators of our newsrooms in the networks are extremely jealous of their prerogatives, and extremely wary of what is allowed to be aired with the network's at least tacit sanction. I hope they always stay that cognizant of their responsibility. I think it's a good and wholesome thing. Though there have been showdowns, by and large I have had maximum latitude, just unbelievable. And I don't think any network, unless there are some major changes made, will ever allow another Paul Harvey to develop. Nobody that fiercely independent, ever again."

Well, if that's the case, what explains Harvey's continued success in a network spot? "It was a ground swell of grass-roots insistence among station managers and sponsors around the country that kept me on the networks. The only mistake Madison Avenue ever made was to put me on once in the first place." (Mrs. Harvey, General Business Manager of *Paul Harvey News*, adds: "In Chicago, when we first came, he was a complete unknown and in one year he had the highest rating in the city.")

Like everybody else, Harvey discovered the left-leaning national media a few months before the Vice President. In a September, 1969, TV show he pointed out that "the networks, headquartering in New York City, have exported Tammany Hall politics, Broadway burlesque and the lopsided influence of Manhattan Island's minorities to the rest of New York State and to forty-nine other states, hour after hour, for years on end. . . . When the conservative-versus-liberal positions are put to a vote in the United States, the difference is always less than ten percent. I suggest that you keep a note pad beside your TV set and keep score. You decide if the conservative-versus-liberal positions are similarly balanced in the newscasts, panel programs and documentaries which you see." And today he finds no evidence that conservatives are willing to take the necessary steps to balance the presentations. "As I understand what conservatism used to mean, those freewheeling independent individualists have mastered the art of competing, but they don't know much about cooperating. And instead of being willing, purposefully, to take jobs in libraries and as beat-pounding reporters, and wherever they could be of maximum influence, they have always chased the buck. And if this is a characteristic, necessarily our media would become dominated by the dedicated."

It is not difficult to catch the note of quiet desperation as Harvey meditates on the probable course of the national destiny. "It's almost as if our big, acute illnesses are so terrifying that you want to talk about them in hushed tones. The malignant erosion of our currency, the—sometimes—violence of our racial confrontations, the pollution of our resources, the frightening potential of ecological imbalance. These are so monumental you don't dare raise your voice." Perhaps it is fair to hear a yearning for simpler days. "There was a time when a lean young traitor was able to walk out of our Supreme Court building with two character references in his briefcase, and a lot of us thought that Senator Joe McCarthy had a point that deserved attention. He polarized public opinion then as the Black Panthers are now doing on the other extreme. And our utterances on those subjects were, necessarily, more vehement. Mr. Nixon says we ought to lower our voices, and I think it's time for that." And as the voice sinks, Harvey's audience may recall a television editorial called "The *Old* Country": "I am a displaced person, though I never left my homeland. I am a native-born American. I never left my country. It left me."

Everybody who knows George Putnam knows that he makes $300,000 a year for casting the news twice daily except weekends from the rockbound cliffs of Pacific Palisades to the sunny shores of the upper Santa Ana River, in fact wherever the invisible eyebeams of KTTV, Channel Eleven in Los Angeles, penetrate. Every faithful viewer knows it as well; the San Fernando Valley *Times* headlined a story last December "Why Putnam Is Paid $300,000 A Year" in thirty-six-point type and Putnam plugged the issue on his show, exhibiting the paper and its headline. (Later on the same show four old soldiers in garrison caps appeared on camera to award Putnam a plaque on behalf of the United Veterans Organizations. Putnam not only gives the news; to a certain extent, on KTTV, he is the news.)

One hundred and eighty thousand TV sets tuned to Putnam's five o'clock show ("I have felt consistently," he says, "that if they would move me to six o'clock, out of competition with the kid shows, I would do a hundred percent better") is not the whole world, even in little Los Angeles, but it is a phenomenon of observable proportions. *Newsweek*, observing it, discerned a congruence between Putnam's political expressions and the fertile conservatism of the Southern California populace, quoting a rival: "The people who watch George want confirmation, not information."

But George Putnam, fifty-five, veteran of thirty-six years in radio and TV, recipient of some 251 awards for civic betterment and former poor boy from Breckenridge, Minnesota, isn't having any of that right-wing stuff. "I am most perturbed by people who will call, or write and say, 'Thank God you think exactly as we do.' Well, I haven't *met* these people. I have no way of *knowing* how they think or how they think *I* think. Why must I be labeled as a conservative or an ultraconservative or a right-winger? I just believe in the traditional American values. This business of shoving me into some damned category *aggravates* me more than I can say. And I do not take kindly to those letters. It makes me so f- - - —it really makes me just—it really aggravates me *so* sad! And I don't care whether they're right, left, or where the hell they are!"

Nevertheless, the cards and letters keep coming. While NBC was piling up sixty thousand Agnew-inspired letters, mostly critical, Putnam's correspondence from people with equal faith in traditional American principles continued to run about 98.5 percent favorable. When Putnam tees off on hippies ("this pimply, long-haired, unwashed, drug-saturated, draft-dodging, self-hating set") or marijuana softies ("There are so-called experts—yes, they call them that—who dare to classify marijuana and other drugs as harmless, if not beneficial, to our kids"), a lot of Southern California corpuscles throb to the beat. If Putnam's editorial spots have a common theme, it is: America, Good; Critics of America, Bad. Ideology is beside the point. America is good *because* it is "the society working toward a six-hour work week and guaranteed annual wage," *because* it "makes free medical care and legal advice available to the indigent"; not, as the hard right would have it, in *spite* of these things.

Five days a week Putnam works in the brand-new KTTV studio in Hollywood where the endless corridors and clean blank surfaces suggest a hospital with wall-to-wall carpets. Five days he labors dictating his material to a secretary who was, and resembles, one of the girls Howard Hughes used to sign to five-year contracts in case he should ever make a movie. The phone rings: it is an admirer who has a hot tip on a particularly brutal local murder ("You don't have to brownnose me, just give me the story. . . . How many times has she been married? . . . Give me your phone number, I'll call") or a public-relations man for Mayor Yorty, a close friend, who walks in unannounced from time to

(Continued on page 215)

The Memory Expert

by Stanley Elkin

Who could recall everything and everyone—except for, uh, what's-'er-name

In your large cities where a real advertising industry exists—New York, of course, Chicago, Los Angeles, a few others—there are schools which specialize in training girls to be models. A lot of those places are just phony, you understand, but some of them are quite good. I myself, Pepper Steep, am a graduate of one of the better agency schools in San Francisco and had a pretty good career as a model in New York during the war. Anyway when age—ahem—withered and custom staled my infinite variety, when I entered my thirties, that is, and saw that the demand for Miss Steep's services was falling off rather too dramatically (for I'm not a perfect thirty-eight, and I do not, whatever my charms of face and figure, exude riches, which is what's called for today—I mean that Fifth Avenue look that speaks of a four-year-old boy in the Central Park sunshine with his nanny, I mean that Biarritz aura—but instead nature's way reverted at thirty-one-and-a-half to type, which, in my case, is Big Boned Northern California Rain Forest) I knew that if I were to keep body and soul together I would have to leave New York. Well! What could a thirty-one-and-a-half-year-old gal do who all her working life had done nothing but watch the birdie? The birdie had flown. To start up a modeling agency or a modeling school—I'm speaking of the legitimate ones—in New York or any of those other places I mentioned and hope to make a go of it was simply out of the question. To be myself on the *staff* of such a school was still inside the question, but out of the answer. I'd earned too much big money in New York to take that kind of cut. Well, I had saved some of this money, and I thought I might start up an agency school in some smaller city.

A charm school in a town like Hartford has some tie-in with advertising. The big stores will use its girls for their Christmas brochures and ads. The developer may put one of its blondes up on the water skis for the Hidden Lakes Estates billboard. But *mostly* the function of the Charm School is to teach charm, i.e.: 1 a power of pleasing or attracting, as through personality or beauty 2 a trait or feature imparting this power 3 attractiveness 4 a trinket to be worn on a chain bracelet, etc. 5 something worn for its supposed magical effect, amulet. 6 any action supposed to have magical power 7 the chanting or recitation of a magic verse or formula 8 to delight or please greatly by beauty, attractiveness, etc., enchant 9 *to act upon someone or something with or as with a compelling or magical force!* I don't do that.

We aren't a college or even, I guess, a finishing school. We're not accredited. Our girls aren't wealthy; they don't come out of or go back into what is called polite society. You might be amused if you saw some of the things we do—there are books in our school, but we balance them on our heads. We render a service, you see, to the clumsy, the shy, the unconfident, to the ungraceful and ungainly and maladroit, to the bunglers and klutzes, the tongue-tied of body and spirit. Oh we get them—all the wallflowers and fatties, all the unpopular, the cripples to acne and dandruff. (And I'm not just talking about teen-agers. There are housewives, too.) I mean the timid, I mean the terrified. There are women—a lot of them mothers—whose husbands have never seen them naked, who undress in closets and baths only when they're alone in the house—with the bathroom door locked and the radio off. They don't go to doctors and they can't purchase sanitary napkins in a drugstore, or bring themselves to buy a roll of toilet paper. I know one too shy to try on a dress in the curtained booth at the back of the department store, and another who won't stand in front of the three-way mirror. Oh the terror in Hartford, you just don't know. We have a winding staircase in my studio. Especially constructed. It cost me two thousand dollars. They come down the staircase with a book on their head. Making their entrances. At the level of the eighth stair they must begin to speak. "How do you do, Mrs. Powers? I'm *so* pleased you could come. Uncle Jim will be down in a moment. He asked me to take your coat, and to see if there's anything you'd like." And finish just as their foot touches the last tread. "Oh! Mr. Strong. I didn't know you'd been admitted. Clotilda didn't tell me. Would you like a cucumber sandwich in the library?" "Bless me, it's Roger Thunder. How are you, Roger? Back from Persia already? How did you leave the Shah?" Don't laugh. It's true. The girls invent the speeches. And the names. (I don't make those up.) They always use names like Powers and Strong and Thunder. They're afraid, you see, and invest all other humans—even those of the mind—there's no one at the bottom of the staircase—with strengths and fiercenesses.

"Hello, Mr. Lamb. Leave your umbrella outside, please. You're dripping water on the rug." They say things like *that*—the advanced ones do.

We've toy telephones. They talk to tradesmen, to people who've invited them to parties. Or they call up the most distinguished people in Hartford and invite *them* to parties. They speak to the Accounts Department of department stores and straighten out incorrect billings. Or I give assignments. I tell a woman that her lover is on the line but that her husband is standing in the room. Or that she must speak to the doctor in the middle of the night. "Yes, Doctor. Thank God your answering service was able to reach you. My breasts feel funny. My nipples have turned the color of root beer. I've a pimple suppurating in my behind. My vagina is steaming." We teach them diets and care of the skin, grooming of the hair, they learn what cosmetics to use, the juice of which fruits for the complexion. Clothes and color scheme and scents and polite conversation and how to bend to pick up a fallen glove and get in and out of cars. And we offer instruction in courage and indifference.

I take them with me to restaurants and have them return their steak or their soup while I sit by silent. We go to waiting rooms in lawyers' offices and when no one is looking they take a tin of condoms from their purse and ask aloud, "Excuse me, who dropped this?"

But let me tell you about the memory expert, Arnold. He wrote me a letter. He wanted to enroll in the Charm School. (I had been thinking for some time of admitting boys. They do in the dancing classes. Isn't all the terror sexual anyway?) I agreed to see him. We set up an appointment for the following week. He came on a bus from Springfield. As soon as I saw him I knew it couldn't work. I had expected a young man, a teen-ager, but he was older than me, in his early forties.

"Won't the charm schools in Springfield have you? There's Miss Doris', and a branch, I understand, of Lovely Young Thing."

"I never looked into them."

"Let's be frank with each other, shall we, Mr.—what is it?—Menchman?"

Illustrated by Jean Paul Goude

"Ma'am?"

"Are you all right? Or are you looking for some kind of—well—thrill?"

"Oh no, ma'am."

"Well, then?"

"I saw your presentation on television."

(Sometimes I'm asked to bring over some of the younger girls to one of the local stations. They act out certain social situations, they come down steps, they do tea parties—that sort of thing.)

"You saw my presentation on television. Yes?"

"They were so poised. They were just children, but they were so poised."

"Well that's very nice. Thank you, but I don't—"

"Mignonne Gumbs, thirteen; Sheila Smith, twelve; Pamela Fairfife, fourteen—I never saw composure like that in such young children. When Pamela Fairfife spilled tea on Mignonne Gumbs—that wasn't planned, was it?"

"No. The tea was too hot. She couldn't hold the handle."

"I thought not. It looked too real. The way Mignonne Gumbs reassured her—telling her that the fabric was stain-resistant, and that she needn't worry about having scalded her because the tea had landed on old scar tissue. She made up that part about the scar tissue, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ah."

"Miss Gumbs had a lot of confidence by the time she graduated."

"I could see that."

"Those three particular students—that program was more than a year ago. How do you remember their names?"

"Oh, well—I remember."

"I see," I told him. "I really don't think there'd be much for you in our school. You don't want to learn to pour tea or come down steps."

"*From behind curtains*."

"I beg your pardon?"

"From behind curtains—onto a stage. Down into the audience. I—um—to talk—in front of people."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I don't understand."

"I'm clumsy, Miss Steep. Your secretary, Miss Ganchi, let me into your office before you arrived or you would have seen. I tripped. I can't even walk into a room. It's as awkward for me to cross an ordinary threshold as it is for someone else to step from one car to another on a moving train. I don't know how to stand—what to do with my hands—anything. People laugh."

"I'm sorry. I think your presence would be disruptive in our classes. You'd embarrass the girls."

"They were wonderful."

"Yes, well—"

"If it's a question of money—"

"It's not."

"I need the training."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm—I'm a memory expert. I'm in show business. Or would be if I weren't so clumsy. Listen, my act is the greatest in the world. I know that sounds very bold, but it's true. I—I'm a freak, you see."

"Please, Mr. Manchman."

"No, it's an—I am. I mean there's no trick to what I do. I do it. It's not even *talent*. I have an eidetic imagination."

"An *eidetic*—?"

"It's called that. There are only about a hundred of us in the whole world. Maybe three—I'm one—are true eidetics."

"I don't follow you."

"It's very simple. You've heard of photographic minds, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"There are such things. Nobody understands how it works really, but it's visual. Somehow, whatever we look at registers on the retina and on the mind simultaneously. In other people the mind receives the impression a zillionth of a fraction of a moment late, but with an eidetic there's no lag. At least that's what the theory is now. Anyway, when an eidetic tries to recall something he sees this picture. All he has to do is look at it. He can even close his eyes—as a matter of fact he *has* to close his eyes or it would be like a double exposure—and the picture is right there on the eyelids."

"Fascinating."

"Oh, I'm a freak is all."

"Do you remember things forever?"

"No. The pictures fade after a time. Just as a photographic proof will. They even turn that same murky purple. But it lasts for a couple of years at least. Even then I don't forget everything. I just remember the way normal people do."

"Well, I must say. Still, I don't see how I'm the person to help you."

"Oh you *are*, Miss Steep. I'll never forget how grand those children were. Sheila Smith lived next door to me before her family moved to Hartford. She was the sloppiest little girl I'd ever seen. There wasn't a time when her nose wasn't running. When I saw her on television, she's so *changed*. Change me, Miss Steep. Teach me my body. I know I could be great—my *act*—but my body—people laugh. They don't even pay attention to the feats I do. They think I'm a comic. You have to be in control of your body to be in the show business."

"But all I could teach you is to move like a woman. They'd still laugh."

"No. You'd teach me grace."

"It's impossible, Mr. Menchman. The girls would be too embarrassed."

"Then take me as a special student. I have money. Charge what you want to.—Maybe you don't believe me. Is that it?"

"Please, Mr. Menchman—"

"*This is what is behind me in this room*. To the right of the door as one enters—eidetics see from right to left, thus giving substance to the speculation that the idiosyncrasy is passed on through a Semitic gene; my grandfather on my father's side was Jewish—are three blue bookshelves about five feet wide and held on the wall by twelve brackets, four brackets to a shelf and three screws in each bracket. One bracket, the second from the right on the highest shelf, has Phillips-head screws. On the top shelf are seventeen books, on the middle twelve, on the bottom fourteen. If you pick a shelf I will give you the titles, authors, publishers and colors of the spines or book jackets."

"This isn't necessary."

"You think it's a trick. I work with no assistant. Your trickster has an assistant."

"I don't think it's a trick. It simply isn't necessary."

"It is, it is necessary. I want you to know what I can do. Before you turn me down, you must see."

"Please, Mr. Menchman. I believe you. Very well—what's the fourth book from the left on the bottom shelf?"

"*Titles and Forms of Address: A Guide to their Correct Use*. Armiger, A. and C. Black. Buff.—Am I correct, Madam?"

"Oh I suppose so. I can't see from here. Anyway that isn't the point."

"The fifth book—"

"*Really*, Mr. Menchman—"

"The *fifth* book is *Manners and Conduct* by The Deans of Girls in Chicago High Schools. Allyn and Bacon. Mauve. The sixth—"

"Turn around in your chair, Mr. Menchman. Go on. Swivel about and face the bookshelf please."

"Are you—?"

"Just do it.—Watch out!"

"What happened? What was that?"

"You knocked over an ashtray. Never mind, it didn't break. Now don't turn around again. Keep your back to me."

"Is this a test?"

"There are file cabinets behind my chair—"

"Two stacks, each containing four drawers. Am I correct, Madam?"

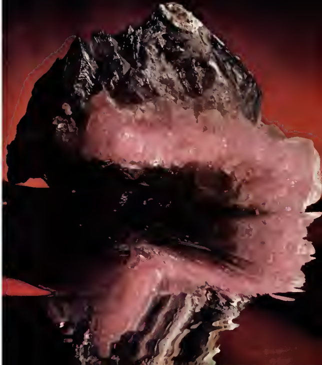
"On the front of each drawer there's a small frame with a manila card in it. What do the cards say?"

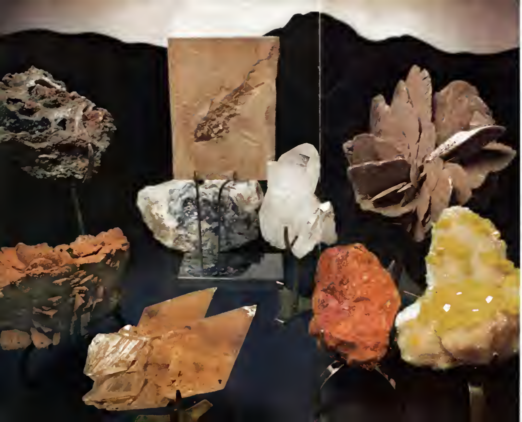
"A-Do. Dr-Hes. Hest-Q. R-Shipman. Shir-V. W-X-Y-Z. Two drawers have no cards. Do I have it right, Madam?"

Well, I won't go on about it. There are hundreds of things in even the emptiest of rooms. Looking only once, only casually, he saw and registered them all. Every detail made its impression on him. At first only mildly interested but gradually caught, fascinated, I led him about the Charm School—it was after hours now—took him into a room, turned on the lights, let him briefly look. Then he gave me back all of it. *All of it*. The thousand things, the million details. And it was just as if—I tell you—I *(Continued on page 176)*

Rocks of Ages

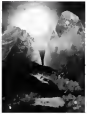
Moon rocks may be worth a trip or two, but wise shoppers should remember that there are bargains in that line nearer home. The rare configuration below, for instance, is a rose quartz halo around a smoky quartz crystal, made on Earth by Earth herself. And it costs only $25,000. Overleaf, see more samples of what Mother Earth did while your back was turned.

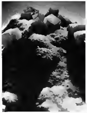




Man's fascination with the rocks around him goes back to the beginnings of history; he has called rocks "gem," "god," "talisman" held found them magical and mysterious, and there is some indication that Earth is not a way station after all, but our home in the fact that he has also called them "brother." All of the stones shown here are in the collection of San Francisco designer Arthur Court. Mr Court likes to incorporate them—as a serene touch of nature, as a reminder of the Earth we inhabit—in the environments he designs, and he treats them as both sculpture and jewel. The fine azure malachite above is a basic carbonate of copper valued at $5000 but men in medieval times swore it protected them from cholera, and in the East it has always been thought to ensure sleep, defend against lightning, and ensure constancy in love. Malachite is a fine treasure, but the rocks at left are for anyone's pocket. Clockwise starting with the fossil at the top: the fish, like other fauna, ferns, trilobites and insects, is part of an ancient zoo fossilized in the Eocene epoch and preserved in the shale of deserts that once were seas, from Wyoming, $45. The clear and prismatic quartz, like a frozen raindrop, is from Brazil, $75. The gypsum flower is from Chihuahua, Mexico, $75. The yellow sulfur, next, comes from Sicily, $125. The orpiment and realgar formation is arsenic ore from Nevada, $25. The selenite crystal is from Mexico, $45. The gypsum rose is from Abilene, Texas, $50, and the hair-crystal malachite like fresh spring grass on its coppery bed is from Durango, Mexico, $75. Behind the fish is blue linarite from New Mexico, a lead-and copper sulfate soft as cheese, $35. All of the prices include the brass or silver sand cast mounts, each one designed by Mr Court to complement the stone it displays, each guaranteed imperfect, since imperfection is Nature's art.

Photographed by Halberstadt/Swarthout





The stones on this page are collectors' items. At top left is a cluster of phantom golden calcite caught on a base of dark purple fluorite. This triple crystal, 6"x6"x6", $500, is a rare display, but calcite is a subtle stone; even plainer crystals fluoresce into splendor. Next left is multistriated tourmaline, a soaring monument five inches high. Tourmaline is a fantastically complex fusion of chemicals; each occurrence is a chance in a billion. This specimen is $2000. Wulfenite, left below, looks like little boxes tumbling down a mountainside. It is a crystal of the space age metal melybdenum, about five inches high: $300. Near left, below, smoky quartz is clear in its early formation and darkens through bombardment by radioactive particles; it's about 10"x8": $1000. The jutting peaks at upper right are marcasite crystals, a rare and mysterious composition of iron disulfide. This was found in Wisconsin; 15"x7"x9": $5000. Lower right: azurite surrounded by manganese. This specimen, 5"x7", comes from Arizona's Copper Queen Mine, $1000. Gaze at all of these and reflect: Earth's process never stops. Long after man is gone she will whirl on through the dark alone, consulting no one, turning out beauties to equal these, proving that there's life in the old girl yet.

Here She Comes, Miss Nude America

by Charles and Bonnie Remsberg

Eyes level, Bert Parks

The Chicago *Daily News* winner of thirteen Pulitzer prizes was first into print with the news NUDES ARE NEEDED flashed its gossip column in boldface Dick Drost, president of the nation's largest nudist camp nestled in the bucolic quiet of nearby Roselawn Indiana was planning "the ultimate in beauty contests" —the first annual Miss Nude America Beauty Pageant.

"This will be more of a real beauty contest than the regular Miss America thing," Drost told reporters who followed up the item "*That* doesn't say much about how the girls really look, actually *This* will." The idea had come to him "in a flash, like most of my great ideas," one lonely winter night as he sat watching the snow and worrying about paying his taxes.

It was not the first time the thirty four-year old Drost had made the papers. In 1965 he was named by the Chicago Jaycees as one of ten Outstanding Young Men At that time Drost, who is confined to a wheel chair by muscular dystrophy, had built a hobby of playing with tape recorders into a booming business of monitoring TV commercials for big-time advertisers and political candidates including Richard Nixon In 1967, encouraged by his doctor's edict to get more exposure to the ultraviolet rays of the sun and spurred by a desire to "see lots of naked girls" he bought and moved to Zoro Nature Park, second oldest of the nation's hundred and fifty nudist colonies—three hundred acres of woods winding gravel roads and dumpy cottages sixty miles from Chicago's Loop. From there, he set to work to liven up what he considered nudism's stodgy image.

He changed the camp's name to Naked City ("That tells it like it is"), installed his parents as "host and hostess" and opened up an Adam & Eve Restaurant with naked cooks and waiters to "give the place a resort flavor He designed a four-color direct-mail brochure, featuring testimonials to the "contemporary significance" of nudism from Margaret Mead, Brigitte Bardot, Joyce Brothers and the Noxzema company ("Take it off take it all off") and a photograph of a busty girl pulling off sheer black panties. He bombarded Chicago's swinging Near North Side with promotional literature filled with phrases like "Nakedness—Morning, Nude and Night" and "Happy Nude Year" And he popped up in print from time to time with schemes ranging from a Thanksgiving "bra burning" to the "world's first nude ski resort See and Ski" But the beauty pageant, scheduled for August 2, 1969, would be his greatest coup he promised

First-prize winner would receive a contract to appear for Naked City in "an upcoming series of TV and radio commercials" an expense-paid trip for two to Jamaica, and a new wardrobe ($500 worth of clothes from Sears Roebuck) "I originally thought of giving the loser a booby prize," Drost admitted, "but I finally discarded the idea"

When we telephoned him a few weeks before the contest he reported gleefully that "the Associated Press is spewing out word of the pageant all over" and that coverage had been promised by newspapers as far away as Sydney, Australia, and London. "Every TV and radio station in the Midwest will be here," he said and contestants' applications had begun to come in.

Of course, to protect the integrity of the pageant, he was making sure that all the competing girls would be genuine nudists. "But nudist is a strange word," he explained "It can be a person who sleeps in the nude or even takes a shower in the nude when alone."

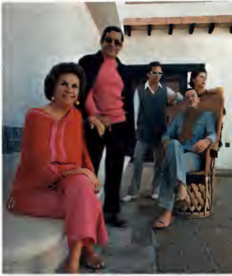
Most girls married or single, would consider the public nudity of the contest "a small price to pay for fabulous public recognition," Drost speculated especially when they will be protected by an emcee who is himself nude" He said he was ordering construction-worker hard hats and blue ribbon badges for the girls to wear

"It's going to be a very exciting day All the contestants will wear high heeled gold shoes We'll have balloons and fireworks I'm trying to get Air Force jets or helicopters to buzz overhead The fellow who delivers our 7-Up is very interested in giving a sky-diving demonstration, even though the only place for him to land is in the swimming pool If it's hot our pool will be just *packed* with naked people We'll be serving patriotic ice cream—red, white and blue—because it is the Miss Nude *America* Beauty Pageant There'll be a patriotic dinner, too, with dishes named after former Miss Americas like a Bess Myerson meat loaf A three-piece orchestra that plays for weddings in Chicago has been lined up to entertain, possibly in the nude. I told them nudity would be nice but the man who plays the electric accordion said it might not be comfortable."

Nudists and non nudists alike would be welcomed as spectators for $10 a couple, Drost explained, and the judges would be "world-famous representatives of the arts" Already signed on as chief judge was Benny Dunn public-relations manager for *Playboy* magazine "He's the world's greatest p r man and an honorary member of Naked City" Drost said "He came out recently with two secretaries and a chauffeur and took off his clothes He said it made him feel closer to God"

Drost paused for breath

"This could be the beginning of a big political career for me" he predicted. "Nudity is becoming a way of life in America today Four or five years from now women in the supermarket will be at least topless People will be nude on network TV And I'll have been in the van- *(Continued on page 180)*



Knits—the new thing

It is the fickleness of fashion that what is the last word this morning is quite often something that only yesterday seemed ancient history—the shaped jacket, born of country clothes to become the rage of Regency London; the long point shirt collar that lent such tone to the Twenties; the linen suit of antebellum style in stately Southern mansions each of them suddenly so contemporary in the Seventies. And now knit wear, a staple in the wardrobe of every well turned-out woman within memory, is almost overnight, the latest thing in men's suits To appropriate the no-nonsense idiom of those *Vogue* ladies who are in too much of a dither ever to remove their hats knits are news! Exclamation point, end of sentence, and you better believe it Shown above are samplings from the first men's collection of Barbaro designed by Pierluigi Trico of Rome. Seated at the right is Guillermo Wulff the designer, builder, and owner of Hacienda del Lobo a sumptuous new inn at Puerto Vallarta the village made famous by the Burtons during the filming of a nasty night in the life of an Iguana. Looking regal in the courtyard of his castle Senor Wulff wears Barbaro's double-knit wool V-neck pullover with matching slacks and a wool jersey ascot Standing at the left Puerto Vallarta realtor Humberto Manteon is in a wide-rib double-knit wool sash-belted jacket, matching slacks and a rib-knit T neck of silky polyester His chrome-finish sunglasses are by Riviera. Architect-builder Antonio Santoveña, the third man, wears a double-knit wrapped and sash-belted waistcoat, chevron striped slacks, and a soft knit shirt. His sunglasses are Renauld's Aluminaries The women are Senora Wulff (left) and Senora Norma Icaza, both outfitted at Nelly's, Senora Wulff's eponymous boutique.

From the first men's knitwear collection by Missoni, another resourceful Italian, come the suits worn in the picture above by Roberto Cintron (left) and Pedro Romo, both executives at Posada Vallarta, another of the uncompromisingly well run inns and hotels in Puerto Vallarta, an elegant oasis one hour by air from Mexico City and only a few short kilometers from the steamy location where John Huston filmed *The Night of the Iguana*. Senor Cintron's white wool knit waistcoat suit is worn over a full-sleeved brown-and-white printed shirt of silk jersey knit ($40). The scooped crew neck waist coat ($90) has a double-knit wool jersey back and a handwoven circular weave wool front with four besom pockets, three on the left, one on the right. The flared slacks are of the same white knit ($40).

It's an ensemble bespeaking the olé of a Flamenco dancer with *duende* no end. Senor Romo wears a brown tunic-length buttonless waistcoat ($35), matching wide-flared slacks ($40), and a plaid shirt in brown, mandarin and white ($45). His brown "Wet Look" simulated alligator belt is by Miller ($7.50). The senorita is Guillermina Serna, the *mise en-scene* the balcony of one of Posada Vallarta's beautifully appointed rooms. At poolside (opposite page) with Marie-Claire Souchard of Paris, Senors Romo (left) and Cintron have slipped into the chic comfort of clothes by Stuart Nelson, a young California designer of distinctive gifts. Senor Romo's shirt suit is a hand-screened white-on rust cotton Roussac print. The shirt, which is shaped to the body, has a button front ($40); the slacks are slightly flared ($55). Senor Cintron's blue-and-white velour-lined, wrapped and belted beach robe ($85) is worn with matching straight-cut slacks ($60). His sunglasses are by Riviera.

More knits—and some bold cotton prints

Photographed by George Hamill

Linen—
the look of
The Late Show,
of Bogart and
the bar at Raffles,
of Sidney Greenstreet
and Graham Greene's
men in Havana—
is now
the last word
in summer chic

They come to us across the years as we watch the midnight witchery of *The Late Show*, all those men in their white linen suits investing our vigil with good and evil and shimmering tropic heat—Greenstreet in *Casablanca*, a waddling fat man born to every wrinkle in his wilted bag of a suit; Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto, Warner Oland and Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan, Graham Greene's men in Havana, Herbert Marshall, crisp and stiff upper lip amid the complicity and rubber plantations of *The Letter*, and every British colonel from Sir Aubrey Smith to Trevor Howard, sipping a gimlet in some godforsaken outpost of Empire. It is the stuff of suspense and dark doings, the white linen suit. It is the look of a legend. But now, after all the rumpled years, it has been given different hues and a new shape, and it could not be more fashionable in the summertimes of the style-conscious Seventies. On the opposite page is the look of linen as interpreted by Dimitri, the New York custom tailor. Of material from Guido Confalonieri of Milan, it displays Dimitri's superb sense of shape. The hand-stitched jacket is fully lined, the straight pants pleated and cuffed (to order, $400). The cotton voile shirt is by Giovanelli (about $60), the patent slip-ons by Rossetti ($45). The man who does justice to Dimitri's craftsmanship is Buenos Aires sculptor Antonio Morello, seen here outside La Fonda Del Sol, one of Puerto Vallarta's best new restaurants. In the picture above, taken on the dining terrace of Hacienda del Lobo, Senor Wolff (far right) wears a shaped double-breasted suit with brass buttons, wide lapels and a deep center vent ($125). Senor Mantecon (seated) and Senor Santovena wear single-breasteds, shaped and wide-lapelled ($120 each). Larry Kane, who designed these three suits for Raffles Wear, coordinated them with printed polyester-and-cotton voile shirts ($17 each). Senoras Wulff and Icaza's dresses are from the boutique at Hacienda del Lobo.

Such license with linen as neither Hollywood nor Paul Henried ever dreamed of

The white linen suit of old movies was a simple garment, whether as rumpled as Sidney Greenstreet's or as crisp and correct as Paul Henried's. But that was in another time, and neither Hollywood nor Henried could have dreamed of what would be made of linen in the Seventies. There is no end of imagination. In the picture below at the left, Puerto Vallarta's Señora Jane Favela gazes admiringly at her husband's natural-color rayon-and-linen suit by McGregor. The belted jacket has large flapped pockets ($35); the slacks are widish, straight-cut, and self-belted ($18). Señor Luis Favela's striped cotton shirt is by Gant, his scarf by Handcraft, his buckled suede shoes by Jarman ($12). In the center picture, Bruce Robinson of Los Angeles is also in a safari suit, this one a natural color all-linen designed for Jaeger by Carlo Palazzi ($200). The longer, shaped jacket has a tie belt, button flapped pockets, narrow sleeves, and the high armholes that contribute so indispensably to defining the shape. The wide slacks are straight-cut. At the lower right, Mr. Robinson wears a three-piece coordinated suit stamped with a black-and-white chain print, which by now is a Palazzi imprimatur. The shaped single-breasted linen jacket has flapped pockets and a center vent ($140). The pants are $75, the cotton voile body shirt $50. All are by Carlo Palazzi for Jaeger. Flor Bridgman, seen with Mr. Robinson, is wearing dresses by Xavier de la Torre, whose boutique is one of Puerto Vallarta's prime attractions. In the center picture, her full-length dress is of a coarse cotton weave. In the picture at the right she wears a Mexican lace affair with voluminous butterfly sleeves. On the opposite page, Suña Gershenson, owner of Posada Vallarta, which, with its 250 acres, must be one of the world's largest inns, wears three Hardy Amies offerings—an Irish linen shaped double-breasted suit with spacious lapels, deep flapped pockets, and a center vent ($160), a striped cotton shirt ($13.50), and a silk scarf ($10). With him on the patio lounge is Mrs. Gershenson in a double-knit pants suit by Gino Paoli.

Knits for après-swim and easy living

The story of fashion is one of substance as much as it is of stylings—of cloths as well as cuts, of the wonders wrought by technology to such classic materials as knits. Too much cannot be said for the comfort of knitwear as it has been improved by the alchemy of contemporary laboratories. No fabric's more flexible, none as ideal for formal wear as for the easy living of après-swim. In the picture above are two shirt suits. Sitting beside the pool at Hacienda del Lobo, Jose Garcia, a Mexico City architect, wears a cotton knit shirt with four-button placket ($12) and matching pants ($14). Both are by Jantzen. The chrome-framed "Grand Prix" sunglasses are by Renauld ($6). At the right, Ignacio Vega, Hacienda del Lobo's general manager, is wearing John Weitz's cotton double-knit shirt suit in giant houndstooth and geometric print (to order, $110). His tortoise-frame glasses with light-blue lenses are by Renauld ($5).

(Continued from page 116) ago during a dispute over the late Senator from New York. She liked him; I did not.

I was ready—in fact, waiting—for Fryer to bring up the subject. Not surprisingly, the tragic empress had been appalled by a stranger making himself so much at home with her. She promptly told a mutual sister who told me.

Happily, I repeated to Fryer some of the things he had said about me. He looked depressed. He has made it a life's goal to establish as fact that I never knew America's holy family. When I asked his present wife why he was so obsessed, she said, "Because that's *his* fantasy life: imagining the great bores of our time are his friends. The fact that you actually know them kills him. But then," she is a long-suffering woman who has learned to hate deeply, "you are urbane."

Fryer dropped the subject for another day. "Eric's family were quite overpowering. I met them all while he was at Dartmouth and kept in touch with them over the years. They all expected him to be remarkable. . . ."

"But he was in his way."

"Films?" Unlike so many intellectuals Fryer has not succumbed to the pop arts. For him, rock is something the cradle endlessly does while the cinema is a pleasantly trashy complement to the popular novel.

"Yes. Films. He won prizes, for what that's worth. And he did exactly what he wanted to do, which strikes me as a proper life."

"He was certainly vain. No doubt of that. But . . . unsatisfactory." That was to be Fryer's last word on the subject.

We spoke of my sister whom he had seen in Washington when he spoke at the Library of Congress on poetry in the age of science. "No one could hear a word I said." He was very pleased. "The machine broke down."

Would she ever finish the vast historical work she had undertaken? I thought she would. Fryer thought not, but then faith in others is not his style. "But she is distressingly handsome, isn't she?"

We both agreed that not only was she handsome but that she has had a great deal to bear. As if being my sister was not sufficient burden, she is also stepsister to the two most successful adventuresses of our time. For someone with a virtuous (in the ancient sense) disposition, to be associated with that never-ending soap opera is a curious punishment. She is also the heroine of a droll revision of the Cinderella story: the two wicked stepsisters move in and take over Cinderella's house; then one marries Prince Charming and the other marries a second Prince Charming, leaving Cinderella to settle down to a quiet life with a good citizen.

"You know whom I also met in Washington . . . Erika's son. What's he called?"

"Eric Benson."

"By her first husband. Yes. He was at my lecture. He's going to Georgetown, studying to be a diplomat."

"How did he strike you?"

"Not as beautiful as his mother, but pleasant-looking."

I counted mentally. "He must be twenty-one now."

"Whatever. He graduated from Yale last year. Oh, those Ivy League colleges!" Fryer railed against the colleges he had once worshiped. Apparently a recent term spent at Berkeley "radicalized" him, to use the latest word. He now favors black power, captive deans, apocalyptic rhetoric.

As usual, I go him one further. I favor the conversion of the universities to temples of Play where forced competitiveness is eliminated and natural competitiveness encouraged, where the worship of work—something hardly anyone does in our vast Affluency (work that is, not worship)—would be discouraged. Within this multiversity would be many mansions devoted, variously, to the saying of Om, to books, to drugs, to sex, to sports and—most important—to warfare. In vast stadia the young would be allowed to fulfill themselves in a series of battles with real blood and real death (only for those who want to play, of course—a majority, I suspect, since ours is a violent race). I was eloquent. Fryer did not listen, convinced that I was joking.

"The police are pigs," he said thoughtfully, gazing inwardly at some final battle between *them* and us.

"So are the faculty, the students, you and I . . . ours is a porcine race rooting amongst the stars, if I may be poetic." That was the day men circled the moon preparatory for landing.

"The astronauts!" Fryer snorted piggishly. "Rotarians in outer space. Could I come by tomorrow? I've met someone you would like."

"Of course," I said, meaning don't.

"An old lady I met on the train from Venice." Fryer smiled happily. "She is a Randolph from Virginia and knew Eliot in London."

In Eric's notebook I read that I once needled Tennessee about his excessive use of sex on stage, and Tennessee countered with the plot of *Oedipus* in which almost every sexual taboo held sacred by the audience was violated, raising their temperature in order to show fate working at the expense of an honorable Theban administrator who was tricked by the gods into marrying his mother, and so on. According to Eric (I've forgotten the conversation), I said writers must be particularly careful however in these shock effects since sexual morality is changing so rapidly they are apt to end up with a line like Michael Arlen's "Boy died for purity."

Strange to find that I was thinking about these things even then. Obviously one has no new thoughts.

Five years ago at a performance of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the audience laughed when Blanche described having discovered her young husband in bed with a man and how he subsequently shot himself. Today's dramatist would have had the young husband shoot Blanche or at least ask her why didn't she knock? Where was she brought up, in a barn?

As for *The City and the Pillar*, it is about as shocking to today's intelligent reader as a Galsworthy novel. But then I was not 'using' sex to make an effect as much as demonstrating sex of a certain kind to establish its naturalness in the face of tribal taboo, a taboo which serenely continues to this day in the land of the free. When the rewritten version of *The City and the Pillar* was brought out a few years ago, I was startled to find that the popular press was quite as horrified by the subject as it had been twenty years ago. But then, as the country's first serious novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne said, "The United States are fit for many purposes but not to live in." To which what is doubtless the country's last novelist can only add 'amen.'

I put down the notebook.

Though daylight, I can see the moon, a Shakespearean 'gibbous moon.' As I watch three astronauts are preparing to land. Will future generations ever realize the ambivalence of our response? On the one hand, genuine wonder and delight that we are now free of the planet we have spoiled; on the other the moral numbness that the age of science has somehow managed to instill. It is marvelous, and so what?

They will put up the American flag. They will talk about colonization. They will go to Mars and the outer planets, inhospitable rocks in themselves but eventual stepping stones to other systems where we can begin to seed with life new worlds, destroying all other forms of life in the process as we have done in our autochthonous way with this poor present earth.

It is not possible to regard our race with anything but gloom. Yet the tribe worshipers who make up the majority of mankind take delight in our predatoriness: that's how we made it! From primeval ooze to the stars we killed everything that stood in our way, including one another. Various religionists have tried to soften or at least disguise our nature but the softening has had no effect, while the disguise has never been able to trick for long the eye of the shrewd. I suspect this is why the monstrous self-praise that our race indulges in is so relentless and never ceasing. Every day we are told that man is the supreme work of nature, made in God's image, master of all he surveys, now about to begin the exploration of space—no, not exploration, "conquest" is the word the press uses, and for once they are quite right. War is our natural state with one another, with environment, with space, with other worlds where live—what else?—fearsome beings whom we must eliminate.

Listening to this ever-increasing roar of tribe worship I find myself longing for a sudden sunburst or shift in the magnetic pole just long enough to remove earth's protective shield and cleanse the planet of its virus, no, or better yet, cause useful mutancies. But one is a part of it all. There is nothing to be done. No way out this side of death. We cannot change, despite the exhortation of the religionists who think that when they say we are nothing before the lord mean only that we are nothing before the idea of our tribal self. Man is his own creator and may not find meaning outside his own skull. For many of us, the importance of art was simply a way of containing the fierce thrust of our nature, *making* as best we could, rather than destroying. But even art is now sick with blood-longing. In Panglossian mood, one tells oneself that what is done from moment to moment is all there is. Life is the present. Nothing more.

I am reminded of a line from that least sympathetic of saints, Augustine (yes, I just looked it up): 'In the sojourning of this carnal life each man carries his own heart and every heart is closed to every other heart.' In this at least I have more in common with the saint than I have with Tennessee who would argue that the *illusion* that one's heart is open to another's is love enough in our meager world. Perhaps. But the reality still remains and is the cause of our separateness, our vanity and our despair.

Bastille Day, 1948. Erika wears a grey gauzy evening dress. Everyone stares; she is the queen of St. Germain. Eric is drunk on champagne and very happy. I drink not at all. Fireworks on the Eiffel Tower. Dancing in the streets. Then just before dawn . . .

No.

There are certain things I have managed with some success to forget or at least not think of and that night is one. Even now, memory takes another turning.

I think of the last time I saw Erika. It was shortly after the Events of May, as the French press likes to refer to the unexpected revolt of the students against the general boredom of their lives. Of those at the lunch, I was the only one who felt that the Events of May had ended unhappily. It is my fate—choice, to be precise—to spend far too much time with those whose political and class interests are the reverse of my own. I daresay this is a kind of recidivism which grows more marked with age. I find restful the wicked and the grand in whose houses I was brought up and, though I fled them early, I still return from time to time pretending that my presence unsettles the magnates when indeed I am at best comic relief, so great is their confidence in their rich world.

Erika came toward me. We had not met in fifteen years. Neither smiled. Her face had softened but not aged, and though she was dressed in whatever was currently high fashion she looked to me to be not much different from the Erika I had known at the Hôtel de l'Université.

All about us a green June day and the sort of people a wealthy host with a famous chef can assemble on a Sunday: exiled royalty, Greek shipowners, dressmakers, ambassadors home on leave and expensive hustlers of both sexes up for sale.

"I've become a Roman Catholic." She chose to begin with a declarative sentence.

"And I was going to say, 'Hello, how are you?'"

"I'm quite serious."

"So was I. You look . . . no different."

"I would like to be a nun but I haven't the vocation and it wouldn't be fair to Hervé." She pointed out her new husband, a Frenchman of the prewar style which seems now to have vanished: parrot nose, green skin, sunken chest, twiglike limbs, Legion of Honor in lapel. "He looks very . . . French." Conversationally, I did not shine.

"Naturally he wanted me to marry him in the Church and I said I would but now I'm very serious about the whole thing."

"It must fill a void."

"It saved my life, not to mention soul."

"Where is Mr. Benson?" I preferred not to gossip about god at a party to which he had plainly not been invited.

At last she smiled. I had expected a frown. Suddenly I saw Eric's face too in the clear blue eyes. "Oh, Benson's very happy. He has a ranch in Canada and a new wife."

The host insisted that I meet a would-be actress who had been the mistress of a recently dead playboy. "You will make her a star," he said to me.

"I am Myra Breckinridge," said the girl quietly, and moved on.

"You're still writing." Erika made it sound a habit not yet given up, like smoking.

"I keep busy. How is Eric?"

"I don't see him."

"Why not?"

But she seemed not to want to answer and so we allowed the host to pull us into a larger group. A Savoie princess spoke of children. A hairdresser spoke of the students and their threat to *us*. The black flag of anarchy had briefly been raised and all had known fear: for if the state collapsed, who would see to it that the Belon oysters were gathered and brought to Versailles for our lunch?

Rather than make a speech (this was a season of speeches, even at lunch parties), I turned back to Erika. "Do you ever see Marietta?"

"I don't read much." Erika always had a tendency to answer not the question asked but a later one in the same suit.

"Neither do I." This is not quite true. I read a great deal of history, slowly, too many periodicals rapidly, and novels hardly at all. My attention span is not what it was since the thoughts of middle age are short short thoughts. One grows dreamy, reading, and the eye has a tendency to slip from the relentless line of text to the cool white of the margin, and there bathe indefinitely. Is this true of other writers? If so, they ought not to complain about lack of readers when they themselves would never dream of reading the sort of book they so industriously, perversely write. Out of desperation I have abandoned the usual form in order to deal directly with myself, accepting with a good deal of discomfort the current notion that the facts of a life are far more interesting than any work of imagination. Yet I find the process painful and the facts I must now invent most difficult to set down.

We are, I wrote in the film script of *Julian*, what we remember. But what is that? And who are we if memory fails? Or even, for that matter, as they say, serves?

Remembering Erika last summer in Versailles. The hair is not as dark as it was. Dyed? With most women one would say yes, but with Erika perhaps not.

"Marietta keeps on writing." Erika seemed sad at such incontinence. "I always thought she was bad for Eric. He was like some sort of . . . fancy man." Where that phrase came from I cannot think.

"You had no other children by Benson?" Dangerous ground. But again she smiled. The teeth were slightly dingy, single flaw in a perfect face, reminding me poignantly of Eric.

"He is at Georgetown University. He wants to go into the diplomatic service."

"He turned out well?"

"I have his picture." She opened her handbag and showed me a snapshot of our son. He was squinting into the sun and I could not tell if he looked like me or not.

Erika used every Christmas to send me the family card with its portrait of herself, Benson and the boy. I always thought this a bit pointed but was always more pleased than not to see the result of the night we had spent together, Bastille Day, 1948. Alas, I am touched at the thought of my flesh continuing even though I do not, for what slight consolation that is, and very slight it is in thoughtful mood since the race will one day—perhaps soon—end entirely and what then will it matter whose seed continued for a time and whose did not? Yet there he was: Eric Benson, a door prize for attendance, as Dawn Powell used to say.

Had Benson known?

"Well, he knew I was pregnant before we . . . knew each other well." As she put away the photograph I saw a rosary in her handbag made of cat's-eyes.

"Did you tell him who the father was?" The question I have wanted to ask for twenty years.

A pause as she took a glass of tomato juice from a waiter. I took a glass of champagne. "He was told, yes."

I was mysteriously disappointed. "And Eric, the boy, does he know?"

"Certainly not. He is Benson's now, in every way."

I revised the will I sometimes write in my head as opposed to the actual one in the safety-deposit box. "Then we would not have much to talk about." I canceled the phantom bequest to my only begotten son.

"No. I should think not."

Benson and Erika had been admirers of Richard Nixon as long ago as 1960. We had nothing in common, except the boy—and Eric. Where was he?

"In Hollywood making a film, all his own. About longhaired men with beards."

"You sound disapproving."

"Well, it is an odd sort of life."

"Worse than selling insurance in Paris?" I indicated her ducal husband with more disdain than I'd intended.

Briefly Erika's face turned blotchy, pink and white like chintz. Then anger passed and the non-color returned. "You two are Bohemians—I'm not." I loved her for that word which was almost extinct even in our youth. Yes, she had slipped back in time, a James heroine who had chosen to set up house in a Balzac novel called *La Duchesse de Bracagon*, except as luck would have it she was poor creature momentarily trapped in my novel and not happy.

She struck back. "You were really in love with Eric, weren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I was."

"And I was second best that night."

How brutal should teeth be? The old debate with Tennessee again. I have mellowed, I suppose. I said, "Not second best. Just something else."

"He was in love with you, I think."

I took this revelation as calmly as I could, anesthetized by four glasses of champagne and the June Versailles day. Would I have a vision right now on the terrace like those two English ladies who saw Marie Antoinette and her friends in the woods near the Petit Trianon? Would I see Eric as he was, with my young self beside him, and so much life enlived ahead of us, the two of us pale against the dark green boxwood hedge at the terrace end? But I saw nothing except our host gently caressing the bottom of the playboy's relle.

"There is no evidence," I said at last. "We played it cool and then we didn't play at all."

"I was so jealous of you."

"*I* never knew." That was truth.

"Of course not. Because you are insensitive. All you care about is your work and annoying people . . ."

"*Some* people." That was weak but but then one must always explain, always complain. That is the literary style of our time. "Why should you have been jealous of me?"

But the host was now driving the company toward the dining room and we were separated. I sat between a dressmaker and the girl who was born to play Myra Breckinridge.

One evening with Cocteau in the Palais Royal I met an elderly man who had been, Cocteau assured me, Proust's closest friend. I have long since forgotten the best friend's name but he did tell me that Proust had bought a brothel for an Algerian boy friend and both brothel and Algerian were still in business. On the back of a calling card he wrote the address of the Hôtel Saumon and the name Said.

I told Eric about this . . . Why? I suppose to get some sort of clue as to his own behavior, but a brisk, "Let's go," was all he said.

On a hot August afternoon we walked through empty streets to the Right Bank (those who have come since cannot realize what a pleasure cities were before the Great Crowding began making cities monsters with traffic and superfluous people).

The Hôtel Saumon was in a small arcade just off the square in front of the newspaper *l'Humanité*. It is still there but under different management, and put to less interesting use. That summer was to be the last for Europe's brothels. Communist moralists in France and Italy were already moving to shut down the greatest of human conveniences, filling the streets with girls and boys who spread venereal disease, cause traffic jams and to this day continue to overburden Europe's inadequate telephone system.

Though Eric and I had, separately, visited some of the more splendid Belle Epoque whorehouses, neither of us had ever been to a male brothel. We wondered what it would be like. He pictured something out of Aubrey Beardsley. I thought it would be like a locker room at the Y. To each his dream.

But the Hôtel Saumon was neither. Just to the right of the front door beaded curtains separated the dark hall from a small room where Said lay on a sagging divan. He was a powerfully built old man with a bald head which he hastily covered with a red fez as we entered. He gave us a lecherous smile. White slaver was written all over him. I had a vision of Eric in a Saudi Arabian harem being buggered by a sheik. I gave Said the card.

"How good of my old friend to remember me! Sit down. Sit down!"

There was no place to sit but on the divan. Said poured us mint tea which we drank, knowing that it was drugged and we would wake up somewhere back of outre mer. But to a Proustian the risk was worth it.

"*He* came here often?" I began.

"Monsieur Marcel? Ah, very often. Yes. He would sit where you are sitting. In the corner, his back to the wall, wearing a fur coat, even in summer, he was always cold, always sick, poor Monsieur Marcel."

But efforts to discover what Monsieur Marcel actually did were not directly rewarded. In his way, Said protected the memory of his old patron, telling us no more than that Proust liked to watch others in the act of love through a hole in the wall, a nice symbol since writers are essentially voyeurs, reporting what they have glimpsed out of the eye's corner or overheard at another table, reporting continually upon what others do. How perfectly Beerbohm captured the essence of the novelist when he caricatured Henry James, heavy, formidable, entirely anxious, on his knees outside a shut hotel door, studying two pairs of shoes, one male, one female, trying to reconstruct from such small evidence the two-backed beast within.

As Said talked, facing us on an ottoman, he fondled my right knee and Eric's left knee. "You want a room together?" he asked, not unnaturally. I think now, but I blushed then.

"No. No."

"Why not?" Eric grinned.

"And old Said could watch through Monsieur Marcel's special mirror." He pinched my knee very hard.

I became dignified. "No. We were simply curious to meet you, having heard so much about you from [I said the best friend's name] and then we thought we might, you know, enjoy the establishment."

"You would like a boy?" Said seemed surprised that two young Americans would want to pay.

"Well, yes. I think we would." I turned to Eric who looked less amused than before.

"Good!" Said was all business. "Now you want a boy or a man?" There were, apparently, all sorts of nuances in his profession. *Actif* or *passif* was also most important. To Eric's alarm I described what, I assured Said, was Eric's passion: something powerful, gorilla-like, hugely hung with what the French call a wounding prick. Eric was by now quite pale, particularly when Said, growing more and more excited at the prospect of serving such an attractive client, declared he had exactly what Eric wanted, an Arab mechanic just arrived from Oran. I put in an order for a boy, non-Arab. Singing loudly in a minor key, Said excused himself and thundered up the rickety stairs.

"That," said Eric, "was a shitty thing to do."

"But you don't have to do anything. Just pay him."

"It'll be embarrassing."

"Then why did you want to come?"

"Who wouldn't want to see a boy whorehouse that belonged to Proust." He looked me straight in the eyes. "Why don't we take a room together?"

I shall never know what the look meant, or the question for that matter. In the last twenty years I have put every possible construction on both. I suspect all in all, it was as they say now, a put-on. Anyway there is no use speculating. If an opportunity was missed, it was forever missed.

"You'll be happier with the mechanic from Oran." Young men never give one another an opening in that unremitting war for dominance. Though I have often thought that had he actually offered me one that afternoon at Said's, my life might have been (no, not really) changed.

Eric laughed, the invitation, if such it was, not renewed. "The only thing like that I ever liked was in school. He was on the baseball team, too."

"What happened?"

"Killed in the Marine Corps. I never saw him after we were sixteen, seventeen."

"If he'd lived, would you have taken up where you left off?"

"What would be the point? Erika liked him too."

"You act as a team?"

"Have you noticed that?"

"It's hard not to."

Eric played with the beads of the curtain, made them rattle. "I think we're attracted to the same people. We're twins, after all."

"Same thoughts? Premonitions? Dreams?"

"We often have exactly the same response to people."

"To me?" That took courage, but the divan on which Proust had so often sat made me reckless.

Eric did not entirely answer. "And people often respond to us in the same way. Think I'm Erika, Erika's me."

I grew cold in the stuffy room. Had she told him?

Yes, she had. He was most deliberate. "She's pregnant."

"Since when?" Not the splendid response one would have liked to make.

"She missed her first period two weeks ago, just after she got back."

"I see."

He was expressionless. I would not have expected him to be outraged but, on the other hand, what was a brother to do? And a twin at that with a penchant for the other's friends.

"What do you expect . . . ?" I started to stammer, something I have seldom done since I left my stepfather's house. He poor man had stammered badly and there were those who thought that I was imitating him deliberately when all I had done was respond in much the same way he had to a vengeance-ridden environment: scatter words, do not concentrate your fire, such are the diversive tactics of the unconscious mind when faced with the unsupportable. ". . . want me to do?" I got the sentence out.

"Nothing. What could you do?"

"Marry her."

"You don't want that."

"No. Does she?"

"No."

I was hurt. Is it not always better to reject than be rejected? The twins were winning not only the battle but the war.

Eric suddenly smiled in just the same way Erika had smiled at me the next morning when I woke up with a start to find myself in her bed and not my own. "She's going to marry old Benson. Luckily he doesn't mind being the father to your child."

"She works . . . rapidly" was all I could say.

"Well, she does have an interest in survival. She'll always do well."

Memory stops, reverts with new interest and pain: what would have happened if I had said yes at the Hôtel Saumon and we had taken a room together.

Said returned. "They are ready for you, *mes gosses*." He then explained that although he had alerted the pair he thought we would like, we were to be shown his entire stock of twelve men and four boys (Said had an Arab precision about these things not easy to grasp). Apparently none lived in the hotel, rather they wandered in from time to time particularly around five o'clock when businessmen would drop in on their way home from office to family.

Up the stairs we went to a room not much larger than the office downstairs. Here, drinking wine and playing cards were a number of Paris toughs of various ages and origins (one Negro, several Arabs). They looked at us with the normal hostility of any male pack faced with strange bucks.

Said introduced us. They stared; we stared. One powerfully built Arab with a creased face pointed at Eric and grinned at Said who nodded: the mechanic from Oran.

Then we stepped outside and I said I would like a blond youth who according to Said's strict category was a man although in America he would have been considered a boy since manhood does not begin for us until at least twenty-five.

The two joined us on the landing. Solemnly we shook hands. Then the blond and I were shown into a bedroom arranged in Arab style with a divan half-hidden by beaded curtains, ottomans, a brass water pipe and an inlaid ivory table (had Proust done the decorating?), all thick with a half century's dust.

Chuckling happily, Said shut the door as the grave young man filled a basin with water, set it on an ottoman, took off his clothes and without self-consciousness began to wash his haunches all the while telling me how he was an engineering student from Grenoble who had made the mistake of marrying before he finished his studies and what with prices the way they were in Paris he and his wife and child would have long since starved to death without Said's establishment.

I could not resist asking did the wife know? (How did a nice boy like you get in a business like this?) He was shocked. Of course not. Wives had quite enough to do without interfering in a man's private life.

Two weeks later I ran into him on the Quai Voltaire. He was pushing a baby carriage, his wife beside him. But since he now wore thick glasses I don't think he recognized me. In any case I didn't say hello, respecting his secret life. I did note that the wife looked as if she might be pregnant, in which case she had, unknowingly, condemned her husband to many grim afternoons at Said's.

When we had finished, I paid the young father from Grenoble the agreed-on sum (about five dollars for him, I think, and five for Said) and joined Eric downstairs. He was standing, somewhat pale, back to the wall of Said's office trying to keep Said from kissing him.

"What took you so long?" Eric leapt past Said and joined me at the door, causing the glass beads of the curtains to clatter shrilly.

"So beautiful," Said observed without apology. "He could make a fortune here."

"I bet you say that to every pretty . . . face," Eric almost said *fesse*, "that comes in here." Eric was now his usual cool self.

"So few come in here, wanting to pay that is. Now in the old days Monsieur Marcel's friends were often young and charming but not like this, so manly." We left, after many handshakes.

I have since wondered if there were a Madame Said, and young Saids. There is so much now that I would like to know about him but twenty years ago he was simply another gargoyle bursting from the Gothic edifice of my youth—to be looked at with the same degree of interest that one studied Marietta's rose window or the prophets Gide and Santayana to left and right of the west door.

Eric was indignant. "I thought that Algerian would kill me."

"Said?"

"The mechanic. When we got to the room I told him it's all a joke that this isn't really my sort of thing you know, the line, but then he grabs me by the neck—I think I've got bruises—and says 'I have a family. No work. I need money.' So I say 'I'm sorry to hear that things are going bad with you, copain, and I will pay the tariff whatever it is so don't get all upset.' Well, that soothed him and he flashed his gold and silver teeth at me—I felt like telling him if he was so broke he could always sell his mouth—and then I suggested we sit down and talk about Marcel Cerdan and Edith Piaf or baseball or something for a decent length of time and then go downstairs everybody satisfied. But no. He started in again. He wanted me, he said. He would make me happy. I said I didn't see how that was possible. He said he would try. It would be fun. I said from what I'd heard about Arabs that what would be fun for him would be a pain in the ass for me. He said he was gentle as a gazelle on a mountain peak or something. I understood about every third word. I said I was sure he was, but since he was a big strong man and I an innocent little shaver—at Dartmouth mutual masturbation was regarded as going all the way—I couldn't. This was a mistake. The thought that I was a virgin drove him wild. He jumped on me. I got away. We rolled around the floor. Then I yelled for help and Said came running in with, so help me, a whip in one hand. God knows what scene he thought he was going to join in, but before he could do anything, I said 'If you don't get this bastard off me I'm going to yell for the police.' That was the end of that. The mechanic joined the other kids in the bullpen and Said took me down to his room to try to find out what was wrong with me."

"A nice experience."

"No." We were now at the rue de Rivoli with its bullet-gouged arcade. "Do you really like that sort of thing?"

"It saves time." I was deliberately callous. "Each party to the transaction knows what's expected of him. One takes money, one takes pleasure. It's the most civilized of human institutions."

"Not for me."

"You do the same."

"I don't pay."

"You also don't give much, do you?"

Eric looked at me with puzzled dislike. "How would you know what I do?"

"We have Marietta in common. Remember?"

He remembered to smile. "Well, that's different. She exploits our—my youth at least. You were born middle-aged."

I took this as a compliment though it was not meant to be. "I chose not to be young." I began with the autobiographical intensity of the young person I was.

The young search not for love but for someone they can talk to about themselves or, best of all, to find that most marvelous of creatures who will, without fatigue or apparent boredom, analyze them by the hour. Henry Miller's life work (according to his books) is setting traps for this rare bird.

Of the disappointments of my own youth I recall not so much love affairs gone wrong as those moments of intimacy when at last the dominant theme of the duet was clearly myself when faint counterpoint vain youth and admirer were developing the splendid harmonies of my uniqueness and then, like a non-serial dissonance in a usual work, the music went sour and the other made reference not to me but to self. Such betrayals are impossible to forgive.

It is the genius of Marietta that, liking young men, she understands these egotism and so is able to hold in check her own and talk to them tirelessly about themselves. Thus was I trapped, thus was Eric ensorcelled, not to mention Guido, Derek and Benjamin, though now, I suspect, money plays a part. If so she has become that purest of artists, the analyst who pays the patient.

"You didn't think of Erika like that." Before us the empty Place de la Concorde wavered in August heat.

"Like what?" I had been thinking of how I had enlisted in the Army at seventeen, gone overseas at eighteen, written a novel at nineteen, become a civilian at twenty when I met Marietta. Prematurely aged, I looked with compassion upon my prep school contemporaries who were putting in time—even as we walked along the rue de Rivoli—at Harvard while I was in the world. I had told Eric and Erika this story many times, never failing to interest myself with each repetition and Erika had always listened gravely while Eric waited impatiently for me to pause so that he could discuss *his* escape from the Navy (he had gone A.W.O.L. the day after the war in Japan ended and only family influence had saved him from prison) and the conventional world of universities, jobs in Wall Street, and nice girls at the Maidstone Club in Easthampton. Only my passion for him (quite vanished, I decided, as we paused in the shade of the Hôtel Crillon) had made me put up with a self-absorption so clearly resembling my own.

"You didn't want to just please yourself and not her, did you?"

"Ask her."

"I will."

So we parted. I returned to the Left Bank and he went on to the Prince des Galles to see (I read now in the notebook) his Hollywood producer.

It is curious but my most vivid impression of Eric is at that moment of parting. I can see him now quite clearly. Blond hair tangled, face flushed in the heat, jacket slung over right shoulder, shirt damp with sweat between the shoulder blades.

That makes two pictures of him: on the floor with the camera at the hotel and turning from me to walk toward the Champs Elysées. They are like sections of film which do not vary with replaying. They are also all that I have left of him, for I no longer recall his tone of voice or anything else except that I remember once remembering having remembered—a thousand begats—back to the original moment which I could never begin to recall as it was, only as I thought of it last. We lose our past long before we lose ourselves.

Yet there are unexpected moments of recollection. In Rome whenever I turn down the street which goes past the Hotel Eden where I lived when I first came to Europe after the war, I can sometimes see myself coming up the street, a ghost not knowing he's being watched by me, by a stranger old enough to be his father, and yet the instant we pass one another and I see the same face I look at every day—but as it was then, unlined, pale, intense—time overlaps for an instant and I am he. I know what he is thinking, where he is going, and I can even quote—almost from memory—the lines he wrote that day. (*Search for the King* was the book and the first lines he wrote, after settling in Rome were "toward some further mystery time moved and the days, the moments of light and dark passed and he moved, like time, toward a mystery he could not name, a place beyond illusion, larger than the moment enlarged by death.") Then the present intrudes and what I was is gone and what I am is—going.

Contemplating that passage from *Search for the King* (I just copied it out of a depressing-looking paperback), I wonder what I meant by "mystery." It seems to me now that there is nothing mysterious at all about our lives. They start, flourish, stop. Naturally there are puzzles. I would like to know whether or not the universe is finite or infinite. I would like even better to be assured that the two words are meaningless. But excepting the sort of puzzle which makes our passage here interesting and gives incentive to our questing games, I see no mystery at the heart of things and take comfort from Wittgenstein's profoundly unpopular dictum, "Philosophy simply puts everything before us, and neither explains nor deduces anything. Since everything lies open to view there is nothing to explain. For what is hidden, for example, is of no interest to us." Substitute the word "novel" for "philosophy" and one begins to find a way of showing things, or perhaps simply of confronting things upon the page.

To show my relations with brother and sister is to "explain" everything. But the desire for mystery is deeply human and occurs at every level from those intellectuals who seize on Christ or Marx in order not to assume responsibility for their own works and days to the semiliterates I so often meet in my prowlings who have absolute proof that the whole thing is explained inside the Great Pyramid at Giza or that, more usually, there is this book somewhere they saw once or were told about that has all the answers and if only they could get their hands on it we'd *know* because like it's all in there.

Your monkey race, wanting so much never to die that life itself is constantly spoiled by a passion for mystery, for the descent into some secret cellar where all is finally explained, the price of this knowledge (and continuation) involving no more than a small sacrifice to the cellar god: the surrender of reason and the ritual letting of blood.

Curious that incest, which was such a major theme in the nineteenth century, figures hardly at all in our literature (I have resisted reading Nabokov's recent entertainment on the subject).

Somewhere I once wrote that this might have to do with housing. In earlier, less crowded times, brothers and sisters, parents and children were mysterious and remote to one another. Now, jammed together in small apartments with reverberant walls, they are not only unmysterious to each other but often downright repellent, fellow creatures of waste, laundry and irritable scenes.

Significantly, Eric and Erika were, first, twins and, second, brought up in a great house on Long Island where it was possible physically to maintain a distance which, finally, only the act of love could bridge. Here it is at last in the red notebook: Eric admits to having made love to his sister on the beach at Easthampton.

I am not surprised.

I find I want to keep writing this phrase over and over again, numbly, for though I am not surprised (the clues have been altogether too obvious in Eric's notebook), at some tribal level I am shocked, responding predictably to ancient taboo. I also find myself wanting to pass judgment and cannot determine why, for I have never had a jealous nature in sexual matters. I have always preferred many partners in various combinations and believed that the world would be considerably happier if others had freed themselves, as I have, of the tribal injunction that it is each man's fate to be paired for life with one woman in order to provide hewers of wood and tillers of soil. But though I do not grudge anyone his appetites or the variety of his experience, I find myself detesting Eric for revealing what I have from the beginning suspected.

Not all truths are liberating. Do I envy Eric for having found the perfect fulfillment of the self-lover, a feminine version of himself? I should like to think not. But twins fascinate me. Can there be loneliness of any kind with a replica of oneself at hand, the mirror's image made flesh? Yet, paradoxically, I have never been attracted to anyone who slightly resembled me. Taboo?

I look back over my description of that day at Versailles with Erika and find that my new knowledge of her changes everything. I try to rethink the scene.

Start again.

Skip the description of the garden, tiring to do and no one will read it. I used to enjoy describing landscapes but nowadays the reader's eye is no longer able to tackle too dense a paragraph, particularly if it is unadorned with proper names or dialogue. "It's my style that's difficult," Mailer said last year, fretting over the relatively small sales of his work. I disagreed, partly to tease him, for his prose is typically American in the sweaty earnestness with which it is launched at the reader. But he may be right, as if it matters. Simple dialogue in balloons is doubtless the answer.

Erika came toward me. We had not met in fifteen years. Neither smiled. Her face had softened but not aged—well, that's not accurate. The eyes had sunk into the pale face and the mouth turned down at the corners as though she smoked too much, which she does not.

"I've become a Roman Catholic." Yes, that was the opening line and my response was, "And I was going to say, hello, how are you?" So far so good. She pointed out her French husband. We talked of Benson. The actress who wanted to play Myra came and went. Then Eric.

I send out electrical impulses to the memory bank where all the scenes of a life are kept. Deliberately I do not look at my first version of the scene.

"How is Eric?"

"I don't see him. I wish he'd marry again."

Something new. I'd not heard the "again" when she first told me, disturbed no doubt by her odd conversational style with its swift declarative sentences and abrupt shifts. So he has been married at least once.

I make some joke about Catholicism, not acknowledged.

"Why don't you see Eric?"

"Different worlds." The answer comes much too fast. But I do not follow up, am not suspicious. "He's involved with people who wear beads, you know the kind."

"They must be good subjects to photograph."

"He is interested in spiritualism." All this is suddenly released from the memory bank like a forgotten deposit showing up on a quarterly statement.

"Marietta's influence?"

"He's gone beyond her. He is inhabited, he thinks, by other people."

"The dead?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since I divorced Benson."

"The ghosts drove you away?"

"Yes."

"But he sounds crazy."

"No."

I see a waiter drop a tray on the grass but nothing breaks. I eat half a hard-boiled quail's egg with caviar.

"You had no other children by Benson?" and so on.

Nothing new after that. Yet I now know that Eric was married at least once, and that Erika broke with him after her divorce from Benson. "I feel capable of doing something terrible," he wrote twenty years ago. As I recall Erika's stricken face in the green garden light, the glow of the cat's-eye rosary in her bag, I know that he finally did it.

Eric writes that he heard my grandfather speak in the Senate, thought him a "hick." Well, it is true Thomas Gore spoke with a Mississippi accent somewhat modified by the twang of Oklahoma (a state whose first Senator he was, coming to Washington in 1907 at the age of thirty-seven), but he was a superb orator, much in demand on the Chautauqua circuit where he earned his living and at political conventions where he made himself known to the country. His speech seconding the nomination of William Jennings Bryan at Denver in 1908 started what is said to have been the longest demonstration in convention history.

Afterward, as he and the candidate drove off together in a carriage, Bryan said, most solemnly, "You know, Senator, I owe my political success to just three things." "But," and my grandfather would delicately smile at this point, "for the life of me I can't recall what those three things were. I *do* remember wondering what gave him the notion he had been a political success."

In the first year of my life, I arrived at the Senator's house in a basket, and was put to bed in a bureau drawer. Of the various family houses this is the one I most often dream of, a large grey-stone house set in three acres of wood at the center of Rock Creek Park (it is now the Malaysian Embassy and appropriately altered).

A witty, melancholy man, large-eared, white-haired ("He even *looks* like a Senator," people would whisper when he passed), not fat but with a huge hard stomach. "There must be a watermelon in there," my grandmother would say, not at all displeased by his size, for they were Victorians and brought up on eleven-course dinners. "I remember how during the First War, the number of courses at the White House were cut to five." My grandmother was sad, loving food. "What was the nineteenth century like?" I once asked her. "Oh, we ate so well! And there was so much room."

My childhood was spent between the library of the house in Rock Creek Park and the Capitol, where I used to roam about in the cellars, committee rooms, even on the floor of the Senate where I sometimes sat in my grandfather's chair while he was in the cloakroom, conspiring against whoever happened to be the President.

"When the Republicans are in, I'm a Democrat. When the Democrats are in, I'm out of step," he used to say, without much satisfaction. He was a Puritan philosopher and found accommodating the "wrong" wicked. He was also a cheerful misogynist. "There is no sound more dreadful than a woman's laugh." He married his wife partly because her speaking voice was bearable. And misanthrope too: "If there was any race other than the human race, I'd go join it."

When I lived in his house, I used to join him each morning in the bathroom while he assembled himself for the day. A complicated ritual because not only did he have to put in upper and lower plates of teeth but one of his eyes was glass and I took exquisite and never-failing pleasure in handing it to him as the high moment of his toilette, the last part of the transformation from frowzy-haired old man who, toothless, spoke, as I once pointed out, "with too much static" to mellifluous statesman and elder of the Republic. Because alone in the family I liked to read, I was his favorite. "Never have children, only grandchildren," he would say, until I almost got married at seventeen, convincing him that his original misanthropy had been justified and the generations of man perfectly irredeemable.

Eric left Paris that summer without a word to me or anyone else. According to Madame Paternault he and the actress Doris Veerlog had left at dawn. "They leave as though they had not paid the bill," said Madame somewhat mystified, "but the room was being paid for by Madame Donegal so. . . ." She could not understand Eric's stealth, but I did. He had received a second wire from Marietta, to say that she would be returning sooner than expected, and so he fled, leaving behind the red notebook, and Marietta.

I have a memory of Marietta at about that time. We were sitting on metal chairs in the Tuileries gardens, watching children and toy boats in the round pond at the center. She was in mauve, with a scarlet belt—she is drawn to exotic colors the same way that in her prose she prefers the unusual word to the merely familiar, relying, I fear, more on her sensory memory of the word than on its actual, dull, dictionary meaning. Like Nabokov she sometimes has a wanton way with our difficult language and like him often booby-traps her own meaning with the carefully selected wrong word.

At Marietta's request, I told her everything I could about the actress Eric had fled with. She smoked a hashish cigarette as I talked, eyes turned without love upon the playing children.

"Of course," she said when I had run out of details, "I'm glad for him."

"Are you really?"

The talent for self-deception was as superb then as now. "He must find himself. I did what I could. I always do. I think you know that."

I let this slip by, another flower petal in the swift bright river of her life. "She's pleasant enough and marvelous looking." This was the sort of detail that invariably causes Marietta's broad forehead to fill with fine horizontal lines. "But she seems a bit of a nut, the wisdom of the East, that sort of thing."

"But I like that. After all, Eric has a psychic side to him. Now don't laugh. Simply because you repress that side of yourself doesn't mean it's not there."

"*What's* not there?" This is the sort of statement which makes my forehead wrinkle with irritation and bewilderment.

"The magic dimension. The true core. . . ."

"Please. Don't. . . ."

"But it is there."

"Even though it cannot be put into words?"

"Not easily. Why do you think I write so many books?"

I accepted the question as rhetorical and did not answer.

"Because I must give to others that sense of the numinous I have. And with each book I think—now at last it's clear but of course it never is, there is always so much more to say, to feel, to discover. The mysteries within mysteries."

I stopped listening, made designs with the pebbles at my feet, thought of Egypt's Valley of the Kings which I had seen for the first time that spring and there been overwhelmed by a sense of the past and the knowledge that there is no mystery at all about our estate despite the beautiful progression of the *Book of the Dead*, despite Marietta and her talk of it. We come and we go and the time between is all that we have. I am stoic, and can be nothing else.

At times I envy the conceit of Marietta—of Eric, too, perhaps—that they matter hugely in eternity as well as time and that there are marvels yet to be revealed involving, ah, eternally! continuation of personality after death. And I feel a villain whenever I say that there are plenty more where we came from, while the end of the whole race is now not only possible but probably at hand. Yet to say such things is to be thought cruel and certain to evoke the response of the wife in Gide's *Immoralist* when, at her urging, the husband tells her of his pederastic life and she cries, "How dare you tell me the truth!"

"I had thought you would get Eric when I left." She paid me back for my

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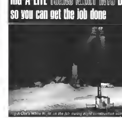

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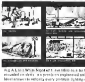

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praise of the actress's beauty.

"No. Erika was my consolation prize."

"By the way, he left a notebook in the room with a note to Madame Paternenit, asking her to mail it to his sister."

"Have you read what he wrote?"

"No." I suspect this was true. "It's a sort of journal." Then she acknowledged my indiscretion. "You and Erika?"

"Yes. She's being married—or is just married—to a man called Benson."

"Robert L., a lawyer, interested in books?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

Marietta nodded, the love-goddess smile hovering archaically upon her lips.

"Erika is pregnant."

Marietta looked at me sharply. "By you?"

"Yes." I could not resist the what? Boast, I suppose.

Marietta seemed not at all sure what her reaction ought to be. Needless to say when it came it was in perfect character. "I could never have a child," she began solemnly one of her most elaborate speeches which, on at least one occasion lasted an hour as she examined with total fascination the extraordinary fact of her physical barrenness which had, luckily, been compensated for not only by a fecund literary genius but by an ability to love *totally* and (though she would never admit to anything so practical) without fear of conception—particularly in the pre-Pill era when she was first born of the sea at San Diego, and invented love.

I recall nothing else of that day, or time. The pebbles at my feet which I had formed into a cairn. The mauve and scarlet of her clothes. The smell of hashish burning. The children at the round pond sailing paper ships. The pleasing thought that I would be father to a child come April, and the puzzled second thought: why should I care? The world was overcrowded even then, while today famine spreads, wars begin, we may yet be the end of us for nothing wise will now be done ("Oh, you Malthus!" smiles the intelligent father of four, as though the name Malthus, so long discredited, somehow reveals the problem as a slight one, easily solved by sea farming or the turning of petroleum into food).

Nevertheless, in adding to the population one Eric Benson I am atavistically pleased with myself for have I not continued in him—and unknown to him—not only that long line of Alpine warriors and priests (all right, most were apothecaries) but that splendid ferocious line of Anglo-Irish preachers and politicians (a Mississippi saying: "The Gores are brilliant folk, but they got no sense") who together created me as I have created him, crossing my bloodline with Erika's? And though I have helped to crowd this dying world I find myself stupidly pleased at the thought and follow his career as best I can, wondering what sort of person he is—and would we get on? I think so. After all my father was the only man I ever entirely liked, so perhaps Eric and I could have relived a similar relationship (forty-three years without a quarrel, though without much agreement: my father voted for Goldwater to my despair).

So ends that summer of twenty-one years ago. Eric vanished, with Doris. Marietta about to take up with Derek or Guido or Benjamin. I to return to the States, life devoted to achieving some balance between fortune vision and a talent still unformed. Erika to give birth the first week in April at Southampton to my son.

Just as the cannon on the Janiculum went off to celebrate the fact of noon, Marietta arrived wearing a vast Chinese coolie hat. At the door she said, significantly, "Well!"

Then, arranged in a chair with a full light upon her face and a glimpse of the dome of San Andrea della Valle through vines she again said "Well!"

"I've read it all."

"The screenplay?"

"Yes. Not possible."

"But you are doing *Julian* and Fellini has done the *Satyricon* and. . . ."

"Forget about it."

"You're not exactly helpful!" She looked at me with the hurt expression of a member of the Trinity confronting a nonbeliever.

"I'm sorry. Not that it isn't interesting. I think I understand Eric for the first time."

"Oh that." For a moment she had quite lost interest in her old love, her mind on the screenplay and its possible sale. Then she recalled herself. "Yes one does know him better now." Marietta was again love goddess, compassionate, forgiving, all-encompassing—nothing masculine alien to her.

"Did he marry Doris?"

"That actress? No. Did you know that she stole the manuscript of *The Kankered Rose*—just a carbon but even so—and years later had the nerve to ask me to autograph it?"

"Which you did."

"What else could I do? She is still devoted to my work and lives in Santa Monica doing little theatre work. She is quite ugly now." Marietta smiled reflexively. I recall my grandmother's maid who, catching her looking bleakly into a hand mirror said, "Time do blast us all." Except Marietta who has blasted time.

"But he did marry?"

Marietta nodded. "Twice. I met the second wife. She was just like his sister."

"We don't need to examine that."

"I saw her only once. Saw him only once after Paris. It was when I was speaking at a university near Monterey in northern California. When I finished—a wonderful audience, by the way, you should get out and meet the young more; they are *the* audience—"

"Except they can't read."

"You perhaps, but they love my work, at least the interesting ones do."

"I'm glad."

"Anyway there was Eric at the back of the room with, I thought at first, Erika. But it turned out to be the wife, a quiet girl perfectly pleasant. Anyway I went to their place for a drink and he told me that they were involved in all sorts of psychic research and that he planned to make a movie based on the idea of possession. Oh, I know how skeptical you are, how much you hate the idea of such things but there are strange forces in the world that cannot be explained. I have always had a sense of having lived before, of things repeating. . . ."

I stopped myself from saying that at her age everything was repetition. Instead: "If it gives people pleasure to believe they are inhabited by ghosts, I see no harm in it."

"Oh, but you do! You've always been so . . . censorious. Everything must be examined in the most unflattering light." She put up one long hand to shield her face from an endless ray of sunlight. I closed the shutter. "You refuse to acknowledge any magic in life, anything marvelous like love. . . ."

"I wish I was like you." The irony was not total.

"You would be happier."

"I'm sure of that. What ghost inhabits you at the present?"

"You see? There you go, reducing the marvelous to a joke."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make it sound as if you were some sort of hotel with ghosts checking in and out. . . ."

"It's not like that." She was growing irritated but I could not stop.

"I'm sure it's not. So tell me what it is like."

She looked at me suspiciously. I made my face a blank the way one does just before the television camera's light goes on.

"There is a sense of not being alone. Of holding within one's mind another personality. After all, what is art? What is invention but a release of ghosts upon the page? Our reflection of one another. . . ."

"'Each man bears the entire form of man's estate,'" I quoted Montaigne more accurately than usual, though I cannot think why since old books are no longer relevant in these swinging times. Before yesterday nothing.

"I believe, as Eric believed, that the vibrations set off by a life never stop, that the spirit of someone long dead can still inhabit a sympathetic mind. . . ."

"Well."

"I know what you think. Even so, I've always felt that you were really a sensitive like me. But with your passion for what you call the rational you've never opened up, never allowed another mind the opportunity of communicating."

"I shouldn't mind Voltaire paying me a visit, but with my luck I would probably get your friend D. H. Lawrence and he would stay on forever, nagging."

"You could do worse. But have you really never felt the presence of someone else in your mind?"

"Never. In fact I am not always certain that my own mind is at home."

"Don't joke. I'm serious, even if you're not."

"I do dream of dead friends."

"What do they say?"

"Nothing memorable. But it is curious that the one thing they have in common is not knowing they're dead. I always have to remind them. . . ."

"Naturally." She was sharp.

"Well, it gives us something to talk about. Usually they ignore it. . . ."

"Because they know they're eternal, even if you don't."

"Possibly. John Latouche was particularly angry when I asked him what he was doing up and around since he'd been buried a dozen years ago. He tried to explain, but then the sound went off. It was like a silent movie. He shook a fist at me, very odd. Oh, then." I was now in the spirit of the thing. "Last summer I saw Lord Byron at Pisa. I was looking for the palazzo where he lived and as I walked down a narrow street, parallel to the Lungarno, Byron and a friend came out of an alleyway. Byron was fat, and wore a tight brown jacket, and rather unusual flapping slippers, perhaps Turkish. He was talking intently to a thin, sallow man smaller than he. As I approached they vanished. Then I stepped into the alleyway from which they'd come and found myself—naturally—at the palazzo where he'd lived."

Not certain whether or not I was making fun of her, Marietta returned to the subject of Eric. "We got on very well that evening. He was more relaxed than in the old days. . . ."

"Did either of you mention the notebook?"

"No. I suspect he'd forgotten it and I'd not read it then. . . ."

"Really?"

"Well, I'd *looked* at it when I found it in the room but I never actually read it straight through until this spring when I was selling all my papers to the University of Texas, including your letters, by the way. . . ."

"I've *given* yours to the University of Wisconsin."

Marietta took this in usual stride. ". . . and found the notebook in an old suitcase that I'd forgotten about. Then when I heard he was dead, I decided to try to sell the screenplay. He did owe me quite a lot of money."

"I wish I could help you." We looked at one another.

Then I made my last and fatal move. "Now you know all about Erika and me."

She smiled, looked young; she can still suggest a girl when delighted; she was delighted now. "You know why Eric fell out with his sister?"

"Did he?"

"Oh, yes. He was responsible for Benson divorcing her. I saw Benson not long ago—we were friends, you know, years ago, before the war—and he told me everything. Apparently Eric was jealous of Benson, felt that he had lost Erika. Anyway he came to spend a weekend with them at Water Mill, such a pretty house—for sale now but I can't afford it—and the subject of the child came up. . . ."

"My contribution to the population explosion."

"Yes. Only the child isn't yours. It was Eric's. I suppose he was drunk. Or on some drug. Whatever, he told Benson everything. How he and Erika had been lovers for years, how the child was his—apparently she wore a diaphragm that night with you. Anyway by the time he'd finished the marriage was over. Benson was horrified and Erika tried to kill herself. Or so I've been told."

Marietta looked at me like fate. "Imagine waiting all those years and then suddenly, destroying a marriage, and two . . . three? lives."

Marietta's work was now complete. Whatever demon inhabits her presently (is it Eric himself?) can be regarded as a total success. I have now no son, and the line stops here.

Marietta was not quite finished. "I thought it very wicked of the two of them, making you believe you were the father all these years. But then, poor children, they were desperate. I mean they had to pick someone. I think Eric suffered for what he did."

"In what way?"

"There is a certain mystery about the way he died."

"He fell from a building, you said."

"He was photographing a riot, yes. And he fell . . . but it is also possible that he jumped."

"What makes you think so?"

"There was no film in the camera." Marietta got to her feet. She put the red notebook into her embroidered handbag. "I must go." At the door we kissed chastely like old lovers.

"Was there an autopsy? He might have been on drugs."

"Autopsy? Didn't I tell you? He fell into a *burning* house. There was no body, only some melted dental work. The widow promptly remarried someone rich from Pasadena. Good-bye."

So at the end fire. What else?

For the three of us and all the others, too, when time stops and the fiery beast falls upon itself to begin again as dust-filled wind, without memory or you. . . . #

THE MEMORY EXPERT

(Continued from page 154) were blind, and he gave me sight. Naming everything, calling off my inventory—the precise placement of the furniture, bare spots in the rugs, the iron warheads at either end of the worn round limbering bar in the exercise room, the patterns in the drapes, the number of holes in the speakers of the toy telephones that could be seen reflected in the mirrors at such and such an angle—I had it all for the first time. I hadn't known how much there was before.

By the time we finished our tour I had decided to help him. I could see he'd been telling the truth—both as to his gifts and his drawbacks. He was immensely clumsy—a stumbler, a toe stubber, a snagger of pants on nails, a lumbering blunderer condemned to a medium of the thick dark, a staggerer in hell, say, whose missteps and falls might have been some Dantean punishment—and immensely excited. His excitement fed his clumsiness. Those pathetic flourishes, his corny "Am I correct, Madam?" learned of some old friend in a tent show. But his *mind*—his mind was a gallery of the world, of everything he had ever seen. Stuffed—stuffed to bursting it must have been with all the odd lots of memory, a warehouse of surfaces. (No wonder he couldn't move. No wonder his bull-in-a-china-shop shops. Who *could* go direct lines through such a maze?)

I agreed to work with him, though for the sake of the girls it had to be after hours.

We used my studio and after great effort—he really was clumsy—I got him to the point where he didn't knock telephones from the desk tops where he sat down and could move from one point in a room without tripping and stand in place without falling. I didn't dare try him on the stairway of course, but he was, after two or three weeks, relatively adroit in the simple conquest of ordinary human space. We still had no idea how he would behave on a stage—the equipment in my studio was limited—so neither of us really knew whether he was making any practical progress. We devised a curtain, however—that is *I* did, Arnold was a long way off from doing any work with his hands—and rigged it on transverse rods attached to two poles which I then nailed to a couple of wooden chairs. The area in front of the curtain was Arnold's "stage."

Arnold would stand behind the curtain and I to its side keeping one foot on the chair rung so that the whole thing wouldn't fall down when I pulled the cord to open the curtain. I would introduce him, adopting what I took to be the styles of the various emcees who might introduce such an act as Arnold's.

Thus a late-night television show: "This next guest is one who'll give pause to any of us who've ever had to take out our Social Security card to look at before writing down the number. He's a memory expert who calls himself an eidetic—a man with a photographic mind. Let's bring him out and have him take some pictures. Ladies and gentlemen—Arnold Menchmen!" Or: "Mr. Sy Debon and the management of the Sands Hotel present—*The Great Arnold!*"

Sometimes Arnold would just be standing there—as in a tableau—when I drew the curtain. Other times he would run out from between the curtains in that snappy locomotive jog entertainers do, their heads down, their hands balled into fists at the level of their chests, the orchestra playing *Fine and Dandy*.

After a while we saw the limitations of our makeshift stage. (Though Arnold could have gone on right then if only there had been an audience in my studio. He knew every square inch of that room—at home as a blind man in his square yards of familiar darkness.) We knew we had to try him out in other environments. (For place—mere place—was the whole problem. Arnold wasn't stupid. Unlike other "mentalists" he enjoyed what he knew. The things he saw when he closed his eyes were wonderful for him, full of wonder I mean. And he was selective. It was never a business with him of the simple spongy absorption of Sears and Roebuck catalogs. Or pages from telephone directories, or timetables, or any of those things. —Though he knew those, too. Knew the entire Yellow Pages, knew the City and Town Indexes on the back of the Shell Oil Company road maps for every state. But encyclopedias, tracts on gardening, rock formations—these were his forte, what he enjoyed. The positions—listen—the positions of the stars he knew. But it is one thing to know a principle, another to apply it. Arnold knew dexterity, whole books of the dance he knew, he could have given you by heart the choreography of a hundred ballets—but he was not dexterous. So place was our problem, the *threat* of place.)

Then I thought of the local television station. Well, this was how Arnold first knew about me, wasn't it? I've already told you how I'd done some things for them with my girls. Whenever there was a telethon I volunteered my students to—what is it they say?—man the phones. (It was good experience for the girls, the school got some publicity, and charity gained.) I knew the station manager fairly well, and for favors rendered presumed to ask him to let Arnold and I—after hours of course, everything we did that year was after hours, everything we did required keys—use his station. Then, in the empty studio I would introduce Arnold. I wanted him to learn to step over the cables, you see, wanted him to get used to moving across a cluttered floor. There in the studio Arnold would thread his way between the cameras and light stands and step over coaxial lines thick as roots. And always I would rearrange these, Arnold not looking, so that when he came from behind the Japanese screen on the set of the *Happy Homemakers Show* where I made him wait before I announced him, it was into a new area that he stepped each time. At first it was as if he was walking in a minefield. He was that cautious, picking his way, high-stepping as a man in heavy weather who doesn't want to get his trouser cuffs wet. We made it into a game. If he brushed against anything he lost a point.

"No, Arnold," I'd call. "You're still too tense. Try to relax. If you *do* collide with something, personify it. Keep it from falling. Brace its shoulders lightly as a pickpocket. Smile at it." With practice he became more natural, but it was slow work. When he could finally get through an evening at the TV studio without a serious blunder, it was time to start all over somewhere else. We used the auditorium of a high school—the father of one of my girls is the principal there—and Arnold came down the steps from the stage into the audience and moved gingerly through a row of seats to wherever I happened to be sitting

(This was good practice for him. Fifty percent of these acts is audience participation.) Then one night I shouted up to him to pretend there were no steps and to negotiate the four-and-a-half foot space between the stage and the orchestra pit in some other way. It was awful. As if our weeks of practice had never happened. You'd think I had asked him to jump from an airplane. He had gotten down on his hands and knees and was backing tentatively toward the apron of the stage. He looked ridiculous. He pushed a foot out behind him and groped with it for the place where the stage ended. Then, when he found it, he stuck out the other foot and waved it about as if by moving it in this way he would finally locate some purchase in the air itself by which he might come down into the pit.

Another time he lay prostrate on the stage, belly down, arms straight out in front of him and hands joined, exactly like someone doing a belly flop. He couldn't move. I finally had to go down into the orchestra pit and take his legs and actually pull and lift him down from the stage. I felt like a fireman removing some scared house pet from a tree. When he was on the ground again he slumped down on the piano bench, his head in his hands, not saying anything.

"Arnold?"

"I never crawled," he said.

"What's that, Arnold?"

"I never crawled. My mother tells me I never crawled. Proper crawling is very important."

"Of course you crawled. All babies crawl."

"No. Odd as it may seem to parents for whom the clumsy crawling maneuvers of a toddler are rote and often comic, the act of crawling is a sine qua non of proper locomotor development. Studies have shown a close relationship between later athletic development and efficient crawling." Arnold was able to quote letter-perfect from one of his many sources.

"Then let's have you crawl," I said.

"I'd feel funny," he said. "You'd laugh. No, it's no good. I'm too clumsy. I'm just wasting your time, Miss Steep."

"You aren't wasting my time."

"No," he said, "it's no use."

"Are you going to give up now, Arnold? After we've made so much progress? Am I wrong about you? Are you a coward? Is that it? Maybe you haven't got the guts to be in show business. Maybe your guts are as clumsy as your feet. Because believe me, Arnold, there are going to be places where the stages aren't equipped with stairs and it'll be a longer way down into the orchestra pit than a lousy four and a half feet."

"I can't."

"These are bad times, Arnold. Everywhere our foreign relations are deteriorating. The Mid-East, the Far East, Europe. Our neighbors North and South. Wars are coming, Arnold. The U.S.O. is going to be bigger than ever. Do you think the theatres in a theater of operations are going to have stairways? You're going to have to make up your mind, Mr. Menchman."

"You'd laugh."

"Did I laugh when you used to fall out of chairs? *Did I?*"

"No."

"Or when you tripped over your shadow that time in the studio?"

"No."

"Well?"

"Teach me to crawl," he said.

So I did.

We crawled together across the stage all night. We played Follow the Leader on our hands and knees. *It was exactly what was missing in Arnold's locomotor development!*

Before we left that night Arnold had learned not only to crawl but to come down from the stage into the orchestra pit without using the stairs. He could have come down from any stage in the world into any orchestra pit in the world. It was our single most productive session. Now Arnold could move almost as well as the average man on the street, and in the next two weeks he made even greater progress. Inside a month we were able to make a stage of everything, anything. We drove into deserted parking lots at supermarkets and Arnold burst out of the closed door of my automobile nimble as a juggler. He climbed the hood and stepped onto the roof of the car. We went into parks and he appeared from behind trees. He scrambled up the pedestal of one of the statues and, holding onto the horse's leg, swayed out over the base of the statue, cocky as a ballet sailor in a dance. He was beautiful. I couldn't have taught him another thing about movement.

"I guess we won't be seeing each other much from now on," I told him one night when we got back to my studio.

"You've been a marvelous teacher."

"You've been an apt pupil."

"I'm very confident about my appearance. I owe you a lot."

"You worked hard."

"I still really haven't got much of an act, though."

"Oh well," I said, "your act. Your act is your mind."

"I guess so—but a person's act has to be structured. There has to be a patter. You know. Style is important, delivery is."

"You'll work it out."

"I don't know. I don't know so much about these things."

"I don't either."

"Oh you do, Miss Steep?"

"Yes?"

"If I gave you more money—could you—do you think—?"

"What?"

"Could you be my audience for a bit? Just for as long as it takes me to work out my routines?"

"I couldn't take money for watching you perform, Arnold."

"I'd be taking up your time."

"I'd love to watch you. But not for money. I've become very interested in your career," I said.

So that's what I did. We still used the makeshift curtain, but now—the way he moved—it could have been the handsomest setting in show business. He invented his routines right before my eyes. All I did was teach him some gestures, a few flourishes. Not very good ones, I'm afraid—just that kind of handling themselves that professionals do. You know what I mean—a hand clasping the forehead in concentration, or two fingers battering the right eyebrow, chin cupping, jowl pinching, scowls to make what he did look difficult. Later we discarded even these. He didn't need them. He was too good. His memory should seem to be what it was—a function as naturally available to him as touch. What was wanted was ease—the juggler's divided attentions, his camouflaged concentration. He should be centerless, detached, incorruptible, his miracle unaltered and unmoored, as absolute and grand as the naughty wish of a prince.

I had never seen anything so fine. He must have known this, though he still needed assurances.

"Will I be good, do you think?"

"Perfect."

"Do you really think so?"

"I have every confidence." (We laughed together at the word.)

"Still," he said, "I am a naturally clumsy man, Miss Steep. My smoothness is only a veneer. Just tonight, getting off the bus to come here, I tripped and almost fell."

"An accident."

"Yes, but suppose I do something like that when I'm onstage?"

"Onstage, Arnold, you'll be magnificent. You move like a dancer."

"On our stages. Bare floors, familiar terrains, tamed place."

"Anywhere. Everywhere."

"Do you think so?"

"Arnold, I should like to see one last performance."

"Oh?"

"A final dress rehearsal."

"But it's not here I'm worried about." He pointed behind him to the curtain I had rigged. "This—this is like singing in the bathtub."

"I don't mean here."

"You don't? Where?"

"The staircase."

"The winding staircase?"

"Yes."

"The whole act?"

"Yes."

"Tomorrow?"

"Tonight. Now."

"I—"

"Come," I said.

We went together into the high room where the staircase wound its wide barber's spiral to within perhaps six feet of the ceiling. Arnold, standing at the bottom and shading his eyes, leaned his head back and looked up at the top step. "Go up," I said. He looked at me for a moment and began to move up the stairs, at first holding onto the rail, then letting it go. "Ladies and gentlemen," I announced, "it is with great pleasure and pride that we now present one of the most amazing performers in the world. The man you are about to see is not an actor, for an actor, properly speaking, is one whose dramas are inflexible and fixed. There is nothing inflexible and fixed about the drama you will now witness. Nor do I now introduce a man who is merely adept in some unvarying physical routine which, though impossible for average muscles and ordinary limbs, is simply the product of repetitive exercise. Like the actor, however, and like the acrobat as well, he is about to face an extraordinary challenge—a challenge which each of us sitting here tonight faces daily. Ah, but we *fail*. This man will not. It is a challenge of getting and a challenge of having, of keeping and possessing—of reach and embrace itself. For he pits himself not as the stand-in actor against the poet's contrived pressures, nor as the proven tumbler against a previously conquered gravity, but as the one man in the world against—simply—*everything*. To have it all at once easier than Atlas bearing all the awful tonnage of impression—the juggler of the living world—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you—*the one and only Arnold Menchman!*"

He appeared on the top step, less than an inch between the ceiling and his head. He seemed colossal. He stood there for a moment. His hands—*his hands were in his pockets!* He looked down at me, directly into my eyes.

Then he closed his eyes, removed a band from his jacket pocket and put it across his eyelids in a gesture I thought we had agreed to abandon.

"There are thirty-seven steps in this staircase," he said softly, "one hundred eleven balusters. The stairs are covered by an Oriental-ish carpeting about four feet wide. Seven basic colors predominate. In the descending order of their quantitative representation they are: red, dark blue, light blue, rose, white, greyish green and black. The essential pattern of the carpet is not unlike a photograph of fjords say from a very high altitude. The red might be said to be the mountains themselves, the dark blue their water inlets. On the mountains, in varying colors, are flower shapes, faint approximations of bells, snowflakes, wings in extension, geometric forms not found in nature, even a sort of script. Pick a number from one to thirty-seven, from one to one hundred and eleven."

I didn't say anything because I didn't know that he meant me to. In the past we—he—often repeated something he pretended had been called up from the audience.

"A number from one to thirty-seven, please. From one to one hundred eleven. I'm waiting."

"Fourteen, Arnold."

"Fourteen, good. From one to one hundred and eleven. If you will, Madam."

"Eighty-three."

"Eighty-three, excellent. Fourteen would be the fourteenth stair, balusters forty, forty-one and forty-two. Eighty-three would be the eighty-third baluster, or the highest baluster on the twenty-seventh stair. Choose right or choose left, Madam."

"Left, Arnold."

"My left or yours?"

"Your left, Arnold."

"Thank you, Madam. By the fortieth baluster—my left—you will find a rose-tinted curvilinear intersected at three angles by wormlike tendrils of greyish green, the tendrils given a slight suggestion of depth by being outlined on their right sides in a thin black. By the forty-first baluster—my left—you will have a small white snowflake shape sketched within a just larger but less rigid version of itself done in light blue. The forty-second baluster on my left is a simple run of red interrupted by four narrow, thrusting fingers of dark blue. You will have to check this information for yourself, Madam, for you will of course have noticed that my eyes are shut."

"That's marvelous, Arnold. You've memorized the Oriental rug."

"The ratio of color-to-color relationships on the twenty-seventh stair, given in approximate percentages, is as follows: red, forty-five percent; dark blue, twenty percent; light blue, fifteen percent; *white*—which on this step is more heavily represented than rose, as it is on only five other steps, the eleventh, eighteenth, twenty-ninth, thirty-fourth and thirty-seventh—twelve percent; rose, six percent; greyish green, two percent, and only a trace of black. Am I correct, Madam?"

"Bravo, Arnold. Bravo. Bravo. The ninetieth baluster. My right."

"A light blue bell."

"The fifty-second. *Your* right."

"A breast. White. A rose nipple." He opened his eyes. "*Oh, Pepper*," he said.

He ducked his head shyly for a moment and then looked at me. Then he came down the stairs, his body sinking out of sight each time the stair way turned and then suddenly reappearing as it opened out, his gaze still locked in my own.

At the eighth step he spoke. "Oh, Pepper," he said again, reaching his hands out to me. "I'm so pleased." At the bottom step he took my hands and held them.

"You were grand, Arnold," I said. I didn't dare look at him.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. You were superb, immense."

"No, please. What?"

"Nothing, Arnold. I'm selfish."

"You, Pepper? Oh, no."

I tried to smile. "Well, you don't need me anymore, you know that, don't you? Your performance just now. Even the way you came down those stairs. You could have been Fred Astaire. You just graduated from the Charm School."

"Pepper, don't talk like this."

"No, really. Fred Astaire himself. You *don't* need me anymore."

"I wanted to be good for you."

"Well, you were. Very good."

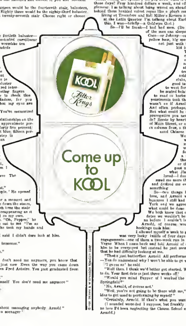
"Pepper?"

"What?"

"Will you be my manager?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about managing anybody, Arnold."

"Well, I don't either. I need a manager."



I didn't argue. I was honored that he asked me. It must be pretty clear by now that we were in love.

You have to understand something. Well, I had been a model. Do you understand what I'm talking about? A model—a *glamour girl*. You've seen our outlandish postures in the ads, our arrogance of shoulders and hips off plumb. You've seen us standing on the public monuments and barefoot on the sacred footstools and in spread gold capes on beds. Have you been as sad in jungles or had such bearing among the bearers? (Though my time was wartime and my jungle a studio.) You've seen our faces, the mouths we make, the pouts—like people photographed speaking French. Our eyes of queens and courtesans. (Though my time was wartime I am of a more compassionate vintage. *Still*—) What persuades has never been your innocence or virginity. Contempt and scorn, disdain and contumely and experience in the hat bag of tricks with the cosmetics and conditioners. (But in bed less than waitresses, less than office girls or schoolteachers, as virgins of a sort still, drivers of harder bargains than those others. And anyway there are just not that many big shots to go around.) Something between virginity's sealed lips and concupiscence's yawn.

Still—I was a glamour girl. And as beseeched and as besieged. (My time was wartime.) There were ultimately my colonels and my movie stars. (To the victors belong the spoiled.) Do you know what it cost to feed and liquor me in those days? Four hundred dollars a week, and often more. I'm talking about *glamour*. I'm talking about being waved on ahead of the people in nightclubs behind those braided velvet ropes like a plush corral. About the high end of living at Trocadero and Bill Miller's Riviera and "21." Nothing's a quarter at the Latin Quarter. I'm talking about Earl Carroll's. (I didn't tell you this. I was—briefly—a Goldwyn Girl.)

So—I'll be frank—I had bad men. (Do you know something? Most of the men one sleeps with are called Jimmy—or Coco—or Johnny—or Chuck, glamour boys with yellow hair, big spenders on a first-name basis not just with the maitre d', but with the kid in the parking lot as well.) The tall and the fit—good crawlers, every mother's son of them. But never an Arnold, not one, not once. Even at the end, at the time of his triumph on my staircase, Arnold might have played in nightclubs, but couldn't have gotten a good table in one. He was doomed to wait for his car in parking lots, to be seated behind the pillars in the theatre, to read in barbershops while men with appointments took the chair before him. (And it wasn't as if Arnold didn't mind. He minded. And often, perhaps, with murder in his heart. But what could he do? If you aren't born with prerogative you never have it. What could he do? Recite by heart all the signs on both sides of Main Street, or call off, down to the last item in column four, a thousand menus from a thousand Chinese restaurants?)

We won't talk now about me—what *I* felt—but of what I meant to Arnold. Imagine what it must have been like for him to have me—a model, a Goldwyn Girl! Never mind that he was served last again, or that I was already a decade past my prime. For Arnold I was what Jimmy had been for me. He loved—I don't mind saying this—and desired me more than any man had ever loved and desired me even when I was really still something.

So—*two* things had happened. We were in love, and Arnold was ready to go into show business. I still had one or two contacts in New York and we agreed that I go down and see what could be done about getting Arnold work. We both knew that once he started getting some dates we wouldn't be seeing each other as much as before. I couldn't leave the Charm School, and Arnold, of course, would have to go where his bookings took him.

I allowed myself a week to get him some engagements. I was very lucky. Inside of four days I had set him up for three engagements—one of them a two-week run in an important lounge in Las Vegas. When I came back and told Arnold of our good fortune I expected him to be overjoyed, but instead he just seemed very worried. I noticed that he had difficulty looking at me.

"That's just butterflies, Arnold. All performers have them. You'll be fine.—You do understand why I won't be able to go with you?"

"I guess so," he said.

"Well then, I think we'd better get started. We've got a lot of rehearsing to do. Your first date is just three weeks off."

"Would you mind, Pepper, if I worked the routines out on my own in Springfield?"

"No, Arnold, of course not."

"Well, you're not going to be there with me," he said. "Maybe it's a good idea to get used to performing by myself."

"Certainly, Arnold. If that's what you want."

(I sounded wounded, I suppose, but frankly I saw his point, and love or no love I'd been neglecting the Charm School since I started working with Arnold.)

His first booking was a club date at a convention in Atlantic City. At the last minute I decided to take time off and go down with him, but when I told him he said I would make him more nervous than he already was. He had to do this on his own, he said. I made him promise to call me just as soon as he got offstage and I sent him a good-luck telegram at the hotel where he was to appear. I knew he was supposed to go on at ten o'clock and when I still hadn't heard from him at midnight I called him.

"How did it go, sweetheart? Were you marvelous?"

"It was all right." He didn't sound as if it really was. He's probably tired, I thought. I asked him for details but he didn't seem to want to talk about it. (Indeed I could almost see him frowning into the phone—a funny little squint which I had seen often in the past few weeks, the sign, I took it, of his tension.)

When he returned to Springfield the next day it was once again me who called him.

"What's wrong, Arnold?"

"Nothing. Nothing is, Pepper."

"Well it doesn't sound that way. It's almost as if you've been trying to avoid me."

"I love you, Pepper."

"Well it doesn't sound that way. You had me worried there for a while. I thought that now that you've made it into the big time—"

"I haven't done that, Pepper."

"You will, darling. Do you know what I thought?"

"What?"

"That maybe—maybe you'd fallen onstage."

"No," he said, "that isn't true. I moved very well."

I didn't press him. What I really thought was what I'd started to tell Arnold—that he was just another bastard who uses people. (Why, he hadn't even paid me, I remembered. We'd fallen in love before that became a point.) But it was so absurd to think of Arnold in this light that I was ashamed of myself. I reminded him that his next performance was in two weeks. We saw each other in those next two weeks almost as much as we had when we were still working together. (Arnold still insisted on working on his act alone.) And although he was just as sweet as he had ever been, sometimes when he didn't think I was looking I would catch him frowning. Was it possible that having achieved his goal I was no longer attractive to him? I didn't ask, but I decided to wait until after Arnold's next engagement before making any additional dates for him.

There was no question about my being with him during that engagement. It was for a week at the Fox Theatre in St. Louis, one of the last motion-picture houses in America where they still did a variety show between features. This time I waited three days for him to call. Finally he did.

"How is it, Arnold? Are the audiences responsive?"

"They're very kind," he said.

"How do they like the part where you have the houselights turned up and you memorize the first fifteen rows of the audience? Did they go wild for that?"

"I don't do that part."

"Arnold, it's the most exciting thing in the act."

"I don't do that part," he said.

When he came back from St. Louis he was as gloomy as ever. Now he always wore that odd squinting frown of his even when he knew I was watching. It was very strange because in one way at least he had never looked so good. He had evidently bought a whole new wardrobe in St. Louis—everything in the latest fashion, the best taste. A couple of his suits looked as if he had had them made. Nor had he ever been so ardent, so clever a lover—though he continued to rehearse alone. Each day he seemed more despondent, however, and by the time he went to Vegas anyone could see that he was miserable.

I had to know what was going on, so without telling Arnold I flew out to Las Vegas on a different plane and dropped in to the lounge where he was performing. I took a table in the back, as far from the small stage as possible. He was introduced and the spotlight hit him and I gasped. He took my breath

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away—I had never seen him during an actual performance before—so beautiful was he. He seemed magnificent in the new tuxedo he had bought for the engagement. I was reassured at once. But then, when he began his act, it was all I could do to keep from fleeing from the room.

He was terrible! He moved splendidly, better than I had ever seen him—it was clear what he had been working on in Springfield—but when it came time to give them what he had memorized he seemed confused. He stammered and hesitated. He faltered. He stuttered and sputtered. One didn't know if his memory or his speech had given out. He did only a few of the routines we had worked out together, and those badly. For the rest he substituted halting recitations of poems he had memorized in his childhood, violating the first principle of acts like his—that they relied heavily on audience participation. And with his constant frown he seemed almost angry at the audience. It was awful. It was dull. It was so bad that the audience took a sort of pity on Arnold and were more patient and attentive than they might have been with an act two or three times better. When he was finished they very generously applauded.

I hadn't wanted him to know I was there. He would have guessed that I'd come to spy and not to surprise him. But he looked so miserable when he was through that I had to go up to him.

"Did you see it, Pepper?"

"Oh Arnold. I'm so sorry."

"I didn't want you to know," he said. "I'm so ashamed."

"That's silly," I said. "So you've got a little stage fright. We can lick that. Remember how frightened you were when you were clumsy? We worked on that and today you're one of the most graceful men in show business."

"But I don't have stage fright. I was cool as a cucumber up there."

"But, Arnold—the way you stammered—your confusion—"

"It wasn't stage fright. It's my damn eyes."

He told me that ever since he had become graceful his vision had begun to deteriorate. For two months, he said, he had been becoming increasingly farsighted. Each day what he could see moved a little farther off, and since he had an eidetic imagination and could remember only what he saw and most of what he saw was a blur, his photographic memory had inevitably been affected. Even the beloved poems from his childhood. When he closed his eyes the print was indistinct. That's why he squinted. He was trying to make things out.

"But surely you've been to an eye doctor," I said.

"Yes. It's severe astigmatism."

"Well then, he can prescribe glasses."

"He made a pair up for me. They're *thick*, Pepper. They're awful."

"Well so what about it?"

"If I wore them anybody could tell I'm farsighted. Since you taught me to move so well I just couldn't. They'd detract from my appearance. I'd only be clumsy Arnold again. I even tried contact lenses but they hurt my eyes and made them water. Onstage I looked like I was crying."

So he was vain. That was what had been underneath the clumsiness we'd rubbed off. I'd taught him to move and now he couldn't stand not to be graceful, glassesless Arnold.

I'll say this much. He didn't give up. He was determined to stay in show business. (That must have been part of his vanity too. Even in the beginning. I mean maybe the idea of show business didn't even have anything to do with his talent. Maybe his memory was just a lucky excuse he could use to justify being on a stage.) He decided to make a strength of his weakness. He was terribly farsighted by now. He had a plan to move his act outdoors and went into the desert around Las Vegas and started to memorize larger and larger things farther and farther off. He began with cactuses a hundred yards away and ended with mountain ranges twenty miles in the distance. It was impractical, of course. He couldn't get a good crowd to come with him into the desert, and even if he could, only someone as farsighted as himself could have appreciated Arnold's accomplishments.

We gave it every chance. While we were West we went to Arizona and Arnold committed to memory the entire south rim of the Grand Canyon, and every bend and twist of the Colorado River for two hundred miles. The Forest Ranger was very impressed and offered him a job. He might have taken it, but the Park Service wouldn't let him wear his tuxedo! It was all very absurd of course, but Arnold was as determined to work up his new act as he had been to learn how to move well. It was all he could think of. He had an idea that he needed to be in a dependable climate, one where it was always clear. He chose Palm Springs, and even asked me to come with him. I told him I couldn't. It broke my heart to have to leave him, but I had my career in Hartford—and frankly I couldn't see abandoning it in order to chase a will-o'-the-wisp.

I tried to talk him into coming back with me, but he was obsessed with his act. I tried to talk him into sacrificing a little of his appearance, but he was convinced he could still have both.

I saw him only once more. About a year after Las Vegas he sent me a wire to let me know that he was returning to Hartford, and to ask me to meet his plane. For old times' sake I did.

When he appeared in the doorway of the big jet he looked like a movie star. He was wearing one of those cream trench coats and a smart little cap. He had on enormous green sunglasses—though it was winter and already past nine o'clock in the evening—and carried a chic airline suitcase of olive green leather, one of those things with enormous zippered pockets bulging all over it. I knew somehow that his sunglasses were not prescription lenses. We went back to my studio.

"I've given up the idea for the act, Pepper," he said.

"Oh?"

"It was silly. I've enormous landmasses in my head, but it could never come to anything as an act."

"It was too ambitious, Arnold."

"Yeah. When I was still in California I took a plane up to Seattle. I've got the shoreline of practically the entire West Coast memorized—except for cloud cover and fogbanks."

"I see."

"There's no way to use it."

"You still won't wear glasses?"

"No."

"What happened to the things you used to know? What happened to the carpet on my staircase?"

"Gone. All gone, kid. I can't see it. The light that failed."

"Oh, Arnold."

"What the hell? Let's not be so gloomy. How do you like my shirt? I had about a dozen of them made up in Springs. In pastels, stripes. No breast pocket, did you notice? That's one of the latest wrinkles."

"Oh, Arnold."

"The shoes are reindeer suede. Handmade. The heels are meerschaum."

"What's the lettering on my card index file?"

He closed his eyes and opened them again.

"Can't make it out, Pep."

"Oh, Arnold."

"That's all over. I've given up the act. I've come back, sweetie. We're together again."

"No, Arnold. We're not. I met your plane for auld lang syne, but it's over between us. You'd better leave now. My friend can be terribly jealous."

"Oh, Pepper."

"Please, Arnold. Please go. I'd prefer there be no scene."

Arnold left. At the door he turned once and shrugged. He tipped his funny little hat forward on his head and shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his raincoat. He was the elegant lonely man—like Frank Sinatra on an album cover.

There wasn't anyone else, of course. —There isn't anyone else. And all Arnold had meant to do in the doorway was make me love him. He thought I would love him if he was handsome and graceful, but I'd loved him for what was in his mind, for what he could remember. He was a peacock now, the world as much a blur to him as it is to the rest of us. ##

HERE SHE COMES, MISS NUDE AMERICA

(Continued from page 160) guard. When I announce I'm campaigning for governor or senator, it won't be as if Joe Blow from Roselawn, Indiana, is running for something. The press will already know me."

A week before the pageant, we made the ninety-minute drive from Chicago to Roselawn (population 150) for a "dress" rehearsal. The town's few frame houses and privies sit along dirt lanes just off a back road that cuts through cornfields and Christmas-tree farms. The place seemed deserted except for a farmer driving along in a pickup truck, his fat wife riding on the tailgate. However, stopping for directions at Villanova's gift shop-delicatessen, one of Roselawn's three stores, we discovered a hotbed of opposition to Drost and his enterprise.

"Havin' him here is keepin' out industry," a woman in a faded housedress and sneakers declared indignantly. "People say 'Why, this place is another Phenix City,' and they just keep on a-goin'." An old man in a cowboy hat and house slippers glowered his agreement.

"That nudist camp is just a front," he said confidentially. "I have it on pretty good authority that what he's *really* gonna do out there is make television commercials."

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We found Naked City's entrance gate half a mile down the blacktop from the Roselawn grain elevator. It is a towering, gilded plywood profile of a nude woman, nipple erect, with one skinny leg extended as a barrier at a right angle over the road. When a celluloid membership card is inserted into a nearby box, the lady lifts her leg. Just beyond, a sign reads CAUTION: ADULTS AT PLAY. The inevitable volleyball game was in progress down the winding road.

We located Drost, a thin narrow-eyed man in a wilted white shirt, ready-made bow tie, black pants and fixed smile, sitting in a power-driven wheelchair in his office-home, the nerve center of the camp. He was on the phone trying to track down Gina Lollobrigida; if he could persuade her to come to Naked City to help judge the pageant, he had something special in mind to do with her breasts. "Any actresses we get to come out, instead of taking their hand prints like at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, I'll have them make their *breast* prints in cement," he explained. "I think that would be very interesting. Of course, it'll make the sidewalk bumpy, but . . ." He shrugged.

Handing the phone to his secretary, a real redhead, he insisted we accompany him on a tour of the building, a round, one-story structure with walls of gold reflective glass and few interior partitions. Office, garage and living room are an unbroken semicircle. Drost called attention to his black Lincoln Continental limousine as we passed. "This was Dean Rusk's car when he was in Washington," he said. "Of course, I've added a few things that Rusk didn't have." The car's interior had been re-upholstered in zebra-striped imitation plush, and from its hood jutted a miniature golden girl. The bumpers were plastered with stickers reading TAKE IT ALL OFF at Naked City. Directly above the car, Drost explained, was a water spigot "so you can wash the car and take a shower at the same time."

He led us on to his parents' bath, a doorless cubicle with a psychedelic light fixture and walls of Day-Glo red. "You can never be constipated in a room like this," he said proudly.

Drost insists that the house be referred to as "the Mansion." It's one of the "amazing parallels" he sees between himself and Hugh Hefner of *Playboy* magazine. "In both cases, among other things," he told us, "our first initials are the same as our last, we both were born in April and we both have been married and divorced."

At last Drost said, "Come on, let's go see how my girls are doing," and led us through a triangular hole in a gilded wall into his bedroom.

An "official Naked City photographer" was snapping pictures while nine naked ladies filled out questionnaires which, Drost informed us, *Life* magazine wanted "exclusive." The room was dominated by an enormous round bed, an unenclosed toilet, two gilded female torsos that supported a sink and book shelves stacked with hundreds of back issues of *Naked Quarterly*, *Teenage Nudist*, *Metropolitan Jaybird* and other nudist journals. ("My smut collection," Drost called it.) Virtually every flat surface was covered with tiger-striped imitation plush, and floor-to-ceiling drapes were of the same material. A bedside telephone was transparent because, Drost explained, "we believe in nudity in everything." Around the room stood an array of the girls' boyfriends, husbands and children, also bare but for an occasional pair of shoes and socks. A fat teen-age boy, naked except for a skimpy sweat shirt, bounced energetically on a trampoline just beyond the windowed wall. The temperature and body odor made the room almost unbearable.

"Maybe next year we'll have our air conditioning," Drost apologized. "We tried keeping the garage doors open but the mosquitoes were so bad it took three days to get rid of them."

Drost introduced us to a contestant named Eve, a petite twenty-eight-year-old bottle-blonde who delivered the day's opening pitch for nudism: "We're not born with clothes on. I mean your girdle rides up and your bra pinches you here, and it's not good."

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

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RICK GRIGG

HOME: La Jolla, California.

AGE: 32.

PROFESSION: Marine Ecologist.

HOBBIES: Surfing champion, scuba diving, photography, writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Famine—1975."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph.D. thesis on the population dynamics of marine organisms.

QUOTE: "People don't think you can pollute oceans because they're so big. Well, the sky was big too. Oceans will be used more and more for food and I want to make sure they're used carefully. They're the last unspoiled resource we have."

PROFILE: Committed. Impatient. A realist, determined to apply his knowledge to today's problems.

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Eve, an ex-Sunday school teacher from Addison, a suburb of Chicago, had first proposed joining a nudist colony several years back she told us, but her husband, an airline pilot, "held back because he was afraid he'd become excited." He had finally agreed to try Naked City only after she "convinced him there probably wouldn't be enough there to excite him." She pointed out her spouse, who was standing with the other men. He appeared properly detumescent.

He had been amenable to her competing in the pageant, Eve said, and "our friends think it's a *great* idea!" "The thrill of winning" would be enough reward for entering, she said, but she also predicted, "When I'm sixty-five and my grandchildren say 'You were never wild, you were always a prude and never did anything,' I can show 'em this!"

The other girls, who ran the gamut in body types, voiced a variety of hopes in seeking the Miss Nude crown. A saggy-breasted young housewife hoped her participation would spark a career as a nude model. A flat-chested Y.M.C.A. water instructor had signed up because "after having three children I figured I might as well do something." (Her husband said he thought the contest idea was "nice.") A tanned-all-over red-haired college student named Annamaria explained that her landlord had entered her name as a joke, not realizing that her parents were longtime nudists and that she considered Naked City "terrific." "I would be embarrassed only if I wasn't good enough to win," Annamaria said.

Risking the wrath of *Life*, we flipped through the personal questionnaires. In addition to vital statistics the girls had been asked to name their favorites in cities, colors, hobbies, music and movie stars, their pet peeves and ambitions, "who you would most likely wish to be alone with on a desert island and why," their most embarrassing moment, and their "greatest thrill so far." Paul Newman scored high in the category of the man they'd like to be alone with on a desert island. Several declared "entering this contest" to be their greatest thrill. One girl's most embarrassing moment occurred when "I fell on my wedding cake." After listing her *weight* as five feet three, Annamaria had left most of the rest of the questionnaire blank.

Drost announced that the time had come and, Pied Piper-like, he led the girls outside through the Mansion's front door to a semicircular sunbaked patio for rehearsal. There a problem arose.

Most of the contestants on hand hailed from Indiana or Illinois; there was one fresh-faced Michigan teen-ager. So states had to be selected for the girls to represent. Drost asked if anyone had past ties to other locales.

"My mother was in Texas once," volunteered Valerie (Pet Peeve: "Water in my ears"), a homely frizzle-haired brunette wearing love beads and a frown. She became Miss Texas. Assignments to other girls were made by similar standards.

A hairy, barrel-chested man stripped to sneakers and white socks walked onto the patio. Drost introduced him as Glen Burlingame, "the third American male to swim the English Channel." He was to be the protective emcee, and he took charge while Drost went off to arrange for appropriate taped music.

Around the patio a small crowd began to form. Several grinning old men took places under the trees. Younger men attired in black socks and displaying tattoos of naked women plonked down in deck chairs with their knees spread wide. A covey of middle-aged nude women stood by, scratching and slapping at their flanks, and in the front row nine little girls watched worshipfully as the contestants milled onstage.

"Now the first girl will help the rest," Burlingame shouted, his voice strained. "She's going to have to be bright so she can remember her routine. The rest of you can just follow her." The girls tittered nervously.

Slowly and carefully he read the instructions from note cards. One at a time the girls were to exit from the Mansion and walk to a gilded pedestal on the patio where a "living statue," a prepubescent girl, would hand over a hard hat emblazoned

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with the name 'Naked City' and the girl's state.

"A hard hat?" muttered Valerie. "Do they expect people to throw rocks?"

At the pedestal, Burlingame continued unrattled, the girl on parade would adjust her hat in the Mansion's reflective glass, pick up her state's flag from among the standards stuck in the sand around the patio, and circle in front of the judges' booth. Back at the door she was to adjust the hat again and hand it to another "living statue" (the one a naked little boy) before disappearing inside to signal the next contender. Drost had allotted seventy-five seconds for each girl's performance.

By now the girls were buzzing. "I know this is very complicated," Burlingame added, "but don't worry. I'll read it back to you until you get it."

To the blare of the Benson & Hedges theme song, the girls practiced the routine for the next thirty minutes. Frequently, they stopped and looked around confused. No one completed the circuit without botching and no one took more than thirty seconds in the effort. Finally Burlingame called it quits. "Think about it in your mind during the week," he said and strode away.

Then the girls decided gold shoes were unstylish and held out for bare feet or white shoes. A male staffer suggested "high heels, black nylons and garter belts"; he was ignored.

After a show of hands proved no decisive, Drost mediated. "It will be an individual decision," was his considered decree. "You want to win, so wear what you think you have the best chance in."

"And you can be careless with your hairdos," Burlingame cracked as the girls scattered. "They won't count a lot."

Drost, whose secretary had just reported failure to reach Miss Lollobrigida, watched the line of quivering bottoms disappear into his bedroom. "Some who promised they'd come have chickened out," he said. "I guess with all the news people who'll be here they're afraid of too much exposure. But," he added with a grin, "things will pick up next week."

Pageant day dawned blisteringly hot. From early morning Naked City hummed with activity. Members of the press and television poured in. It was probably the largest gathering of newsmen on any Midwestern story since the Democratic Convention in Chicago. Almost all carried cameras. The Naked City airstrip was roped off as a parking lot, with attendants to direct the endless stream of inflowing traffic. Small planes circled low. Cars full of uniformed Indiana state troopers and sheriff's deputies kept cruising through the grounds and the "orchestra" serenaded at the swimming pool, nude after all.

The staff of the Adam & Eve had provided an extra supply of what the menu called "Bacon, Let Us and Tomato Sandwiches" and "Pap ... Sorry, mom, not available." Drost's plans for Bess Myerson meat loaf apparently had been forgotten, but the Naked City faithfuls who gathered in the restaurant for early coffee didn't seem to mind. Two toothless old women, their naked paunches butted against a table, were discussing the canning of raspberries as they gummed cheeseburgers. A middle-aged man in Bermuda shorts was helping his wife take off her bra. "That feels better, don't it?" he asked as she wiggled free. He turned to a man at another table. "You can put a bra over a chair or anywhere but on, I say. Usually when we come home on a hot night she's got her bra off before we even get in the house." He smiled at his wife. "What panties have you got on, dear, the strippers?"

By midmorning the contestants began to appear all nude. Annamaria, perhaps realizing that victory might go to the one who was remembered, had shaved her pubic hair into a heart shape. She

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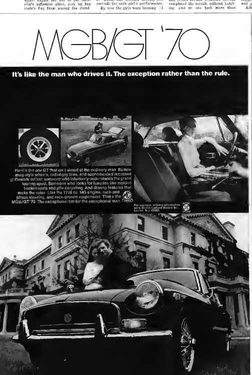
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stood outside, talking with another girl who exclaimed, "I'm so excited, all week I've had diarrhea!"

Among the first "world famous representatives of the arts" to arrive was *Playboy* flack Benny Dunn. The broad shouldered chief judge was dressed in black-and white-striped blazer, black slacks, open-throated scarlet shirt and matching hankie. As he climbed out of a big black limousine, he caught sight of another judge a midnight TV talker who was cavorting in front of a film crew in an old fashioned two-piece bathing suit. "I wouldn't have done that if I was him," Dunn said "I always want to dress as sedate as I possibly can."

"Is Hef here?" a reporter asked

"Nooooooooo, Gawd, no!' bellowed the world's greatest p r man "He would never come to a place like this!"

"Have you ever been here before?" Dunn was asked

"No," he said, looking around, "but I've talked to a lot of people who go to nudist camps. They take this very seriously. It's a way of life. One girl told me, 'I feel closer to God.'" He looked around again.

"What criteria will you use to judge the girls?" a reporter wanted to know.

"Just a pretty face," Dunn declared 'The body is not going to affect my judgment."

"Would you object to your daughter entering a contest like this?' someone asked

Dunn looked the questioner square in the eye "I see nothing wrong with this If it was a den of iniquity or if she was drinking pot, that would be something else"

One by one the judges gathered outside the Drost Mansion In addition to Dunn and the TV host, there were two Cincinnati disc jockeys, an editor of *Football News* a Chicago columnist who said he had come along with Dunn "for laughs" and a local township justice of the peace "The J P is here," Drost quipped with a smile and chuckle to an endless succession of interviewers "in case I decide to marry one of the contestants immediately after the pageant."

The judges remained dressed. Not so all the reporters. "We don't require you to disrobe, but we do urge it," Drost told them, himself fully clothed One who gave in to the urge was a rotund reporter from the Sydney *Herald*, who taped a tiny Australian flag to his freckled shoulder

Those who remained dressed seemed uninhibited by their apparel Reporters went at interviewing the girls with a vengeance

"They say that in a nudist camp you're supposed to look everyone in the eye and not at their privates' one newsman said to naked Eve the ex-Sunday school teacher "Do you agree with that?'

"Well " she replied "I think anybody if they're normal, is going to look further south If they don't, something's wrong'

Cameramen crawled on the grass, hung from trees and walked across the tops of cars One lensman, posing a contestant spread-eagled against a tree called out "Do I have the right f stop?" A radio reporter colleague, who had neglected to bring his tape recorder but was busily photographing another girl retreating down the road answered, 'What's an f stop?'"

Drost's blue ribbons had arrived in time, but he had suddenly realized it would be impossible to pin them on the girls Therefore contestants were indistinguishable from other camp females, and all were photographed indiscriminately and incessantly as they walked stood sat, sun bathed, swam, talked showered ate, stooped fixed their hair, ran, jumped and leaned over

"This is blowing my mind!" squealed a pudgy young newsman in mod clothes who kept frantically phoning in "scoops" to his radio station in Chicago. An aging news hen from Kankakee, Illinois spluttered "You'll never cou

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vert me, never," to every nudist she encountered. A young TV reporter cornered Annamaria and began an interview determinedly keeping his eyes fixed on hers. As the camera whirred she snuggled close, undid one of his shirt buttons and slipped her hand inside. His eyes widened, he grinned and clamped a hand on her rump.

Earlier in the day, Annamaria had stiffly refused interviews with any reporters wearing clothes but as time wore on and the frenzy increased she had found it necessary to compromise her principles for a fair share of the attention. As Drost had predicted, things had picked up considerably since the week before. Some heavy artillery had rolled in for the Big Day and much of it was gathered amid the ever changing sea of reporters and photographers in Drost's bedroom.

A 36-26-36 twenty-seven-year-old strawberry blonde dental assistant named Ellen (Favorite music: "All") sat naked among piles of lingerie on Drost's tiger striped bed chatting about the joys of her home camp, the Yucca Naturist Club near Albuquerque, New Mexico. "It's a wholesome atmosphere, no voyeurs or sex criminals. You don't find our children in the corner playing doctor. We allow no sexually arousing actions." She smiled and stretched for a photographer. "Nudists are really quite prudish."

Yucca's board of directors had selected her as their beauty queen "by looking around," Ellen told us, and had given her flowers and a big send-off at the Albuquerque airport. She recounted how proud she'd been wearing her "Miss Nude New Mexico" streamer on the plane. It had even helped her meet a famous country western singer who had held her hand through choppy air and promised to send his own plane for her the next weekend. Her new title also had garnered her a TV interview in Albuquerque, and she hoped this would lead to a career as an on-camera model."

"I've already posed for a calendar," she said. She dug into a satchel and brought forth a handful of glossy photos of herself nude, in various "girlie" poses against a split-log fence. "The guy who took these isn't even a photographer and he said I was a terrific model." She pointed to one of the shots. "He likes the butt on this one."

Drost wheeled up from out of the mob and promised that if Ellen stayed after the contest for a few days "We could take pictures right here in the bedroom and add at least seventy to your album."

Ellen sighed her appreciation. "I'm missing so many pictures," she pouted. "My mother keeps giving them away. Anyone who comes along she says 'Hey look at these' and—poof—they're gone."

Just then a statuesque redhead clad in a scoop neck sundress and flanked by a pugilistic looking husband and five children, painted her 40-24-38 superstructure into the room. Drost's attention shifted abruptly. Ellen shot her a steely glare and announced that she was going off to take some hormone pills ("I just had a hysterectomy—see the scar?") and figure out where to attach her blue identification ribbon. ("Maybe I could hang this thing on my nipple!")

Drost handed the new arrival a questionnaire. She stared at its

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mimeographed mysteries, shifted around in a little dance of frustration, then shook her head full of pink rollers and finally handed the paper to her husband. He slowly read each question aloud and filled in her answers.

"'First name?'"

"Betty."

"'Age?'"

"Thirty."

"'Ambition?'"

Betty giggled and kicked her leg up behind her. "Put down that I want to be a good mommy."

"'Greatest thrill so far?'"

Their eyes met and she dissolved in giggles, falling against him for support.

"'Favorite pastime?'"

She snickered and shifted from foot to foot. "Well," he chuckled, "I guess that goes along with your greatest thrill."

When they reached the desert-island question, she teheed again, snatched the blank away and declared that she'd fill *that* in herself. She wobbled across the room on her high heels. "Go help mommy with the spelling," he told the kids who ranged in age from seven to twelve.

Five minutes later they all filed back, having together composed: "My husband Jerry because he is a fabulous person and lover."

Jerry sent her off to undress and unroll her hair and when we asked about her occupation said that she was "a professional entertainer, one of the country's top six or eight exotic dancers." Currently she was "between engagements" in Appleton, Wisconsin, and Waterloo, Iowa.

Jerry, a steamfitter by trade, had thought up her stage name (Velvet Illoze), acted as her manager and occasionally joined her onstage. "We had a 'Beauty and the Beast' routine in Nebraska once," he recalled. "I dressed up in a gorilla suit and she was Jane. The theme was that when Tarzan's away Jane and the monkey would play. It's all good fun. Nothing vulgar." The kids go along on tour whenever possible, Jerry added. "It's a family thing."

Not being nudists, they found Naked City something of a new experience. But they figured it would be good for publicity—and the children. "Anything natural is great for them," Jerry explained earnestly. "All the books on psychology and psychiatry seem to say that the problems go back to sex. We believe in keeping the body as well as the mind clean and healthy."

A fat nude lady waddled into the room shouting, "Is anybody here from the nudist press?" We followed her outside to where a huge group of reporters clustered around an exquisite long-haired honey blonde, 38-24-34, with green eyes and what she described as a "spirited disposition." In a low, slow voice she was explaining that she was Dianne, twenty-two, a "happy housewife" who practiced nudism in Toronto. "My husband and I had taken our clothes off in private and enjoyed it, so two years ago we decided to join a nudist camp," she told the inquiring press.

They had driven down to Naked City intending just to watch the pageant, but Drost had enticed her at the last minute to enter as Miss Nevada because "I enjoy gambling." Her husband, a paper products salesman, filmed the scene for a home movie as she told newsmen she liked "reading medical books, mysteries and *McCall's* magazine," said her

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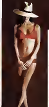
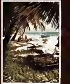


Guadeloupe has beaches that combine open stretches of white sand with the cool shade of giant palms.



Every fishing village has a beach where the day's catch is sorted, weighed and sold. This spot is Vauclin in Martinique, which may remind you of St. Tropez 20 years ago.

Every hotel has its own private beach. The public ones are equally beautiful. St. François in Guadeloupe is particularly lovely.

At the eastern tip of Guadeloupe, halfway between Capricorn and the Equator, the Caribbean meets the Atlantic. These castle-like rocks name the spot: Pointe des Châteaux.

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ambition was to be a real-estate agent, and remembered that her most embarrassing moment was when 'my bikini top fell off at the beach.'

Suddenly Benny Dunn cut through the herd and planted himself next to Dianne "Take my picture with her," he ordered, wrapping his arm around her bare waist. As we moved off, we could hear Dunn's voice saying something about feeling closer to God

By three o'clock, fourteen girls had committed themselves to uphold the honor of a given state and some four hundred spectators, reporters and photographers eagerly ringed the patio. Nudists of all shapes and sizes, including mothers who held their babies over their heads for a better view, crowded together on grass and gravel. Some cameramen had been out of film for hours, but others scrambled up into nearby trees for new angles and several male nudists took to the branches, too. As Drost flipped a switch that sent *The Star-Spangled Banner* blaring over the sound system and the judges solemnly walked to their gilded folding chairs in a pennant-festooned booth the crowd quieted

Clustered in the stifling heat behind the Mansion's glass door, the contestants fidgeted nervously. One, a fourteen-year-old resident of Naked City, begged her mother for last-minute advice on applying lipstick "Do I put it on my top lip?" she asked "I don't want to look icky"

Anne marie announced "I'm sweating"

Onstage, a man in clothes introduced himself as a former county building inspector, "now a friend of the camp," and asked for a welcoming hand for Glen Burlingame. Wearing a wan smile the emcee strode to the microphone. On his signal Drost began the Benson & Hedges theme song

Inside, Valerie shot a sour look at the bodies surrounding her "What's the music they're playing" she muttered, "*The Stripper*?"

The saggy-breasted housewife and would-be model, chewing gum, stepped onto the patio as Miss Indiana, and the pageant was underway. The click of shutters began anew

This time most of the girls managed the run-teen without error. Each emerged into the sun, squinted, donned the hard hat handed over by the living statue, and circled the patio. Except for modest applause, the nudist contingent in the audience was largely stoic. But the newsmen wolf whistled, yelled for more shots, lay at the girls' feet in search of new camera angles and when the shapeliest contenders appeared, clicked their shutters in a deafening frenzy.

Ellen managed to vary the choreography with several nude poses.

Betty tilted her hat rakishly and executed two delicate bumps while her children clapped wildly and yelled, "Good luck, Mom!"

Valerie scowled through the glass from inside the Mansion "This is nothing but a meat rack" she said in a growling voice

She was the last girl out. The click of cameras diminished noticeably. She grabbed her hat, slammed it on her head and loped around the patio.

"This was a bummer" she snapped as she barrelled back through the gold door, "a real bummer"

The judges disappeared inside to total their scores on an adding machine, and Drost, wearing a hard hat, rolled onstage leering at the girls as they bunched around him. "To continue what has begun here today" Burlingame announced, Drost was giving surprise gift memberships in Naked City to all contestants. The audience cheered. Ellen squealed and bent over to kiss his cheek. The girls lined up for a rear shot "This can be published on television" the emcee informed the crowd

A few minutes later, Chief Justice Dunn approached the microphone and reported that the judges had finished "one of the biggest jobs we ever had in our lives."

The first runner-up, the girl "responsible for taking over the duties of Miss Nude America if for any reason the winner should be unable to discharge them," was Miss Nude New Mexico, Ellen

Miss Nude America was the married Canadian, Dianne. Fighting back tears the "happy housewife" who hailed from Toronto smiled while Ellen kissed her. A naked three-year-old handed her a dozen gladiolus, and the reporters moved in again. One, seeking an exclusive on her views about civil rights, the American male and the Vietnam war, kept popping questions in rapid-fire French

Only one worry marred her joy, Dianne confessed. Her parents and in-laws disapproved of nudism she explained, and knew nothing of the young couple's leisure-time activities. She glanced at the photographers swarming ten-deep around her and hanging from tree limbs overhead "I guess it'll be kind of hard to keep it from them now"

The losers fled. Betty gathered clothes and children while we asked if she felt the contest had been fair "Well yeah gee I mean they're very slender-type girls" she said.

A hair stylist for men who was a sometime model and who had represented Illinois was being consoled by her female agent. "Let's face it," the agent said, "men see things differently"

Teen-age Miss Michigan wandered out of the Mansion forcing a smile "Oh I never expected to win" she said "It just seemed like a fun thing to do something out of the ordinary in my everyday activities"

"What do you do every day?" someone in the crowd asked her

"I'm an attendant in a state mental hospital," was her ready reply

Within an hour the crowd had thinned to a few reporters and photographers, the winners and members of the Naked City staff. Most of them were gathered in the bedroom where Ellen, ringed by cameramen, was wallowing on the tiger-spread bed and Dianne was pulling on black lace bikini pants in front of the windowed wall. Nearby stood the former building inspector with two grinning state troopers, and Drost sat at bedside fielding questions from a *Time* reporter

Handing a camera to one of the troopers, the ex-inspector climbed onto the bed beside Ellen. She nuzzled against him and the trooper snapped a Polaroid

"No" Drost was saying, smiling patiently at the reporter, "no, exhibitionism is not a part of nudism."

"My motives? That's easy!" His smile widened "I want to create, to enlighten people, to cure people of any wrongdoing they may have, to make a better world" ■

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REMEMBER BOMB SHELTERS?

(Continued from page [illegible]) circle fifty locals: doctors, nurses, machine gunner, veterinarian with cow, bull, chicken, rooster.

In Milwaukee, the installation of shelters created tensions in some neighborhoods where certain houses weren't going to get them, as contractors pretended to be television repairmen and delivered materials in unmarked trucks for secrecy. A Connecticut engineer designed a "poor man's shelter" that could be built for $30. Dairyman Gordon Roberts built a shelter for a hundred cows on his farm at Elk Horn, Iowa.

As for the problem of what to do with pets, writer Pat Frank had the advice: 'The quick and simple way is a .22-caliber bullet in the cortex of the brain.' Frank also suggested: "You certainly should lay in a supply of sunburn lotion. Even if the nearest explosion is miles away, it is likely that someone in your family will be burned or [illegible]." He warns of possible toothache, so be sure to store a pair of pliers.

Another sort of shelter would be boats moving slowly up and down the coastline; fifteen or more feet of water depth would protect from fallout, except for that dropping on deck—that would have to be washed off constantly with special pumps provided for the purpose. A Long Island boatyard planned to launch all stored boats in any emergency. A New York State expert foresaw a great number of barges loaded with people, moored in the canal system—but if the canal froze over, the fallout could not sink to the bottom, and you'd be in trouble. One improvised shelter that could be set up in a hurry was made of dresser drawers full of bricks, to be stacked on a table. 'Be careful not to overload the table to the point where it will collapse,' read the official instructions. In another, you dug a hole, pulled two doors off your house and lay them over the hole, piled the dirt on top and hopped down inside.

After the home-shelter craze, interest in public shelters also began to grow. Local Civil Defense officials had some special problems: how to get building owners to cooperate by lending their basements to the cause, who was to put up the 'Shelter' signs and how to make the arrows fit into the interior decor. One official, worried about responsibility for the storing of emergency rations and equipment, said, 'We will have to put them in vaults. And the next question will be who will have the keys to the vault, and that will be a big headache. When you get out into some sections where they will knock you on the head for a nickel, they won't hesitate to steal the supplies also.' A Federal Civil Defense Guide faced and solved all in one paragraph a problem that had arisen in Civil Defense training: 'The medical kit contains phenobarbital tablets. These are not considered necessary or desirable for training purposes and should therefore be disposed of in a safe manner. . . . It is recommended that the tablets be disposed of by flushing them down a sink or other drain in the presence of a witness. An affidavit should be prepared to be signed by both the person who disposed of the tablets, and by the witness. The original should be sent to the Office of Civil Defense regional director for retention in official records.' An emergency radio network called Conelrad was set up to transmit without revealing the location of transmitters, thus preventing radio targeting by an enemy; the system was soon scrapped when it seemed obvious that the Russians had already found out where New York is. Some towns installed outdoor loudspeakers. Salina, Kansas, for example, boasted that it could reach almost all of its 45,000 people through only thirteen units of a system called "Big Voice."

In 1961, when the Berlin crisis and Soviet nuclear testing exacerbated American fears, home shelters seemed

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to many righteous folk a faint hope for survival compared to the suicidal official policy of evacuation. Then, in 1962, President Kennedy proposed construction of separate public shelters. It was too late. Abruptly the national obsession with self-burial died away. Congress killed the Kennedy program, and Civil Defense was left to hunt for an odd spare basement in unfashionable parts of town, and to issue reports to itself. But Civil Defense could still learn, from its richer brothers at the Pentagon, the Monte Carlo Technique, as the rules of mathematical probability are known when playing Missile Angle Bangle or Blind Battalion's Buff. Stated simply, you take a number, any number, then add, subtract, divide, or multiply to, from, or by any given number of megatons. Before you know it, you're playing Permutations, and, all these eight years, that is what Civil Defense has been doing on a steadily reduced diet of money (from $257,230,000 in 1962 to $81,000,000 in 1969).

A cardinal rule of Permutations is to take nothing for granted. One Civil Defense gamester named David W. Johnston won't even assume that down is the right direction to dig until he looks it over carefully. "There are only three ways to go to avoid the explosion: up, sideways, and down. Up is obviously impractical, although some airborne persons might survive. Sideways (or evacuation) is good if there is time for it. The only remaining direction is down." From this modest start he works it out that for a twenty-megaton bomb your shelter ought to be about 800 feet deep; for a hundred megatons, make it 850 feet below the surface of the earth. Another employee, William M. Brown, who wrote a tremendous report on "Optimum" Blast Shelter Programs for Civil Defense, beautifully describes ways of using special shorthand in the game:

"It turns out that the results can generally be expressed in terms of a simple vulnerability criterion β, which represents the maximum number of fatalities expected from a 1-MT explosion. . . . For a program with a given β for any attack consisting of an array of megaton weapons [Wj] the number of blast fatalities among the sheltered is given by the equation: Fatalities =

$$\beta \sum_j W_j$$

Brown gives sample problems at the end: "Assume threat is 300 10-MT bombs. Assume maximum mortalities allowable: 40,000,000 or 133,000 per 10-MT bomb. . . ." In most of his brainteasers he gets nearly everybody into a shelter except those in Manhattan: "Either leave one quarter to fate or plan to relocate balance of a half million Manhattanites." The only way to stay in Permutations is to think up eleven new variables, such as this gem by Brown:

"If we had an acceptable trade-off between lives and property values as seen by us or the enemy (e.g., suppose he deemed one life equivalent to $20,000 of property), then our sheltering plan could be reoriented to reflect this trade-off. For some designs the population vulnerability might be made relatively smaller than β in areas where property damage is apt to be greater, thus leveling somewhat the combined value of the target to the enemy in terms of people plus property. This approach may only be partially satisfactory however because any hypothetical dollar value assigned to a person by us or the enemy's view has a basically large uncertainty. . . ."

One who quickly soured on Permutations was Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American*, who said: "A primary responsibility for this hoax on public opinion must be attributed to those authors of fraud by computer who produced the literature that argues the feasibility of thermonuclear war." But the smart Rand Corporation played a sort of Russian Permutations in a report on Soviet civil defense, inferring, from a foggy photograph of a mysterious closed door in a Moscow subway the existence of a vast underground shelter system. The Rand writer, Leon Gouré, reports that the Blackout Service operates from the electric power department and is always ready for "a successful blackout," even though the Russians realize that modern missiles don't need lights to find their targets. "The effect is apparently still considered worthwhile especially as it is cheap and simple," says Gouré, making the Russians seem terribly [illegible].

Back home, the earlier ostrich mentality of the public finally, by 1966, filtered down (or up, or sideways) to Top Permutations Headquarters. The North American Air Defense Command dug itself into a 9500-foot mountain near Colorado Springs, occupying eleven two- and three-story buildings sitting on 957 heavy springs, where 1200 technicians watch the world's horizons through radar eyes that span the earth from Greenland south in all directions, ready to send a bomb or missile to any foreign address. The elaborate communications circuits bring in an annual phone bill from the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company for $85,500,000. A Civil Defense center rents a room in here that is connected with 16,000 warning centers around the U.S. There is even a space-defense center here with a staff of seventy men who keep their eyes on all the satellites for any false moves, prepared to knock them out of the sky with Thor missiles. The personnel—there are sixty-six women among them—in the mountain could give the world another kind of choice in its type of descendants in case everybody else was killed in the final Permutation; we'd have either a race of traveling salesmen from the Denver motel or a race of troglodyte electronic-screen watchers from Colorado Springs.

Recently in Washington, Civil Defense officials have had to rely on a resolute cheerfulness in the face of decreasing funds and warnings of doomsayers that the megadeath balancing act is an unfunny joke. They produce such optimistic thoughts as the prediction that even if Country A (the fifty-three major U.S. cities) was totally destroyed, Country B (the rest of the U.S.) would not only be okay, but could easily rebuild Country A in ten years, if it wanted to. Meanwhile, "surviving wealth per capita could be greater than it is now," says an official. But there is reason to believe that Country B would leave well enough alone. The provinces never liked New York anyway, and there is no proof the yokels would build another one. Civil Defense people pass over the fact that Country B has most of the strategic airfields in it so that it would be as likely to be wiped out as Country A would be, and there is no use arguing with them about it, because they see the bright side as if their lives depended on it, and, anyway, as soon as you accept such ploys as the "Country A" and "Country B" that they've made up, you're playing Permutations, and it's their game, and it's fixed.

Civil Defense busies itself with ever-hopeful paper studies of blown-up power systems, water supplies, oil fields, sewage plants, and railroads and it plans airlifts (without planes) and "local assessments of conflagration potential of urban areas" (without fires). Its exhibit called "Maintaining Life in a Hostile Environment" concludes manfully that if man can survive on the ocean floor, in space, and on the moon, then by George he can make it on earth as well. Its tests of blast overpressure on walls "have been encouraging" and its movie *Once to Make Ready* won an honors award in the American Film Festival. By adding together the measurements of many public buildings, Civil Defense can

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eludes. It has 187,000,000 shelter spaces right here, not counting another 31,000,000 found in a home survey of twenty-six states. These last are just ordinary basements mostly, but a computer in Jeffersonville, Indiana, has been sending advice to surveyed homes on how to make shelters out of them. "Because no follow-up is planned to determine how much of the advice is actually followed," Civil Defense says, "the value of the survey is unknown." But already half of the public shelters have received emergency supplies, including fiber-drum portable toilets made for Civil Defense by workshops for the blind and medical kits "adequate to serve emergency needs generally of normal healthy persons." In case other types should turn up, Civil Defense is working on a non-addictive pain-killer.

Civil Defense is looking forward to hooking in with the Navy's Project Sanguine, a hundred-mile-long stretch of low frequency radio transmitters in Wisconsin, costing $1,500,000,000, that will be able to reach any point on earth, including submarines. It will tie in all U.S. strategic forces, and Civil Defense as well, and already in tests the system has kept all the local telephones ringing, charged wire fences, and screwed up railroad signals and television reception. The Navy has recently given $700,000 to the telephone company to help find a way to avoid this interference. But the juice won't be turned on until late in 1970, and there are people who think that in spite of all its programs, Civil Defense could never be much of a help in a nuclear attack. Walter Cronkite said last year, "If there are enough of us left after a nuclear war to carry on our government, one can safely forecast that the first order of business will be the goddamnedest investigation this nation has ever witnessed. Subject: What Ever Happened to Civil Defense?"

What happened is that the people have abandoned civil defense. A Massachusetts doctor says that people thought he was a fool when he built his shelter. "Now I guess I was," he says. The rusty cans of food and moldy biscuits have long ago been thrown out of most of them, and the shelters serve such various uses now as mushroom farms and teen-age dream areas (soundproof!). Rare exceptions are Douglass and Ruth Walker, who live in Safe City, a cave a hundred and fifty feet under the ground eighty miles from New York City. It all began when Walker started a business for storing duplicates of vital records for city firms, but he got to like it down there, and fixed it up, with orange-painted walls, false windows, and a winding staircase. "I wanted to get away from the usual idea people have about caves—that they're cold, dark, damp places," Walker says. He and his wife enter their apartment past an armed guard, through a seven-ton steel door. Inside, Walker keeps busy over a collection of stamps and guns while his wife arranges her ceramics pieces, and an old music box plays *Dream of Heaven*.

Also cold now is that once-raging moral question: Who is to be let into your shelter? Consider just briefly what happened at Hiroshima and you can see that the question was never complete anyway. A thirteen-year-old girl said, "My face was so distorted and changed that people couldn't tell who I was. After a while I could call others' names but they couldn't recognize me." In such a case how can you be sure it's really your daughter you're letting into your shelter? In a like manner many of the logical moves people are supposed to make according to instructions on paper in a bombing just aren't made. In *Hiroshima Diary* Dr. Michihiko Hachiya writes, "Those who were able walked silently toward the suburbs in the distant hills, their spirits broken, their initiative gone. When asked whence they had come, they pointed to the city and said, 'This way,' and when asked where they were going, pointed away from the city and said, 'That way.' They were so broken and confused that they moved and behaved like automatons."

Over the years official policy has had to shift around as its aims collapsed for lack of factual support. The evacuation idea gave way to shelter, the shelter hope was then downgraded to mean only fallout protection. Now, speaking of the shelter policy in his own state, a Rochester, New York, scientist, Dr. Everett M. Hafner, said, "It stopped talking about the radiation levels at two weeks. But it did give the interested citizen the opportunity to extrapolate if he could do calculus. To our horror we discovered that the official policy does not protect the people. You are dead a few weeks after you come out of the shelter." A more cruel threat, rarely mentioned by Civil Defense people, either in Russia or in the U.S., is the fire storm, such as killed 300,000 persons in Dresden in one night, and 200,000 persons in Tokyo. People in blast-proof shelters were simply cremated. Publisher Piel says that a thousand-megaton bomb at satellite height could set afire six Western states, and though this may look like a mere [illegible] game, the fact that retina burns were suffered 345 miles away from a Pacific nuclear explosion in 1958 shows that the power of these new weapons is beyond the strength of a dresser drawer full of bricks. The current response of Civil Defense to fire has been to produce some "dimensionless equations" by burning potato-starch distillate and to set up some fan-type anemometers in forty acres of piñon trees in the California-Nevada border and set the woods on fire.

For any amateur of black futures, two other forms of world murder should be his dish of tea: chemical and biological warfare. Civil Defense has no intention of getting itself involved with such hopeless threats as these, and summarily writes them off thus: "Chemical agents are not considered a major strategic threat. . . . Although the possibility of employment of biological agents against U.S. population centers cannot be ruled out, neither a chemical nor biological threat against the continental U.S. warrants, at this time, the attention and priority given to defense against the effects of nuclear weapons."

Civil Defense limits itself to some circumspect advice on these unwelcome weapons. Soap and water is generally best for washing off toxic gases, or lye can be used for nerve gas and bleaches for blister gas. A publication entitled *Personal Preparedness in the Nuclear Age* advises, "Explosives can be used to blast paths through contaminated vegetation such as high grass." But the best protection from gases is "Avoid a contaminated area or an area likely to be contaminated." Detection of gases is hard; a special crayon shows a color change in the presence of mustard gas. A nerve gas detector has to have its chemicals changed every day and gives a lot of false alarms anyway. In any case shelters are not supplied with any of these, nor with gas masks, nor with atropine, the antidote for nerve gas that has to be administered within one minute of exposure or death results. Artificial respiration, or mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, is indicated for nerve gas victims but rescuers are warned to blow *small puffs* when saving an infant. "You may rupture his lung if you blow in too much air at one time. Watch his chest rise to make sure you are giving him the right amount of air with each puff."

The booklet says of biological weapons, "Decontamination of large areas and the exteriors of most buildings is not considered practical. . . ." It suggests breathing through a filter in case of attack,

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should there be any way of detecting it which there is not. "Common household items that would be useful as filters are a large wad of absorbent cotton, a man's handkerchief (eight layers), a bath towel (two layers), or toilet tissue (three layers). These items must be used dry to be effective and be held tightly over the nose and mouth to eliminate air leaks." The advice goes on: "Safe food and water is essential for protection against biological-warfare agents." Another Civil Defense adviser says, "Unfortunately immunizing agents have not been perfected for some of the potential biological-warfare agents. This is a characteristic which can influence the selection of a biological agent for an attack. Likewise, immunity levels obtainable with the accepted antigens and methods may not hold against the challenge of high dosage and unusual organisms. It does not seem practical to immunize the entire population against all of these agents simultaneously." So there we are. It may be worth noting that the American Chemical Society meeting at the height of the nuclear jitters a decade ago reported: "Our emphasis throughout is on keeping the individual threats from chemical, biological and radiological agents in proper perspective . . . All are major threats. Each must be regarded as on or nearly on, a par with the other two." Of course, the chemists might be accused of bias in favor of chemicals and germs, while Civil Defense, finding the nuclear threat more understandable, plumps for bombs. The rest of us will just have to sit back and wait to see who was right.

Before that happens, though, we may get it in the neck from a cloud of nerve gas wafting by error across U.S. 40 out in Utah. Mistakes similar to the one at Dugway Proving Grounds, in Utah, in the spreading of a teacup of anthrax bacteria fifteen years ago, causing permanent contamination of an eight-mile piece of land there, may prove our own government experimenters to be the most terrifying danger. When they get busy, we could all use a shelter. Of these germs that are supposed to be ready to go after our enemies, Dr. Gustave L. Davis of the Committee for Environmental Information, in St. Louis, says: ". . . their fate in the environment is not well understood. We do not understand how or why natural epidemics start, spread and maintain themselves. Therefore the fate of biological agents in the field is unknown and uncontrollable."

With this wild array of malevolence on all sides, it's probably natural on some days for us to feel like an ant an inch under the lowering sole of a giant shoe. A snug, warm place would be awfully welcome, especially for the young kids who after all have got to outlive us somehow. The U.S. Army has just the thing: an Infant Protector that maybe the Civil Defense people could be lobbied into procuring for us all. Its description reads: "This pup-tent-like device has a strong aluminum frame upon which is fastened a tough vinyl plastic covering with two large filter pads in the rear. There is a clear panel window for observation of the child by its parent. The flap is lifted, and the child is placed in it with its food, toys, etc." Now we tiptoe down cellar—there's a shoulder strap included on the Protector—and we carefully place Baby under some boards piled high with concrete blocks. The filters will keep out anything from mustard gas and nerve-gas agents to South African tick bite fever rickettsiae and bubonic plague bacteria. You're safe, safe, old Baby Bunting, old kid—just as safe as anybody can be these days. ###

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The list of last year's top best-selling fiction makes melancholy reading for anyone who still believes in the novel as literature. They are all, it goes without saying, highly erotic in content, and only one of them—Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*—could by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as "serious" in the sense of attempting to convey a picture of contemporary life. The rest, not to mince matters, are nothing but packaged, processed pornography, and not even the most accommodating critics have been able to bring themselves to suggest otherwise. Doubtless because of this, Roth's novel, as the single exception, has been grotesquely overpraised. Thus the *New York Times* man ventured the opinion that it was a masterpiece, a judgment that already, I should suppose, has begun to go sour on him.

This state of affairs, of course, has been building up for a long time now. The erotic content in the work of writers like Joyce and D. H. Lawrence led to their being excessively boosted. Their, in a literary sense, respectable names provided good cover for a blitz on censorship, in the interest of which a truly ludicrous novel like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was taken with great seriousness. Even in the case of *Ulysses*, I doubt very much whether the book would have made the grade, or even have been heard of outside a specialised few, without the erotica. Similarly, salacity alone could have procured critical acclaim for such essentially second-rate writers as Henry Miller and Durrell. Now the battle has been won, with the result that a literary alibi is no longer required. The salable product can be taken off the conveyer belt, and to hell with literature!

Such is the point we have now arrived at, and already there is noticeable, among those who might be expected to celebrate the victory, a certain hesitancy, if not downright disapproval. For instance, Dr. Spock, who in his latest book (*Decent and Indecent*, McCall Publishing Company, $6.95) comes out strongly against "movies, plays, novels, articles and paintings in which a primary aim is to shock, revolt or embarrass by explicitly depicting sexual intimacies—especially those of a loveless, perverse or brutal kind—and other works that horrify with vivid details of nonsexual brutality." He adds that "most though not all of these works are obviously feeble in their artistic or social significance," and goes on to have a crack at writers who "sprinkle their sentences with obscene words that have no particular connection with the topic, but are added for exclamatory effect," more especially as they "give the impression that they think they are being emancipated and sophisticated."

Dr. Spock may be congratulated on having the courage to come out in the open in this way when so many other liberal intellectuals of his sort suppress their uneasiness and stagger on breathlessly after the latest essay in outspokenness, managing to take in their stride even an Andy Warhol or *Oh! Calcutta!* The good Doctor reminds me of Prospero, who, having taught Caliban to speak, had to endure the Monster's reproaches:

You taught me language, and my
profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.

So the Spock-reared young appall him by their taste for four-letter words and obscenities.

It is no more to be expected that protests like Dr. Spock's will reverse the tide than that Black Panther extremists will modify their advocacy of violence in response to the protests of N.A.A.C.P. members they have kicked in the teeth. On both sides of the Atlantic the lid is now off, and what was yesterday sold under the counter is today prominently displayed in the publishers' lists and booksellers' windows. Even so, in the case of actual hard-core pornography it is still considered expedient to produce some sort of quasi-scientific justification. Thus the Kronhausens solemnly assure us, apropos their latest offering of erotica (*Erotic Fantasies* by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, Grove Press, $10), that "Bringing these hidden fantasies out into the open should have the effect of reducing the person's anxiety, broadening his understanding, and making him more tolerant toward himself and others than he might have been before this confrontation with some of the darkest recesses of the mind."

One may presume to doubt whether tolerance and relief from anxiety are precisely what the Kronhausens' many readers look to get from their works. The collection of erotica they present, most of it very sick, none of it edifying, is calculated, I should have thought, to stimulate rather than appease the pressure of hidden sexual fantasies. Patrons of the equivalent films, solitary, somber men in mackintoshes, do not in my experience give an impression of release. They are as little like Blake's notion of piping through the valleys wild as it is possible to imagine. I do not see why Kronhausen readers should be any different.

It is customary among liberals, I know, to say that they find blue films and writings excessively boring, and to express the confident expectation that a surfeit of them will soon destroy their appeal. The case that used to be cited by way of example was France; now it is Denmark, where all forms of censorship have been abolished recently. Neither example bears examination. The French remained, and remain, as avid for pornography as anyone else despite a degree of latitude in getting it that, until recently, was markedly greater than in any other Western European country or America. In Copenhagen the shops are as loaded with erotica as ever. The only difference is that now, being legal, they can export it, which they do in large quantities. Regrettably, it has to be admitted that pornography no more withers away under total permissiveness than the state has withered away under Marxism in the U.S.S.R. Life without censorship means life with pornography.

Does this matter? I personally think it does, despite the assurances of many psychiatrists that, far from damaging its addicts, it may positively help them to live more fully. Its effect, in my opinion, is to turn both young and old, sophisticated and simple, toward a sick obsession with sex—sexuality which in the end damages and degrades them. The societies where pornography is most in evidence, like Japan and Scandinavia, seem to me the most melancholy and depressing in the world today. To be released from the pall of erotic stimulation, which hangs like a black smog over our western life, is wonderfully exhilarating. This happens nowadays only in remote places like the North Pole and the center of Australia, and, for special reasons, in the Communist countries. The young especially look for liberation in the removal of taboos in the practice and presentation of sex; actually it subjects them to the worst of all servitudes—to their own bodily appetites—and delivers them as easy prey to the most malign forces in a social and economic system they affect to despise. As they will come to realize when it is too late, they are victims of a con trick.

The question of countermeasures naturally arises, and the dread word "censorship" looms up menacingly in one's mind. Dr. Spock—and who shall blame him?—evades the point, and certainly one would need to be very foolish or very reckless to contend that at this stage it would be possible to reintroduce a censorship capable of stemming the present tide of erotica and pornography. In opposing and ridiculing any such attempt, past follies on behalf of purity provide powerful arguments. For instance, the activities of Dr. Thomas Bowdler and his associates in the last century, sensibly and ably described by Noel Perrin, an English teacher at Dartmouth College, in his *Dr. Bowdler's Legacy: a History of Expurgated Books in England and America* (Atheneum, $7.95). May I incidentally congratulate Mr. Perrin on having resisted the temptation to load up with pornography by way of quotations in the hope of bringing a richer cargo to port.

As Mr. Perrin easily demonstrates, the activities of the Bowdlerizers in producing what they considered to be inoffensive versions of, for instance, the Bible and Shakespeare's plays were inadmissible and ridiculous. But the current efforts in the opposite direction are equally inadmissible and ridiculous. If it was preposterous to turn, say, Lady Macbeth into a murderous version of Queen Victoria, it is no less preposterous to turn her into a wanton in a see-through nightdress, as was done recently over here in a widely praised production. Likewise, the Victorian Jesus as a kind of supercurate admittedly bears little relation to the actual founder of the Christian religion, but no more does the junkie Jesus so beloved of a certain type of trendy Christian today.

For myself, I fall back on humor, the great prophylactic. A notable feature of pornography—vide the Kronhausen collection—is its humorlessness. Though, in the course of erotic play, people do absurd and bizarre things, they seldom, if ever, make a worthwhile joke. A similar impression emerged from some hours I once spent in the company of Mr. Hugh Hefner. So I should like to form an association whose members would be pledged to seek every opportunity of holding up to ridicule and contempt the portentous pornographic solemnities which figure so largely in contemporary art, literature and entertainment. I doubt whether I should be able to recruit Dr. Spock or the Kronhausens, though Mr. Perrin might be induced at any rate to take out a country subscription.

Miss Anita Leslie's account of Jennie Jerome, Winston Churchill's mother and her great-aunt (*Lady Randolph Churchill: The Story of Jennie Jerome*, Scribner, $10), is entertaining and lighthearted, but nonetheless gives a vivid picture of the lady who, as Miss Leslie shows, had more influence on her famous son than has hitherto been suggested. The reason for her meager role in much biographical and autobiographical material is that, in the terms of polite society in her time, she was not particularly respectable. Her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill soon fizzled out and she sought lovers elsewhere. Her high spirits rather than the somber temperament of Lord Randolph, were, fortunately, transmitted to Winston.

Far and away Sir Winston's best book, written before he developed his atrocious rhetorical style, was his study of his father. Miss Leslie does not take us much farther in understanding this enigmatic man, in many ways so brilliant and charming, seemingly set for a dazzling political career, and then, while still young, succumbing to sickness and melancholia. Jennie made two more marriages, both reasonably happy. Miss Leslie has gracefully filled a gap in the Churchill archives, bringing into true perspective the Jerome contribution to the makeup of a character often taken to be quintessentially English.

It is hard to judge any man on a basis of his political speeches, but American readers now have Enoch Powell's *Freedom and Reality* (Arlington House, $6) from which they may form some sort of notion of what he stands for and why he has become so significant a figure on the British political scene. Before he is finally typecast as some sort of aspiring man of destiny, let me say that I know him; that he is by temperament scholarly and kindly, with strong built-in ambitions which tend to get mixed up with romantic notions about his country's past greatness and future destiny.

As will be noted in his speeches, his views by no means conform with a standard Right-wing position. For instance, he is against reintroducing the death penalty and in favor of a complete British military withdrawal east of Suez. On the issue of colored immigration, where his interventions have been so explosive, he has said nothing and proposed nothing that would not have seemed to Lincoln perfectly sensible and reasonable, though, admittedly, his idiom has been at times overheated. The town he represents in Parliament—Wolverhampton—has a large immigrant population, and he has, perfectly properly, sought to draw the attention of Parliament and the public to the situation that has arisen there. People over here are so jumpy just now about the possibilities of racial trouble that just bringing the subject up was enough to cover him with obloquy in the eyes of the liberal consensus, and to make him a hero at once of the extreme Conservative Right and the more belligerent and race-conscious working class, notably the dockers.

He may for all I know turn into the power-hungry racialist reactionary his opponents see him as now, but, as readers of his speeches will, I am sure, agree, it has not happened yet. ##

(Continued from page 111) Commission report into five words.

In his book *The Image* Daniel J. Boorstin observes that "There was a time when the reader of an unexciting newspaper would remark, 'How dull is the world today!' Nowadays he says 'What a dull newspaper!'" Compare Agnew: "Normality has become the nemesis of the evening news." This is perhaps the best of all Agnew sentences, combining traditional alliteration with an exact phonetic balance of two four-foot elements ("normality" and "the nemesis") to give added value to a dying cadence in the last five syllables. This is classical rhetoric reaching for poetry to produce the instant cliché that has always illuminated the best public speechmaking. One is free to dislike this sort of thing, of course—but not to deny its effectiveness when well done or to say it is easy.

Only a poor speech got Agnew started on such ventures—a long, dull, recited press release about the accomplishments of the Nixon Administration in peace and war delivered at a 'Citizens Testimonial Dinner' in New Orleans on October 19. It is almost certainly the work of a different writer from the Master of the Des Moines Altarpiece, though there is a touch or two of invective that could have come from the same hand. (The first Moratorium is described in the New Orleans speech as "an emotional purgative for those who felt the need to cleanse themselves of their lack of ability to offer a constructive solution to the problem"; the author of the Des Moines speech, however, would almost certainly have used "inability" rather than "lack of ability," and would probably have avoided the softening "constructive.")

In later speeches, Agnew would quote extensively from most respectable authorities. Replying to an attack by The New York *Times* on his "sweeping and ignorant generalizations" contradicting what is "clear to all perceptive observers," Agnew quoted in his support, all on one page, statements by Sidney Hook, Arnold Beichman, Walter Laqueur, George Kennan and Irving Kristol. Then he added, "These are not names drawn at random from the letterhead of an Agnew-for-Vice-President Committee." In Montgomery, in a gesture that would yield nomination for a Profile-in-Courage award if it were not so clearly mischievous, Agnew closed a speech by urging everyone present to live in the spirit of the abolitionist editor William Lloyd Garrison. The New Orleans speech, by contrast, was devoid of quoted documentation and much of the language was pretentious without purpose, in the Goldwater manner.

One sentence in Agnew's New Orleans speech, however, somehow grabbed at imagination all across the country: "A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals." Considered as art, this is a terrible sentence, ill-balanced, employing polysyllables at random and relying on vague words like "prevail" and "encourage." A corpse probably can not be effete, though the Mattachine Society might argue otherwise, and "characterize themselves as intellectuals" has been an inventory item on the right wing since William Buckley was Skull & Bones or Skin & Teeth or whatever it is that Buckley was at Yale. The sentence as a whole has a faint odor of George Wallace's "pointy headed professors." But "impudent snobs" was unexpected and not bad, especially in October, when the Chicago Seven were reveling in ill-considered courtroom impudence. For whatever reason, the effect was instantaneous: pink buttons appeared on lapels reading "I am an effete impudent snob." No such reaction to a speech from the

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executive officer had been noted since the I.W.W. responded to a Theodore Roosevelt denunciation by wearing stickers reading, "I am an undesirable citizen."

Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that Agnew would devote an entire talk to youth and education, and the occasion came December 10 when a Greek American group in Baltimore gave a dinner to launch a scholarship which will be awarded in the name of Agnew's father. The Vice-President described the scholarship itself, incidentally, with great dignity and class, in a paragraph of peroration that could serve as a model for such efforts: "Hope brought my father to America, and in honor of his limitless hope the Theodore Spiro Agnew scholarships will be bestowed. Because he was a child of Greece they will go to youths of Greek descent. And because he was a citizen of America, their recipients will study here."

The Vice-President's speech on this subject moved, perhaps inevitably, with a long ramble through some beaten paths of Hellenic antiquity, then centered around a long quote from the psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, who traces much of the nihilism of student rebellion to the students' resentment of their social status as parasites. "Whether we realize it or not," Agnew said, "whether we intend it or not, we have created a disenfranchised social class called youth. We have stretched post-adolescent dependency a full ten years. While the age of physical maturity has declined, we have confined a generation on campuses at a point in life when their fathers and grandfathers were supporting households. We have subsidized youth's education at the expense of many of their human rights."

Bettelheim has always been a man of the left, and most of Agnew's comments in the Baltimore speech were consonant with left-wing criticisms of American education. "We should question whether some of our programs," he said, "do in effect, discriminate against the working young. ... We have done a grave disservice to the workingman by neglecting his central importance to our society. ... There is no chance for change if parents revere the college degree as a symbol of their parental success ..." etc. But for the radicals and their central beliefs the Vice-President of course had nothing but scorn. The put-down was in the tradition of Des Moines: "Revolution is ridiculous, and relevance often an excuse for more amusing and less arduous involvement. ... Is doing one's own thing ennobling or selfish, profound or simply vacant?" Try to think of a good answer to that one as phrased. Then denounce.

The Vice-President's speeches in the few months after November 13 left his opponents positively spitting with rage. It was predictable that Thomas P. F. Hoving, head of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting and the Chicken Little of American communications, would find in Agnew's Des Moines speech the beginning of the end of democracy in the United States. But one would scarcely have expected so confident and distinguished a leader as CBS president Frank Stanton to proclaim the aftermath of the speech as "a critical period in the life of a free society and of the free communications without which it cannot exist."

When Agnew in Thailand spoke of those "so anxious to make friends of our enemies that sometimes they even seem ready to make enemies of our friends," Tom Wicker in *The New York Times* cited the statement as an example of the Vice-President's "brainbaiting tactics" and interpreted the line as a "charge" that President Nixon's critics "wish to turn friends into enemies"—a charge, Wicker continued, "which neither the Vice-President nor even his sponsor in the White House has any standing whatsoever to make." Wicker is an inheritor of what the Scottish visitor Alexander Mackay in 1849 called "the fiery blood of the South," but even so one would expect more cool than that. Nobody before has ever suggested that a President *lacked standing* to comment on the impact abroad of domestic criticisms of American foreign policy. It is a commonplace of such criticism that the United States has the wrong friends, and a commonplace reply that in time of crisis (all times are times of crisis) the enemy of one's enemies must be accepted as a friend. The Vice-President said no more, he merely said it differently, assertively—and better. And Wicker went right up the spout.

Perhaps the explanation of these reactions has nothing to do with the speeches or with Agnew. The memory of Joe McCarthy hangs heavy over Washington in the Administration of a President who was himself in his younger days a practitioner of the defamatory argument. Historically minded observers remember the days of A. Mitchell Palmer, Wilson's Attorney General, whose "spies were all about," as Mencken put it, and when Robert Kennedy had the F.B.I. wake people in the middle of the night to ask them why they had done something his brother disliked, he gave a lesson in the extra-Constitutional powers of the office that few in Washington will ever forget. The incumbent of that office now is John N. Mitchell, the Administration's advertised Bad Guy, and there is no doubt that—quite apart from the normal tendency to see apocalyptic visions when the opposing party takes over—many civil libertarians are honestly worried. The news directors who decided to broadcast the Des Moines speech knew (as the general public at that time did not) that Dean Burch, Nixon's new chairman of the F.C.C., had made an extraordinary call on the networks for transcripts of the commentaries after the President's November 3rd speech.

Still, what drew the lightning onto Agnew was the language he used. Language has had a bad name of late. Jacques Ellul wrote recently of "the dissociation between the verbal universe, in which propaganda makes us live, and reality." The best rhetoric is usually hawkish—Pericles' Funeral Oration, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Churchill's talks to Britain were all in support of a war. Pericles, to whom Agnew makes frequent reference, was the superpatriot of all time and helped build a climate of opinion in which Athens staked all on an unnecessary war in a remote country across the waters to the west.

But the language we use mediates our perceptions (the biologist Jacques Monod has even argued, awesomely, that man's use of language developed his central nervous system, rather than vice versa). English in particular is, as Jespersen put it, "methodical, energetic, businesslike and sober," well suited to the management of public affairs. Some of the preposterousness of our political debate, especially in academia, may be a simple reflection of the careless, degraded jargon in which it is conducted.

What Agnew at a press conference once described as his "punchy language" has made him seem a really important figure in the American landscape. J. Kenneth Galbraith in a recent book review wondered why Lyndon Johnson had ever accepted John F. Kennedy's invitation to run for a "nothing non-job"—but in the next paragraph the professor saw today's Veep as a true fallen angel, only a little less powerful than God Himself, the White House being the scene of a "bitter struggle between the Nixon staffers and the Agnew staffers." Like the man who hates children and dogs, the culture which so highly honors a few well-chosen words just can't be all bad. ■

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A WEEKEND OF INCREDIBLE GLUTTONY

(*Continued from page 129*)

bridge of St. Romain-en-Gal and continued on the narrow scenic road rising up the far slope toward St. Etienne. Within ten minutes we found the perfect spot on a soft slope shaded by chestnut trees. Below us, the immense arc of the Rhône. Beyond, the ancient city of Vienne, red, white and yellow, rising over its seven hills with layer upon layer of Roman, medieval and Renaissance buildings and monuments—a beautiful backdrop for a perfect picnic.

The evening's entertainment on this third day of our grand tour was to be a dinner at the restaurant which is the latest to receive the third star as one of the dozen best in France. But here too the venerable *Michelin* was somewhat slow on the uptake. Two years earlier, in 1966, the restaurant of the Troisgros family was discovered by the *Kléber Colombes* and given that guide's top rating, the crowned red rooster. *Michelin's* problem was that Troisgros doesn't have the traditional *grand luxe chichi*. It doesn't intend to!

In 1930 Jean-Baptiste Troisgros moved from his native Burgundian Chalon to the provincial town of Roanne, about sixty miles northwest of Lyons. He bought a small bistro with a twenty-room commercial hotel behind, called it the Hôtel et Restaurant Troisgros, then set out to make it the gayest, noisiest, most popular café in town. He had the right personality for a *cafetier*, totally extrovert, a sharply malicious and ribald wit, the ability to weave wildly funny anecdotes. ... Troisgros became the place where everyone went to play cards and drink endless pastis.

Jean-Baptiste dreamed that his two sons, Jean and Pierre, then four and two, would become the greatest chefs in the world. When they were old enough, he apprenticed them in Lyons (including some training under Fernand Point), then on to Paris for the full professional circuit of the great restaurants.

In 1954, full of new ideas, the brothers came home to help Papa. They were not interested in running a Temple of Gastronomy for tourists; they had no intention of losing their local business. Why couldn't the same kitchen provide both reasonably priced meals for the steady local customers and brilliant, regardless-of-expense dinners for the visiting gourmets?

Within three years, in 1957, they won their first star. In 1965, their second. Their new techniques were the talk of professional circles. Jean was invited to demonstrate his cuisine in New York. Pierre went to Tokyo to open the new Maxim's. In 1968, they crashed through to the top in France.

When we arrived at the plaza in front of the railroad station in Roanne, we found a row of shops with frontages about four stories high, one of them with a white painted sign: TROISGROS. We were shown to the room reserved for our rest and rehabilitation.

An hour later, we walked down the narrow stairs for what turned out to be the greatest dinner of our tour, a dinner which demonstrated a deep knowledge of herbs, a complete mastery of fire and a glowing freshness of ingredients. We were welcomed by Madame Jean and led across a simple room already noisily full of highly vivacious local citizens dining on a prix fixe menu at the equivalent of $6.25. The noise from the bar seemed to indicate that a political heckling class was in progress. From the kitchen came sounds of voices raised to an ecstasy of anger. We were approached by Gérard, who turned out to be the most pleasantly skillful maître d'hôtel it has been our privilege to be dominated by in many moons. We began with a bottle of the Troisgros selection of Blanc de Blancs Champagne 1961. The menu disclosed that if we chose we could dine at the $6.25 level, or at $9 or at $11, or luxuriously à la carte. We took a chance on the last. When faced by the danger of overspending I always wish I had a computer the size of a cigarette case. Failing this convenience, a pencil and small pad kept a running tab on the cost of tonight's greed.

The hors d'oeuvres were now unfolded in a brilliant triptych. The first was the Terrine de Foie Gras Frais Troisgros, so perfectly balanced in bouquet, flavor and texture as to be slightly better, I had to admit, than even the perfection of the night before. The second was a pâté of thrush, very rich, with a dominant flavor of juniper at first, leading into a strong and gamy aftertaste. The third was a crayfish salad with a base of bright greenery supporting the poached tails, covered by a lightly pink vinaigrette.

My private computations now showed me that I had so far spent for the party of three: $9 for the bottle of Champagne, plus $4 a portion for the foie gras, $1.80 per portion of the pâté and $4 a portion for the crayfish, a total of $35.40.

For purposes of comparison, we decided to try the Troisgros mussel soup, made with a bouillon of river fish of the Loire and thickened with a bisque of crayfish. We slightly preferred this version to that of Bocuse. The accompanying white wine was a Meursault Les Genevrières 1964. The costs were now increased by $1.80 per bowl of soup, plus $4 for the Meursault, a running total of $44.80. Next came one of the masterpieces of the restaurant, Les Escalopes de Saumon à l'Oseille Troisgros, the various flavors meeting in harmonious coalition, the sorrel sauce holding its identity while honoring the salmon. By now lost to all prudence, I insisted on another bottle of the Meursault. The salmon had cost $3.40 a portion, the extra Meursault, $4; the running total was now $59.

Since Roanne is at the edge of the great Charolais beef country, we chose as the main entrée another *spécialité de la maison*, Le Steak Charolais au Chambertin à la Moelle, marinated in aromatic red wine and the marinade then used as the sauce, with body added by blending in beef marrow. This was accompanied by a Gratin Dauphinois and a sauté of mixed wild forest mushrooms. All this naturally called for a red Burgundy, a house label of Clos de Vougeot 1962. Checking the costs, the steak was $4 a portion, which included the potatoes and forest mushrooms. The bottle of red wine was $9.20. The new total: $80.20. The dinner continued on its luminous course with a choice from the cheese wagon of a Maengny goat cheese of the Loire, fruits *sorbets*, patisseries,

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petits fours, another bottle of Champagne, coffee and, just to sweeten the breath, snifters of Hennessy, Extra. This form of indulgence led to a grand total of just a few cents over $100 which with an extra $20 distributed as modest largesse to the staff brought us up to just around $120 or $40 per person.

We were now comfortably stuffed and in a mood for rejoicing, so I invited the entire Troisgros family to join our table, including Papa Jean-Baptiste (now rumored to be approaching eighty), the two young wives and some of the children. It was like a visit to a charming provincial family. Together they provide the ownership, the management and half the fun of the Troisgros restaurant. As to the two young chefs (Jean, now forty-three, Pierre, forty-one), they obviously represent a New Wave in the restaurant world. They reject the pretensions of la *haute cuisine* based on catering to kings and princes, its uninventiveness, with its endless repetitions of dishes glamorized by the high society of a hundred years ago, its snobbism in favor of complicated and over-rich compositions. They seek a new purification and simplification of great dining. They too concentrate on the absolute freshness of their ingredients. They say, "Paul Bocuse has always been about three years ahead of us, so we can learn from him and profit from his mistakes!" They have arrangements with local amateur fishermen to bring in their daily catch of river fish fresh from the Loire. They have a small mercenary army of Saturday schoolboys who go out picking such seasonal bounty as wild strawberries, field mushrooms, or sour grapes. They also have arrangements with local Charolais cattlemen for the production of small animals with flesh textured exactly to the requirements of the Troisgros technique of wine marination. Perhaps they are developing the *grande cuisine* of the future! At this point in the conversation, feeling rather well fortified against malnutrition, I called for a bottle of soothing alkaline water and retired to bed.

The next day, being the last of this tour, we felt impelled to undertake some reasonable exploration of the city bistros of Lyons. Needless to say Lucullan lunching was out. Instead we made a "café crawl" in search of some of the simpler specialties of the town. I absorbed a dish of fried *merguez*, the small, hot chorizo-like pork sausage; some grilled *andouillettes* filled with an aromatic mixture of pork and tripe, plus tiny tasting portions of *gras double* and *tablier de sapeur*. These, with added cheese, fruit pâtisseries, coffee and a half-liter carafe of simple Beaujolais produced a total tab with 12½ percent for service of just over $4 for each of three people. Instead of pinpointing precisely where we got what, let us say simply for the benefit of possible followers in our footsteps, that typical Lyonnaise specialties can be found at any of the following currently well-regarded bistros: Christian Bourillot's on the Place Célestine; the two Cafés Branet in the food market area of the Rue Gentil and the Rue Claudia; the Chevallier on the Rue du Sergent-Blandan; the typical bistro Chez Rose on the Rue Rabelais; Léon Lacombe's one-star Leon de Lyon on the Rue Pleney; the Queue de Cochon on the Rue Mulet; the Brasserie La Régence on the Place Bellecour; and Mère Badant's one-star La Voûte on the Place Antonin Gourjus.

After spending the rest of the afternoon on personal shopping we headed back to Vienne and checked in at the Florentine style neo-palazzo villa, once the home of a Lyonnaise tycoon, now the luxurious auberge La Résidence de la Pyramide. Tonight was to be the climax of the weekend at the restaurant made world famous by the late Fernand Point, La Pyramide. During the fourteen years since the great chef's death while the restaurant has been managed by his indomitable widow it has remained a place where dinner is nothing to be taken casually. To get a reservation it is imperative to use a royal-sounding voice. Simple souls who present themselves without an appointment receive (in Lucius Beebe's immortal phrase) a double-brusheroo of arctic proportions. Even with a reservation one must abide by certain basic rules. To disregard them is to fly in the face of Providence—worse, it is to fly in the face of Madame Point. One must allow plenty of time. Madame Point takes a dim view of diners in a hurry. One will get a good table if Madame Point approves of one's appearance and if one's breath does not smell of too many martinis. Otherwise, one is likely to be seated in the garden. One may consume any number of brandies and liqueurs at the end of the meal but, if one wishes to come back some other time, it is best to be able to walk through the front door, down the three steps and along the flagstone garden path to the street gate in a perfectly straight line. Madame Point will be watching.

Dressed to the nines we presented ourselves at precisely the appointed hour. The usual sign hung on the gate: "COMPLET—FULL." We walked through the beautifully manicured garden toward the almost doll-like house. What I am now compelled to report is one of the saddest assignments within memory. I yield to no one in my devotion to the brilliant talents of Monsieur Point. Yet truth forces me to state that, on the evidence of this visit, his restaurant is no longer the first—even in the region of Lyons. Madame Point's problem is the same as Mère Brazier's—both are standing pat on their reputations and have allowed themselves to be surpassed by the New Wave of young chefs.

When Madame Point greeted us at the door I congratulated her on keeping everything the same and she replied, "*Il est très difficile, Monsieur.*" Some of this difficulty is obvious and is of her own making. She is trying to maintain a mausoleum to the memory of her husband. A mausoleum is not the ideal place in which to eat dinner. She now employs a brilliant thirty-year-old chef, Guy Thivard, but she restricts him to endless repetition of the old dishes of Monsieur Point. She does not challenge her young chef to meet the test of pleasing a group of regular local customers. Unlike Bocuse and the Troisgros brothers, Madame Point does not seem to be concerned with maintaining a base of local support. La Pyramide never needs to change its menu. It changes its diners instead. This negative cycle seems to have reached the point of diminishing returns.

When I stepped into the entrance hall I immediately felt as if I were in the house of aging grandparents. The Persian rug in the old dining room was the same as when Fernand Point was here, but the colors and patterns had almost disappeared in the threadbare weave. The waiters, old, slightly stooped and with bad teeth, gave us the impression of sleepwalkers. Their uniforms showed heavy wear—some sleeves were frayed. The white pea jackets of the busboys looked crushed and stained. I was shocked by a sense of dilapidation.

The menu is still written in the hand of Madame Point, as it always was. We discussed it over glasses of the excellent house Champagne. Our first course was the hors d'oeuvre which Fernand Point made famous, the Brioche de Foie Gras. Truth requires blunt frankness. The foie gras was a pale imitation of those of Troisgros or Arhiri. The second hors d'oeuvre was another Point classic, the Pâté de Gibier en Gelée. It was not in the same class as the Girard terrine at the Auberge. At this point, my gastronomic senses were stunned.

My spirits were uplifted by the fish, the *grande spécialité de Point*, the Gratin de Queues d'Ecrevisses, with the marvelously rich and subtle sauce of crayfish butter. Point invented it forty-six years ago as part of his courtship of the young lady who is now Madame Point. The dish has no rival in France or anywhere else.

I had ordered the local white wine of Condrieu, one of the most seductive small wines of France. Louis, the aging sommelier who has been with the Point family for almost forty years, failed to pour it for me to taste. When I complained, he said he had tasted it and found it satisfactory. I asked him whose taste was being served, his or mine? Did he take us for gaping tourists?

Another disturbing indication was that Vincent, the white-haired maître d'hôtel (also a forty-year veteran of the house), kept going from table to table making such remarks as, "Isn't this a magnificent sauce, Monsieur!" or "Notice how tender the meat is, Madame!" or "These crayfish are prepared exactly as Monsieur Point did them!" Louis declaimed similar commercials in regard to the wines. We felt like switching off the TV.

With the main entree, Grives à la Chevreuil, wild thrush in a game sauce, the red wine was an extremely fresh and fruity Beaujolais Juliénas *de l'année*. After a relatively undistinguished selection of cheeses we ran head-on into a dessert disaster. Faced by a *voiture* of extremely rich and creamy pastries, I asked if there were a fresh fruit bowl in the house. Indeed there was. Our companion chose a Williams pear from the top. The underside half was smelly soft and dark brown rotten. This degree of *pourriture* could scarcely have developed in less than three or four days of total neglect. Is it conceivable that La Pyramide does not inspect its fruit bowl at least once a day? Since no waiter approached to remove the offending fruit our companion pushed it aside on her plate and took a second pear. It was in a slightly worse state than the first. Vincent now appeared with suitable apologies. Would madame like to try a third pear? She would not.

Tempers were finally soothed by a marvelous house specialty, a hundred-proof Eau de Vie de Poires William de la Vallée du Rhône. Our delight in this true elixir of life was apparently communicated to Madame Point and all irritations were forgotten when she presented me with a bottle to carry back to New York.

After such generosity, the total of *l'addition* seemed almost anticlimactic: almost $66, including wines and spirits, plus the 12½ percent for service, or an average of just about $22 per person. This accords La Pyramide the honor of being the least expensive of any of the three-star restaurants visited.

A few hours later, still cradling in my arms my beloved Williams Pear Brandy, I fell into my fauteuil aboard the Air France Boeing 707 for New York and loudly called for a double dose of aspirin. I willingly postponed falling asleep, however, in order to converse with a most interesting Lyonnaise gentleman on his way to Paris in the seat beside me. He was obviously a gourmet of substantial attainments and was often involved in judging professional competitions between chefs. We discussed the problems of La Pyramide and he ventured an interesting prophecy as to the future. It seems that La Pyramide's young chef, Guy Thivard, will soon permit his name to be entered in the national competition for "Meilleur ouvrier de France," best chef of the nation. Thivard, however, has asked to be judged on dishes of his own invention, which he is not permitted to serve at La Pyramide. These creations are said to be so brilliant that Thivard has already won hands down in the preliminary regional competitions in the Lyons area. When he eventually goes to Paris for the national finals, he could become the youngest "First Chef of France" in the competition. He would then have a very strong argument toward some share in the gastronomic management of La Pyramide. There is even an unconfirmed rumor that Madame Point is beginning to discuss the possibility of eventual retirement by permitting Thivard to purchase an increasing share of ownership over, say, the next ten years. If this happens (remembering that Thivard is ten years younger than Bocuse or the Troisgros brothers), the Lyons sweepstakes will be on in earnest and La Pyramide will be the entry to watch.

My interesting companion disembarked in Paris and, as I dozed my overweight way back across the Atlantic, my final impressions floated before me. For four days I had feasted at a standard of excellence so high as to be virtually unobtainable anywhere else in the world. What was the secret? The essence of it, I am convinced, is the complete freshness of the principal ingredients. This is achieved by the highly efficient cooperation of restaurant owners, of chefs, of food distributors and of producers all pulling together in closely meshed teamwork. The compulsion is provided by an inflexible public demand. French restaurants are kept in line by the determination of French diners. Nowhere, on any menu, did we find a listing of an out-of-season food preserved by freezing or canning. The French secret of good restaurant eating is, first, to concentrate on every local resource—local farmers and hunters, fishermen and fruit pickers, cheese makers and chanterelles searchers; second, to have overnight regional distribution by refrigerated (not freezer) trucks of the fresh foods of all the surrounding districts. The lesson, for every restaurateur and restaurant diner everywhere, is that there is no substitute for fresh foods and that the joy of eating them is lost when they are converted into imperishable hardware.

With these thoughts the dishes paraded before me and I distributed the accolades among the chefs. The best hors d'oeuvre was unquestion-

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ably the Troisgros terrine of foie gras, the best pâté was Achini's marcassin in Grenoble, the best soup was the Troisgros mussel (just nosing out the Bocuse version), the best fish (and the most glamorous presentation) was the Bocuse *loup de mer*, the best game bird was Thivard's thrush at La Pyramide, the best meat was the Troisgros beef in red wine, the best hot dessert (as distinct from all the marvelous fresh fruits almost everywhere) was Mademoiselle Girard's Neige à la Chartreuse at the little auberge in the mountains.

I was awakened by the sudden stopping of the jet engines. As we glided gradually down high over the green forests of Moire, I counted my money. The food and wine in restaurants and shops including reasonable entertainment of advisory Lyonnais friends came to a total of $686. For nightly lodgings including *petits déjeuners*, suit pressings, aspirins, Alka-Seltzers and occasional libations by way of room service, I charged my expense sheet with a flat nightly fee of $30 or $240 for four days for two. The car for the four days cost $113. The price of two first-class round-trip air fares from New York to Lyons was $1668. Add to this a few farewell gifts and incidentals and the grand overall total for the four days left me barely cab fare home from the airport out of $2865.

Reaching home and with travel-weariness appeased by a solid slug of Hollard Bokma gin, I looked back on the whole affair with considerable satisfaction. Admittedly there was a measurable increase in my girth. Undoubtedly I had taken several years off my life expectancy. Yet the tour was a Grand Salute to the Good Life (the way of living that always seems to include high blood pressure and imminent bankruptcy) and a solid demonstration that the determined seeker can still find the best things in life—but certainly not free.

PRACTICAL NOTES

Anyone with a sufficient accumulation of cash, curiosity and caloric courage can really make this trip. But the achievement of a truly great meal requires that certain practical points be kept in mind.

1. Every one of these restaurants (even our "discoveries" which are well-known in their own districts) has many more customers than it can regularly seat. It is inconceivable that you should expect to find a table if you arrive without a reservation. Write at least two or three weeks in advance giving the exact date and time of your arrival and the number of people in your party. Then if possible, the day before, or at the latest, on the morning of the day, call the maître d'hôtel, confirm your reservation and discuss your proposed menu with him. Many of the dishes mentioned are extremely complicated productions, requiring hours of advance work. They cannot possibly be prepared on the basis of ordering them when you sit down to dinner.

2. Almost every restaurant in France is closed on one day a week, but there is no uniformity as to which day. Also they do not believe in staggering the summer vacations of their employees (they think that the whole team must be there all the time), so each restaurant closes entirely, usually for three or four weeks at some point during the summer. Before planning your trip check the weekly closing days and the vacation periods in the 1970 editions of either the *Kléber Colombes* or the *Michelin* guides.

3. Many of the foods mentioned are strictly seasonal. No restaurant in France keeps stocks of frozen game meats or wild birds to be served out of season. If the food is not in season it will not be on the menu. Remember that each of these chefs is brilliant in his field and will, if given encouragement and reasonable time, produce a marvelous meal from whatever foods are at high season at the time of the visit.

Address your letters to the following owner-managers, but do not expect to speak to them on the telephone. The maître d'hôtel usually answers the telephone and deals with reservations and special orders. The best times to catch him when he is not busy are between eleven and twelve in the morning or between three and six in the afternoon.

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(Rhône)
Mademoiselle Vivette Artaud
Auberge de L'Âtre Fleuri
St Pierre-de-Chartreuse
(Isère)
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Restaurant Les Mésanges
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RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

Not long ago, Grace Bumbry came offstage after the second act of *Carmen* and to the first comprimario she saw in the wings, she said nervously, "'Did I have a wobble?'" When she was convinced she really had sung the big scene well the manner changed; and by the time she was in her dressing room she was saying to visitors, "Did you see all those bald heads lifting their opera glasses when I dropped the shawl?"

Both the attitudes are absolutely genuine. Miss Bumbry is a serious and intelligent artist cursed with the knowledge that she is not always in complete control of her voice, and she is also a genuinely sexy girl, a swinger recognized as such by swingers. (I told her I had been in Chicago last fall a few days after she left, and had found people at the Lyric Opera talking about her. "What were they saying?" Miss Bumbry inquired. "They said you'd had a very good time in Chicago." Miss Bumbry smiled reminiscently. "That I did!" she said.) Whenever I hear her I think of the moment in *Rigoletto* when Monterone sees the cheerful Duke and announces that his curse has failed: not having dropped dead yet the Duke will live and flourish gloriously. I never wished Miss Bumbry ill, of course, but the first time I heard her I proclaimed that with that utterly unprotected voice production she'd scream her voice away in a year or two. Later, reviewing a London recording of *Don Carlos* in which she sang Eboli not at all well, I announced—in three pages, yet—that the awful end had come.

Then, last season, she sang a rousing Azucena in *Trovatore*, and this year her Eboli was the only bright spot in an unforgivably leaden production of *Don Carlos* at the Met. She threw the B flats of *O don fatale* straight at the audience as though they were darts, and there was no wobble. So I guess the curse is off, though nothing I was ever taught about singing explains how one can yank a raw voice out of the throat year after year without shredding its fibre. Miss Bumbry does offer one possible explanation: "I don't sing too much—*never* more than twice a week. At the Met my performances stretch out, which gives me a chance to sing and to enjoy New York."

The Bumbry saga starts in St. Louis, where a local radio station sent her to the *Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts* when she was seventeen, and she won a first prize (singing, of all things, *O don fatale*). She then acquired a standard academic background at Boston University and Northwestern, and went on for three years of private study with Lotte Lehmann in California. This led to a semifinalist's prize at the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air* and an engagement as Carmen at the Paris Opera. She got on the front pages in 1961 when she became the first Negro ever to sing at Bayreuth, where she gave new depth to *Tannhäuser* (which can use it) by appearing as a black Venus. Jacqueline Kennedy promptly had her sing at the White House; there was an over-publicized Carnegie Hall debut in 1962 and finally a Met debut in 1965. It is interesting if idle to speculate on what her ultimate career might have been if people hadn't kept telling her through the early Sixties that she had a great voice.

In recent years Miss Bumbry has had bad luck in Met productions. Her Carmen was overwhelmed by Zubin Mehta's self indulgence and Barrault's preposterous staging, and her Santuzza in *Cavalleria* this year was victimized by Leonard Bernstein's deliberately undramatic Germanizing of the score. The *Cavalleria*, however, did give her a chance to work with Franco Zeffirelli, an experience which simply got her. "That man," she says, "can *show* you just exactly what he wants you to do. He doesn't just direct. I would do anything for him: if he told me to stand on my head and sing I'd do it."

Miss Bumbry's two favorite roles are the two nastiest women in opera—Monteverdi's Poppea and Verdi's Lady Macbeth. (I knew about Salome but she's insane.) She has been very sternly told not to sing Lady Macbeth, which rises to a D flat, and she is very tired of hearing about it. The most impressive recording to date has been Gluck's *Orfeo* (a role she will sing next fall at the Met) on Angel; the next to come is *Carmen*, just completed in Paris with Vickers as Don José and Frühbeck de Burgos conducting (also Angel). I raised an eyebrow at that: Burgos having been unconvincing here to date, but Miss Bumbry, who is by no means charitable about conductors, said thoughtfully that he'd done well by *Carmen*. We'll know better in the fall.

While apologizing for unnecessary published worrying about someone's voice, I owe a bow to Nicolai Gedda, of whom I despaired a year ago, only to hear him early this year, at the Met, singing an exquisitely beautiful *Dies bildnis ist bezaubernd schön*. Gedda, whose vocal technique is the most admired in the profession, has made more recordings than any other tenor ever, and is still at it—upcoming are a Max in *Der Freischütz*, a *Damnation of Faust*, a *Manon* (with Beverly Sills) and a *Gypsy Baron* (with Miss Bumbry), plus some Rachmaninoff songs and Beethoven's *Christ on the Mount of Olives*.

Encountered recently, Gedda had words of wisdom about opera recordings, conducting and New York.

On recordings: "An opera doesn't take so much time anymore, which is a pity; in the past, recordings were prepared more carefully, both musically and technically. Now some singers come and we do an ensemble and the next day some of them leave. Everyone is saving money."

On conducting: "The basic principle of opera is that if the words can't be pronounced the tempo is too fast."

On New York: "It's extraordinary—the whores, the hotel around the corner with the addicts in the doorway, picturesque somehow, fun, exciting." Sounds like a nice place to visit, but, oddly, Gedda now lives here.

Monteverdi's *Orfeo* is a summing up of the High Renaissance in Italy by the boldest and most passionate composer of his time, the first man to understand the essence of the musical theatre, which is still best stated in the three words Monteverdi used: "Melodies represent people." *Orfeo* is the earliest large-scale work that can be an emotional experience for an unschooled modern listener, though he will have to listen pretty carefully and probably more than once. The centerpiece aria, Orfeo's *Possente spirto*, which moves the flinthearted Charon at the banks of the Styx, is still, after 360-odd years, one of the most direct and eloquent statements in the literature of music. Fittingly, it is followed by a chorus which begins with the words "Nothing is undertaken by man in vain, neither can nature defend herself against him. . . ."

Like Shakespeare, Monteverdi was essentially a popular figure considered more than a little coarse by the intellectuals of his trade, who talked about doing in a refined way what he did quite naturally. *Orfeo* was an immensely popular work: first performed in 1607, it was printed in full score in 1609 and reprinted in 1615, for performances all over Italy. Then, as was their wont, our ancestors returned it to the library. Monteverdi himself revived his other early opera *Arianna* (with its great aria *Lasciatemi morire*, which literally drove its first audience to public weeping and lamentation) when he was the musical lion of Venice in the 1640's, but *Orfeo* seems to have become a matter for scholars. A concert performance in Rome in 1911 was apparently its first for more than a quarter of a millennium.

That Roman performance, of course, was in a modern re-orchestration. To perform Monteverdi at all was daring enough in the early years of this century, and in fact it would have been impossible to use Monteverdi's own orchestral score. The instruments for which he wrote had long since disappeared, and their modern equivalents were sufficiently different in timbre to destroy all his balances even if the scholarship of the period had learned to appreciate them. As late as the 1930's, Nadia Boulanger's group in Paris was still performing Monteverdi duets and madrigals with a modern piano and modern cello to provide a newly composed continuo. Even such apparently "authentic" orchestrations as the one which backed Raymond Leppard's recording of *L'Ormindo* (by Monteverdi's pupil Cavalli) are really clever fakes supplied by the conductor to make performance possible with modern instruments. In Monteverdi's case it was common until quite recently for conductors (especially Germans) to clean up his obviously improper dissonant harmonies.

As early as the late nineteenth century, however, Carl Dolmetsch had begun to propagandize for the use of reconstructed early instruments to play early music. Soon after World War II, scholar-performers like Safford Cape in Belgium and Noah Greenberg in New York began to demonstrate that authenticity of sound could enhance the vitality of performance. This movement has been carried to its conclusion in large instrumental groups by the brilliant Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the astonishing Concentus Musicus of Wien, which he and his violinist wife have led, with virtually unchanging personnel, for the last eighteen years. Most of the time, they apply their mastery of reconstructed and reconditioned seventeenth-century instruments to the music of the German Baroque. A few years ago, however, they recorded (for Telefunken) Monteverdi's 1610 *Vespro della Beata Vergine*. And now Telefunken has issued their performance of *Orfeo*: a miraculous recording of one of the miracles of music.

Part of the quality of this performance is simply the sound of the instruments—brighter, leaner, sometimes harsher than modern instruments, all contributing to the contrasts between pastoral earth and arid hell. Part of it is the intensely developed but never precious musical sensitivity of the Harnoncourts and their friends, previously commented on in these pages. Here, moreover, because they are working with a tiny madrigal group in the choral sections, the Harnoncourts are not obliged to match their leaderless instrumental ensemble to the conducting of a choral director. As important as all these elements to the triumph of this recording, however, is an ideal solo cast, headed by the Hungarian tenor Lajos Kozma as Orfeo. Both his *Possente spirto* and his echo aria in the last act are, simply, heartbreaking in their intensity, their mastery of Monteverdian expression. Included in the solo cast, incidentally, is our own Cathy Berberian.

This is not an oddity. It is a work of the greatest imaginable literary, dramatic and musical strength in a passionate and personal performance. It is not an antique: it speaks to aspects of the human condition that do not change. Those who wish to understand themselves here and now will do better concentrating on this opera of 1607 than on any music I know, written during the last decade. And there will never be a better performance.

Mozart's *Idomeneo* is another dramatic opera of long ago usually written about rather than performed, and now issued (by Philips) in a recording which boldly and in every way asserts title to greatness. Colin Davis is the conductor, with the BBC Symphony and Chorus, and the soloists include George Shirley in the title role, the Welsh tenor Ryland Davies and the soprano Margherita Rinaldi. Unfortunately, *Idomeneo* is not a great opera, partly because the stiff opera seria ritual did not match well with Mozart's dramatic sensibilities (though he wrote some superb scenes and individual arias), partly because at age twenty-five Mozart had not yet found his own way to organize works on this scale. Davis' hard-driving performance, heard straight through, thus becomes insistent and even a little shrill, and the decision to cast Shirley's weighty tenor as Idomeneo backfires in the fioritura, which he just can't manage. The best recorded *Idomeneo* to my taste is still the excerpts disc done twenty years ago by Fritz Busch at Glyndebourne with Sena Jurinac, Richard Lewis and Alexander Young as promising youngsters, but that's unavailable. Of those you can buy right now, this performance is probably the best because Davis is, after all, a fascinating conductor. Just take it in small doses.

Among more modern works recently issued, an outstanding recording couples the two Prokofiev *Violin and Piano Sonatas* in performances of considerable bite and vigor by Itzhak Perlman and Vladimir Ashkenazy (RCA), the Carl Nielsen *Flute and Clarinet Concertos*, lyrical explorations of serenity and nonstandard eccentricity in their composer's best late manner, are offered by soloists and the Philharmonia Hungarica under Othmar Maga (Turnabout); and the Bartók *First* and *Third Piano Concertos* are paired by Daniel Barenboim and Pierre Boulez with the New Philharmonia (Angel). The Bartók *Third*, the composer's last work, is one of the inescapable compositions of this century, especially fascinating this year because of the very clear indications of how closely and how profoundly the composer had been studying Beethoven. Precise without being prissy, the performance strikes me as just right.

It is fashionable these days to lament the disappearing audience for symphony concerts, but there's still no shortage of customers for the first rate. The Cleveland Orchestra and George Szell blew into New York some weeks ago to give five concerts in three weeks, and they just about sold out for every one of them. The first program was the Schubert *Unfinished* and Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*, and it drew a surprising number of professional musicians who actually paid their own money for their tickets. They were not, I think, disappointed.

After a hundred years or so of playing for George Szell (the men say it's a hundred years, anyway) the Cleveland has acquired powers of concentration not available to any other orchestra I know. Its performances are distinguished by a committed, integral craftsmanship, an attention to detail and to duty that leave this listener in a condition of awed delight. But this is like vintage wine, and it won't keep, and changing conditions of work for both orchestral musicians and conductors make it increasingly unlikely that any hundred-man ensemble of this consistent quality will be put together again.

Hear it now.

A couple of years ago Herbert von Karajan described his first rehearsal with the Cleveland.

George Szell attended, as he will when he's in town, and listened while the Prokofiev *Fifth* was prepared. At the break he went up to Karajan and said, "When you started, I was afraid we were going to have a disaster because I played the work with the men last year and my approach to it was entirely different."

Karajan, who tells the story, was so flabbergasted that he could say only, "If you had not told me I would never have known that this orchestra had ever played this work any way but mine." That's quite a tribute.

Conducting the Mahler *Lied* at Carnegie, Szell stationed the soloists a little behind him and, like the great opera conductor he used to be, allowed himself to be led in phrasing details by his singers. The lady in the case was Janet Baker, and since May seems to be make-amends month, I should recall that I once said that for all the excellence of her records I found her not quite credible because I had never been overwhelmed by her in a live performance. That comment is here and now most apologetically withdrawn, though a mezzo singing an alto role, Miss Baker was perfection itself.

Like the Cleveland. #

IF THE SILENT MAJORITY COULD TALK, WHAT WOULD IT SAY?

(Continued from page 131) time and, if he finds Putnam not at home, sits down in Putnam's chair and puts his feet on the desk and waits. ("Hey—my God—yes—yes—all right, Tommy—yes—I'll hold off until next week if you don't mind. I've got all I can handle here.")

Come Saturday, he retires to his ranch in Chino, the Middle America of Southern California: flat, windy, divided into segments by wire fences and by roads, farm country, the mountains invisible behind the sky-colored smog, Kansas with pepper trees. There Putnam raises thoroughbreds and takes the time to explain George Putnam, the mass media, and America.

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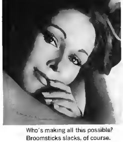
on the networks Putnam hit them in an editorial " . . . Some of the network Johnny-come-latelies too often consider themselves the intellectual elite who will pick and choose what they think is best for provincial America." Now, months later, he calls on his own experience to explain the prevalence of liberal views on the airwaves "I think it goes back to the days of Franklin D Roosevelt, to the New Deal So many of us who lived through that period who were just struggling kids, who saw our fathers unable to provide for their families because there just wasn't a job suddenly saw a man a leader, an articulate spokesman explode upon the American scene And Franklin Roosevelt was able to spark the imagination of the American people he was able to fuse them with a new desire to go forward And I for one in the early stages of my radio career was a strong exponent not only of the humanitarian ideas of Franklin D Roosevelt, but I followed also the career of Floyd B Olson of Minnesota who organized the Farmer-Labor Party, and as a student in high school I went out and campaigned for him And then when I went to New York I was enraptured by Norman Thomas and I attended many meetings of the Socialist Party And so I understand the liberal excitement of the young reporter But I think there comes a time in one's life when he begins to balance the books The mature individual as a reporter or as a man begins to evaluate. Now I daresay that in New York, as Mr Agnew pointed out there is a concentration of press, radio and television personalities and organizations that dictate to this nation what it is going to think what the next trend will be and exactly the direction in which we're headed And I think there's a tendency when this elite comes together in New York, whether they're from St Paul or Seattle or China to grow closer together and to believe that they have all of the answers And they certainly don't go to the old traditional American accepted way of life but rather reach out into what they choose to call liberalism Now perhaps I've been long-winded but that is a part of what I have thought"

There is no rancor in the paced professional bass voice (familiar once, perhaps, as the alternate narrator for Lowell Thomas on Fox Movietone newsreels) as Putnam recounts his first run in with the wrong people "I served as a member of the A F R A board, the American Federation of Radio Artists when I went to New York No one knew me no one had any reason to know me but I was placed on that board the first year I was there This was in the years 1939 40-41 We spent at least half our time talking about Russia and the rest of it talking about going out on strike or sympathizing with some truckers' union or some group completely unrelated to A F R A and I couldn't figure out why I suddenly ended up on that board But obviously they were trying to capture me I was being indoctrinated and I couldn't buy it. It was headed by a secretary who later was identified as deeply involved." (Now the voice is slow and dark perhaps with nostalgia, more likely with vicarious repentance for the deeply involved of a speciously innocent yesteryear) "Say no more I've never been accused of being either a Communist or a Nazi to my face."

Though his wrath broils hottest for anti-Americanism in whatever form or from whatever quarter, Putnam's own repertoire is sometimes short on conspicuous boosterism Last Christmas Eve his editorial ran on with relentless parallelism "What kind of nation is this that fails to understand that freedom of speech and assembly are one thing but anarchy and treason are quite another? That allows known Communists to serve as teachers to pervert the natural loyalties and ideals of our youth filling them with doubt and fear and hate downgrading patriotism and our heroes of the past? What kind of nation is this that continues to apologize for the whining, lazy complaining ones that believe the world owes them a living and to make excuses for the cowards that spit in the face of the police, and then run to hide behind the robes of a judicial sob sister?" -and so on through a catalog of agonies



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When America quails and falters Putnam's moral approbation discharges itself upon steadfast Israel. In 1967 he roasted the State Department for its neutrality in the Arab-Israeli war; last year he went to Israel to do a documentary; today he sees Israel as the locus of whatever it is America has misplaced "The kid of today does not have goals What does the average kid have to hang his hat on? There's another thing that's missing, corny as it may sound, and it's a simple thing that comes to a man perhaps much later in life, and that's recognition of the importance of spirituality." (Putnam is a recent convert to Mormonism, largely through the influence of Rex Ellsworth, his horse-raising neighbor down the road in Chino.) "I went to Israel and I found many things there that fortified my original thoughts about Israel one thousand percent. I came back emotionally involved, more involved than I've been with anything in a long time The struggle of a country for its very existence, where the barest necessities of life may not be available tomorrow . . . The unity of these people . . . The expression of one young man 'I must watch over my country' . . . Perhaps we had these things fifty years ago in America But the worry the fear the lack of guarantees of the necessities of life these are ever-present dangers in Israel And I believe that what ties this whole ball of wax together is a thing called spirituality, a belief in something above and beyond. And I think that this is missing in our America, and too often among our youth. And yet in their heart of hearts and in their soul they're yearning for it or they wouldn't be turning to dope, they wouldn't be turning to all of these substitutes for the biggest kick the biggest trip that you can get out of life, in my opinion and that is being outgoing above and beyond yourself and into, call it what you will, infinity"

Once a week, in a book-lined basement in Birmingham, Michigan two or three suburbs north of Detroit, Brigadier General S L A Marshall (Retired) composes his syndicated newspaper column on military affairs while innumerable fellow generals of wars past and present look down sternly from autographed pictures. Connoisseurs of the picturesque find much to cherish in Marshall's style "The Gordian knot in the shape of a can of worms, was there and had to be cut, leaving the ends frayed" Nevertheless since he is the only military analyst going who is both a survivor, as participant or observer, of twenty two wars and a newspaperman of almost fifty years' standing, his exasperation has particular authority when, for example, he attacks some unfortunate public figure for deploring the unchivalrous character of the Vietnam war 'When was war ever a decent business, more noble, more alluring than now? It is only time and distance, the shortness of man's memory and the broad brush applied by the historians that lend it an enchantment with the passing of years. Possibly politicians and scientists who were never there may detect change for better or worse."

On November 13, last year, the *Daily World*, New York's foremost Communist newspaper, announced with what passes for satisfaction among the strident minority "S.L.A. Marshall, rabid hawk red-baiter and anti-Soviet commentator, was fired from Channel 4 TV station which is owned by The Detroit *News*, following floods of angry mail that protested his attack on the October 15th Moratorium." Was it an accident, as students of ideological conspiracy are so often required to ask, that the Vice-President's assault on TV news broadcasting occurred the night of that very same November 13? Well, maybe, since the Vice-President failed to mention Marshall or The

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See I•O•I•S details on last page

Detroit *News*, or Channel 4 or even the *Daily World* although this apparent negligence may only reflect the true measure of his strategic savvy.

Slam (the acronym by which the rabid hawk, red-hater and anti-Soviet commentator signs his water color landscapes and is known to his fellow generals and correspondents) harks back to a day when a man of five feet, five and a half inches could make the football team at Texas Western and become the youngest second lieutenant in the U.S. Army in time for World War I. The new breed (if there is such a thing) of correspondents in Vietnam regard him as the victim of his experiences rather than the beneficiary. "Slam doesn't realize that the war in Vietnam is different from any other war." It is true, perhaps, that Marshall concentrates on the minutiae of battle, on [illegible] rather than the big picture. His books about the war (*Bird* and *West To Cambodia*) convey in precise step-by-step detail the progress of individual battles through the conduct of individual soldiers. "Specialist 4 Robert J. Wintar, a 21-year-old machine gunner from Sauk Centre, Minn. led forward the Third Squad from Gipson's platoon . . . . A low-hanging tree branch caught in the steel pot of Spec 4 Martin Barbosa and jerked it off. As he reached for it, a bullet drilled him through the head; the helmet might have saved him." On the other hand, Marshall differs notably from the new breed in that he has been to more wars than one. "I am described as a hawk by a lot of people but I have not been a hawk. I can't think in those terms. I can only think in terms that are practical in the waging of warfare against an enemy of the United States. You don't play around with war."

Marshall has skirmished before with the ignorant armies of the mass media. He fired the first shot in October 1966 with an article in *The New Leader* (circulation 30,000), charging the Saigon press corps with headline hunting, cynicism, laziness, cowardice and ideological deformation. "Today's average correspondent prefers a piece that will make people on the home front squirm and agonize . . . . The war is being covered primarily for all bleeding hearts and for Senator Fulbright, who casts about for a way to stop it by frightening and shocking the citizenry. It is not being reported for simple souls who would like to know how it is being fought and how good are the chances that the South Vietnamese and American forces and their allies can bring off a military victory." *Time* magazine (circulation 4,164,000)—the old tough hawk *Time* of 1966 which differed more than once with its own Saigon corps—picked up Marshall's story, and paraphrased it, with copious quotations, in its Press column.

A counterthrust from the non-hawk media was not long delayed. Marshall's account of a particularly harrowing Vietnamese battle in the January, 1967 *Harper's* carried on its second page a box promising: "Later this year, *Harper's* will publish his report on some nonmilitary aspects of the war." *Harper's* never did. Marshall was prepared with material on the activities of U.S. troops in building schools and the like but says, "I talked that over with Willie Morris" (then Executive Editor of *Harper's* and soon to become Editor-in-Chief) "and it didn't appeal to him. And then I said, 'Well I've got a story about five soldiers, two Americans and three South Vietnamese, who go out and destroy a battalion of the enemy.' He said yes he'd like to see it, and then he wrote me a letter and rejected it. I don't know what was in Morris' mind but my conclusion was that anything that showed the Army or our operations in a good light would be unacceptable to him."

With such a history of otherwise-mindedness, it is not surprising that Marshall used his thrice weekly appearances on Detroit television to attack not only the October Moratorium but also Senators Mike Mansfield (for proposing a unilateral cease-fire) and Fred Harris (for [illegible] persistence in demanding that President Nixon end the war immediately if not sooner). Thus, presumably, were set in motion the wheels that eventually deposited Marshall outside the premises of WWJ after two years on the six o'clock news. Such at any rate, is the explanation of Marshall's discharge shared by Marshall and the *Daily World*; the station declined to explain its reasons to The Detroit *Free Press* or, for that matter, to the *Michigan Daily*, which deplored the whole affair as another step forward toward ever blander television in the Detroit area.

"Here's a curious thing," adds Marshall, "I write a weekly column for the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post Syndicate, and the newspaper that owns the station has completely ignored my work for the last four years. Now all of a sudden they're using it trying to butter up the situation."

A lot of people think television bringing year after year of bloody horror into the living room has been chiefly responsible for the growth of anti-war sentiment in the United States. Marshall differs. "I think that is looking at the thing through the wrong end of the telescope. Without a doubt TV coverage has been responsible for making a lot of mothers and non-mothers pacifist-minded, feeling that there's got to be a better way and we've got to declare that there must be a better way. But I think that really more damage to our national unity has been done through the press."

Marshall first became a reporter (for the El Paso *Herald*) in 1922, four years after he became a soldier. He had worked up to chief editorial writer for The Detroit *News* when World War II broke out and he returned to the Army. "I have noticed one thing in this war that I did not note in any other," he says, "and that is that when a paper takes an anti-war position, its correspondents get the idea and go down the line looking for stories that are going to color public opinion against the war. I've never seen this before."

In Marshall's view, one of the earliest casualties of the American press in Vietnam was Ngo Dinh Diem—not that Diem was without sin. "By the time Diem's disappearance occurred I was certain that he had become psychotic under pressures exerted upon him from many directions including the press of the United States. They were trying to do everything they could to destroy this man. When I was over there in 1962 I spoke to the press corps at the Hotel Caravelle—there were numbers of guys present, Homer Bigart of The New York *Times* for instance—and said, 'All right, you're trying to get someone else in his place. Now who do you propose?' One of them spoke up brightly and said, 'Ho Chi Minh.' I said, 'I know you're kidding, but that's just exactly what you're trying to do.' I could understand their position, because they were being manhandled by the Army and by the U.S. Embassy, they had no transportation, the U.S. Command felt that it could not betray Diem and had to go along whenever he wanted to keep something secret, and there was nowhere to go to get stories.

"The trouble in the last two or three years," Marshall complains, "is not primarily that reporters have not tried to follow battle, it's that the men who are trying to follow it don't know anything about battle. Take Khesanh as an example. There wasn't one intelligent story out of Khesanh—nothing but tears for poor individuals who were staked out to die. This was absolute nonsense! We had five battalions there at the most, and in three months of battle they lost 257 men killed, and I have seen battalions in the United States Army lose this many men killed in one day and keep on going. It comes down to

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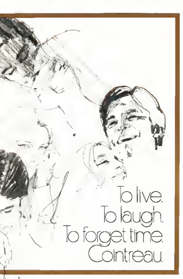
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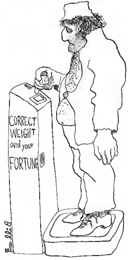
a very simple thing expressed in a song I knew as a child. The refrain was 'You don't know how much you have to know in order to know how little you know.'"

Far, far from everything at the heart of America's innermost boondock the Greco-Roman skyline of Indianapolis is sinking rapidly beneath a booming overgrowth of curtain-wall office buildings of the midtown Manhattan school. Though there is nothing but space in any direction from Indianapolis, the prevailing momentum of development is up, not out; the neoclassic U.S. Post Office and Federal Courthouse sinks daily deeper in the shadow of the thirty-seven-story Indiana National Bank Building as Indianapolis marches toward scratch in the national caucus race between the elevator and the automobile.

Yet Republican virtue is unlikely to perish in Indianapolis so long as the editorial offices of the Indianapolis *News* continue to confront University Park and the hitherto immortal marble of the Indiana War Memorial. Behind the window, M. Stanton Evans (as his books and *National Review* articles are signed) or plain Stan Evans (his by-line in the *News*) watches over the editorial pages of the only afternoon paper in town (the morning daily, under the same ownership, exercises a similar local monopoly). "The people of Indiana are self-conscious of themselves as Hoosiers, as Midwesterners," he says; "a certain hostility toward the East may be assumed. Indiana is generally selected out for reproach by visiting New York *Times* correspondents and people like that, and of course we always argue with them a lot. Robert Gover, the guy who wrote those Kitten books, came out here and did an article in *The New York Times Magazine*, a sort of Menckenesque treatment of Indiana, the Sahara-of-the-Bozart type thing, putting down Indiana for corn-fed characteristics and of course we immediately took issue with this and



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dreamed him, and so forth. Indiana has in some ways become symbolic to people in the East of something that they don't like and vice versa, and there's a natural antagonism. But to my knowledge that kind of thing has never come up in a political context. This was Nixon's strongest state in '68. The Republican candidate doesn't have to come in here and say, 'Please vote for me and defeat the evil powers of the East.' When Nixon speaks here generally he speaks in generalizations, you know, like 'get out and do good for America,' or something like that, and it carries the state."

The Indianapolis *News* saluted the November march on Washington, if it was watching, with a three-column-wide American flag, in living color, on the front page under the text (in red type) "I Pledge Allegiance. . . ." Beneath this ran a story on the march from the U.P.I. wire, disinfected for the nervous by a headline of local manufacture: CAPITAL ON GUARD AS PEACENIKS MARCH. Stan Evans does not write headlines for the front page but defends the *News* against charges of editorializing in the news sections. "I think the easiest way for you to determine that is to just look at some of our papers, and I think you can see that the news is played pretty straight."

Evans' desk faces autographed pictures of Barry Goldwater and Strom Thurmond, who in turn face Evans and beyond him the War Memorial. The air conditioner carries a bumper sticker: Keep Cool with Coolidge. The office, like the Republican Party, seems to be undergoing long-term reconstruction: hammers somewhere hammer, buzz saws buzz, workmen come and go, swags of black electrical cable depend in festoons from holes in the ceiling. "This has been going on for months," Evans says as a wildcat tears sheet metal somewhere nearby. Hot messages hurtle with percussive bangs through a pneumatic pipe running the length of the ceiling to fall with a clank in the office of a secretary next door. But the Indianapolis *News* is a hundred years old, and Evans, who is thirty-five, is patient, as, in the years between Hoover and (maybe—who knows?) Nixon, American conservatives have had to be.

Yet he has already enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the national Republicans catch up with him. In his 1968 book, *The Future of Conservatism*, he pointed out that population, and with it political power, was shifting away from the East and the cities and toward the West and the suburbs, a perception that later made Richard Nixon President and Kevin Phillips famous. In the same book he discerned that there are two Americas, one belonging to the news media (who are "by an overwhelming margin . . . staffed by Democrats") and the other belonging to real life. Of the latter, he wrote: "This is a nation one can discover by putting down his magazine, turning off his TV set, and walking out the front door. . . . Within its boundaries things look a good deal different from the way they look on television." In 1969, similar discernments made Spiro Agnew a household word in *both* Americas. After Agnew's attack on the networks, Evans welcomed Agnew to the Illuminati in an editorial: "In our opinion he was right as rain. . . ." In another editorial: "The TV moguls and news commentators, wielding nationwide power in which realistic options to their views are excluded, have for years been busily at work stuffing the American public with liberal-left opinion."

Evans rejects the vulgar notion, popular with letter writers to the newsmagazines, that a red pack of liberals has conspired to distort the front pages and deform the picture tubes of an unsuspecting populace. "We have been moving for God knows how long, fifty years, maybe a hundred or even more, toward a situation in which people who are professionally involved in the manipulation of ideas and words have sort of congealed around the left-liberal position. That is the attitude that is more or less programmed into them, in my opinion, in the colleges and universities. The problem extends beyond news presentation. In the talk shows, for example, I remember one where the people they presented consecutively as sort of guests to discuss issues of large were Pete Hamill, Jimmy Breslin and some girl who's leading the women's liberation front and that was it, that was the ideological portion of the program. There was no indication that these were not thoroughly representative spokesmen for American society, these interesting people that they brought out there."

Evans is not impressed by signs that the networks may now be trying consciously to balance their content. "They've been saying they were going to do this and that and the other but they are not so much moving to present the kind of balance I'm talking about, but to present a balance sort of within the liberal mind-set. The national TV media will condemn Nixon when he appears to be deviating to the right, so they will balance that by praising him when he appears to be deviating to the left, so that Nixon comes out balanced but the ideological presentation does not."

Evans' operating vocabulary derives from his good fortune in being an undergraduate at Yale after William F. Buckley Jr. Probably there is no practicing politician, certainly not over thirty-five, in America who would dare to use the word ideology more than once in a lifetime, but Evans, coming to Indianapolis from the Yale *Daily News*, *The Freeman*, the *National Review* and *Human Events*, has seen a lot of ideology and survived. His latest book maintains that there is and ought to be a national ideology, that it is conservative, and that the Republican Party will prosper in such measure as it catches on to this ever-so-long by-the-media-neglected fact.

"Ultimately," Evans concedes, "I am willing to acknowledge that the reason we have liberal media is because we've had intellectually speaking a liberal country, and there's not going to be balance in the media until there is some kind of greater intellectual balance coming out of the colleges and universities. The answer has to be in an effort at the campus level to produce more and more people who are capable of articulating the conservative position and are interested in doing it in the communications profession."

Evans leans back about three inches and laughs at the suggestion that perhaps it is his duty to go out on campuses and combat the liberal myrmidons. "I feel kind of like Canute, you know, sitting on the beach. I've become a kind of fig leaf at some campuses: they will have seventeen straight liberals and then want one conservative in order to say, oh, we had a conservative. I will from time to time be invited to a campus so that they can say, well, what are you complaining about, we had, you know, Evans here last March."

Nevertheless, the wars of truth continue, and a conservative victory is not in sight, though it may even now be hidden in the misty future.

"In the long-term sense the conservative position has made undeniable gains. But in the interaction of the media with the campus situation, the New Left thing has just sort of been created, you know, like from the brow of Zeus, there it is. Boom! You've got a movement. There is very little about the conservative movement on campus in the national media. It's much easier to find out about the New Left: you pick up the national mags or turn on the tube. So if you want to be a part of what is happening and yet become a national figure like Tom Hayden has become [Tom Hayden], you join the New Left. And of course I have some personal experience with this, because I not only work with conservative kids but to a certain extent am a product of the campus conservative movement and have written several books. I make no claims for them as to their merits, but I was very interested to note, just in my personal case, that I have never had a book reviewed, or mentioned, in *Time* or *Newsweek*. And I notice that this young fellow James Simon Kunen, who wrote this thing *The Strawberry Statement*, which I have not read, so I don't presume to judge its merits, has been on two different national TV talk shows and I've noticed that his book was simultaneously reviewed in both *Time* and *Newsweek* as a big—you know, important or symbolically important at least—manifesto of some kind. It is this kind of power, this certification of authenticity on the part of both the faculties and the administrations, and of the liberal news media, which has made the conservative cause very difficult vis-à-vis the New Left."

Difficult also, vis-à-vis the Old Left, the liberal establishment, and the hitherto immobile but now drifting Center, but Evans feels the soil of Nebo beneath his feet. After all, *The Future of Conservatism*, arguing merely that a conservative victory was possible, was written before the election of Richard Nixon. It was revised and reissued after that election arguing that a conservative victory had in many senses occurred and that the time was ripe for more. The 1970 Congressional elections are coming up fast. It seems fair to imagine that Stan Evans would not reject the opportunity, if it should occur, for a second and still more optimistic revision. ∎

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(Continued from page 26)

SAM'S

For anyone about to produce a low budget picture with a restaurant-cum discothèque set of the Bogart-*Casablanca* milieu, Manhattan may have the very place—all ready to shoot in—at 1220 Second Avenue at Sixty-fourth Street. With a piano player, it could be right out of *The Late Show*. All restaurants cost a great deal of money to start, but here's one where more money probably went into the back of the house and perhaps the bar and the discotheque upstairs than in the dining room decorations. The place looks as if once it might have been a warehouse or a garage. Now it is a large room with a high ceiling from which are suspended the immense fans that still float around in the bar of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore and in a lot of other places that were synonyms for leisure and luxury and the good life away from home. The fans aren't needed for cooling, but just looking at them gives a nice effect anyway. There is tile all around and it is white but not the antiseptic kind on the floor and partway up the walls, tile that was part of the "soda parlors" of the Twenties and Thirties. The chairs too look as if they had been part of the soda-parlor atmosphere, but the tables are large enough and sturdy enough to take the big steaks and salads and fried onion rings—and champagne—that a couple of groups of Mets were celebrating one of those victories with during the World Series last fall. There are potted palms here and there, enough to enhance the Singapore or Morocco atmosphere, and the tables are not one upon another and it is difficult to explain the attractiveness of the spot, but the attractiveness is there.

The bar is in a niche of its own, away from the whiteness of the dining room and has gotten a lot of attention because it came from the old Metropolitan Opera House. It is good-looking, sturdy and of beautiful wood, and the drinks are as good as the Metropolitan served although the same can't be said for the wine, which is "cellared" around the bar.

Sam's is open seven days a week for lunch and dinner. The lunch menu is fairly varied. There are all kinds of omelets, and good ones too. You can get lamb chops or Sam's sliced steak or a junior sirloin or calves' liver with bacon. The house salad, which is also featured at night, is of avocado and artichoke hearts, hearts of palm and tomatoes with Romaine and Bibb lettuce. An apple pancake at $2 not intended for dessert seemed to be shared at several nearby tables as a dessert. Lunch is from noon until two-thirty.

Dinner begins at five-thirty and extends for seven hours. There are nine or ten appetizers, onion soup and soup du jour. The appetizers are not out of the ordinary in variety but the baked clams were excellent.

There are more than a dozen entrees and the list is not often changed, although chicken (du jour) may be cooked several different ways. The steaks are good, cooked just right and flavorful, as is the prime ribs of beef, and even as late as midnight the steaks seem to be the most often ordered. (Steaks, $7.85 down; ribs $6.25.) In addition there are lamb and veal chops, shish kebab, a shellfish stew, scampi and fillet of sole amandine. Cheese cake, and pastries from the cart and fruit in season; the ice cream had the flavor enhanced perhaps by thoughts of soda parlors.

Phillip Slaven, who appears to be in his early thirties, is the man responsible for Sam's. Bob Steigerwald is the night manager. The service is quick and anything but subservient. Reservations: 535 1282.

C'est Moi, the discothèque, is just upstairs and early in the evening—it opens about nine—it is a calm place to be. At three-thirty things may be different. The minimum is $4 except for Friday and Saturday, when it is upped two dollars. It is really a beautiful room, black and white, and the Moorish arches make it a bit more intimate than the size of the place warrants.

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The new room is paneled in beautiful dark mahogany which is accented with murals in the Edwardian manner by John Terzian. The murals, the oyster white chairs, the orange and blue color scheme—the blue is most noticeable in the leather banquettes—set off the dark wood most effectively, and there is plenty of dark wood: the parquet floors, the great bar in the center of the room, the tables. The blue is a shade The Plaza calls imperial—somewhere between a navy and a French blue—and in addition to the banquettes the color is on the wooden seats of the white chairs and in the napkins on the tables.

The large bar in the center of the room, which is open on one side, has seats on the other three for about thirty diners or diners-and-drinkers. There is also a stand-up bar for men guests who drop in for an order of freshly opened oysters or clams. Other patrons who have finished lunch or dinner sometimes come over merely to see the oysters and clams being shucked, so expertly is it done.

The menu is not a large one, and the luncheons and dinners are about the same as to prices and selections. Dinner perhaps has a few more entrées, and it also features bouillabaisse, which is not on the luncheon, but is served in the evening seven days a week.

Of course oysters and clams are available on the half shells. Other appetizers include both king crab and snow crab cocktails. There are stews of oysters and lobsters and clams; there are clam chowders (both kinds) and clam broth and lobster bisque.

The specialties are the bouillabaisse at $5.60 and half a dozen others about two dollars less: steamers in a bucket, squid marinara, and mussels marinière. The quiche of Alaska king crab looked rather formidable—its diameter was about six inches but it had such a different flavor with the crab that it quickly disappeared, along with a salad at $1.65.

Entrées included jumbo shrimp jambalaya on a bed of rice at $3.85 that could have had a bit more piquancy; a baked lobster half stuffed with crabmeat, very good at $7.25; boiled lobster, poached Boston scrod with egg sauce. There are meal-size open face sandwiches of crab and fresh salmon and salads of shrimp, lobster and halibut flake.

The two entrances to the Oyster Bar are from the lobby or directly from Fifty-Eighth Street, under an orange-and-blue-striped awning that leads to an etched glass door.

George Colovic is the maitre d'hotel; he was formerly head captain at the Pavilion and maitre d'hotel at Lutèce.

The Oyster Bar is open six days a week from eleven-thirty to one in the morning, and from one Sunday afternoon to midnight. It is best to have reservations, but there is a wait nevertheless.

Reservations: 759 3000.

YELLOWFINGERS

Dr. Joseph Santo, who owns the Sign of the Dove and Solum Sanctorum on Third Avenue, seems to have the restaurant touch. Both these oddly named restaurants are in the wish-I-had-them class. A few years ago he opened his third and called it Yellowfingers. For a while it was Yellowfingers Butcheria, perhaps because it also sold meats, but the Butcheria seems to have been dropped and the Yellowfingers remains. Its great success is hard to explain, hard that is for someone not in any flush of youth. It is certainly not a luxurious place but it is so well liked by its young in-group that it is always crowded—this despite the prices, which for the service and the ambience, are by no means low. (It is so crowded at times that unless you're alert you're in the conversation at the next table, a finger's width away.)

Nevertheless everyone seems to be having a good time, to be enjoying the food; there's even some table-hopping, although how they do it is impossible to explain.

The food is all cooked right in the dining room and it is good food and even plentiful. The French onion soup, for instance, is $1.25. Escargots, half a dozen, are $2.25. The hamburgers, plain, with cheese, Provençale, Big Boy Blue and Yellowfinger's, are $1.75 to $2.25. The sausages, hot, sweet, bratwurst, knockwurst, French fries included, arrive in a skillet, $2.75. There are crepes of various kinds, the prices range up from $1.25. The one of sausages, cheese and tomatoes was pronounced excellent, $3. There are dessert crêpes too; the Grand Marnier at $2.50 was excellent.

Most of the young who did any drinking at all ordered beer, or one of the special coffees at $1.75 that are quite sweet: coffee topped with whipped cream and containing one of several kinds of cordials or Irish whiskey.

The service is very willing; from what we could hear at the tables in front and back and side, some of the waiters are would-be actors.

Yellowfingers is at 1009 Third Avenue, close to Bloomingdale's and to Alexander's, and to many movie theatres such as the Sutton and the Fine Arts, the Trans-Lux East and the Avco-Embassy, the Baronet and the Coronet and Cinema I and Cinema II. No need to make a reservation, it will be crowded and you'll have to wait anyway. If you're to dine and watch the actors, don't try for the little gallery space with windows on the Sixtieth Street side. If you just want to eat, try to make that; it offers you a little more elbow room but not quite as much fun. Yellowfingers is open every day from eleven thirty until "very late." On Sunday it opens about one thirty.

The Yellowfingers discothèque is downstairs and much more than a floor away from Yellowfingers itself. It is a lovely little room in red and black, and sometimes here, strangely enough, the clientele is not the very, very young. Perhaps the price may make the difference, perhaps the music. Upstairs, the music played over the system is groovy; downstairs it is "continental." There's a neat little bar, a very nice dance floor; the atmosphere is oh so pleasant, there's no crowding and the drink service is almost instant. The drinks are very large and very good, and the minimum is $5 on weekdays and $8 on Fridays and Saturdays.

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(Continued from page 122)

'Now, my fellow Americans, I'm going to implement all of those plans tomorrow.'

You know what happens the next day? I get shot. The President is dead. Cause of accident unknown. Ain't I right? The power people don't want a fair President. When I was in the musical show *Buck White* on Broadway one of the songs I sang had these lines:

We came in chains we didn't volunteer
and yet today, the fact remains we're still held captive here
. . . now we say cut us loose,
though that may go against your grain
still there is no excuse . . .
We came in chains, and now your choice must be
to either blow out all our brains
or else just set us free. . .
Better now than later on,
now that fear of death is gone,
Never mind another dawn . . .

You take the Black Panthers and think about them, for example. They're just brothers who want to be free now. They don't want to wait. Why should they? It's their country too, ain't it? Frustration overtakes them because white society wants to make them wait. And they reach the point where they just don't care no more. Those cats you see with their rifles shooting at the white police? They don't care about dying. They just don't care no more. Life ain't nothing to them. They don't have nothing. No money. No future. When they cry out in protest nobody hears it. They just don't care. So when they want to let the world know that they are real, that they're taking a real *stand*, you're gonna hear *Pop, Pop Bang Bang* Rifles.

We have all types of people fighting this thing, brothers trying to get free. We have some who think integration will solve it. Some think black power in politics will solve it. Some think intermarriage will solve it. Some think separation will solve it. We're all black fighting the same common oppressor, white America. The goal is the same: freedom, justice and equality for our people—30,000,000 black people. We're not out to attack one another even if we don't agree with one another. We all agree about freedom for black people.

That's my life now, my satisfaction. Not boxing. Boxing looks like nothing to me now compared to what I'm doing. But I've got some ideas about boxing. Every fighter who's lucky enough to get out of the game with his face unmarked, with his brains together, his speech still clear and not "dah, dah dee deh," like too many of them, has ideas about boxing.

The game will endure, always. But we've got to make it more of a sport than a serious killer thing. I've never been hurt and I've never really hurt anyone. I mean bad hurt. But there are a lot of fellows in the game that ain't good enough to keep from getting hurt. They get pushed along too quick and they're unevenly matched before they're ready. They hate to quit so they stand up there and take a whole lot of whipping. Some of them get maimed. Some die.

I think we should put head guards on all boxers like they do in football. They don't let football players into the game without a helmet and shoulder pads. Boxers need protection. They should have good head equipment, good mouthpieces and softer gloves. The gloves should be big ones with a lot of cushion in them, something where you can shake a person without really hurting him with that hard fist. Fighters get into trouble using that hard fist in those eight-ounce gloves to beat each other. With those little billy gloves you can pound a man on his brain. They should use gloves the size of sixteen-ounce training gloves, but not that heavy, just that well-cushioned. There should be extra doctors at ringside to check a man out when he's hurt, check him out good and right away, not after the fight.

In championship fights there should never be a return bout clause. If you lose your title, you shouldn't get another crack at it until you've gone back and started over again with the Number 10 contender. When Patterson and Liston fought it out it took them two long years to get it over with. What happened? All the other contenders had to sit around and wait while the rich people played with the fight game. You've got to keep the game going. Keep the drama up high, the way I did when I was fighting. I met a contender every two months. I made boxing. Boxing didn't make me. I put whole new pages in the record books, rewrote them. My gimmicks were real. I would name my opponents. Sonny Liston the Bear, I'd say, then I'd bring honey and a big bear trap to the weigh-in. Floyd Patterson the Rabbit. I went to his training camp with some lettuce and carrots and said, 'Here you go, Rabbit, you're gonna need 'em.' I campaigned, built it all up. I had everybody all shook up. I was good for boxing because it was dying when I came along and I brought it back to life. What have you got now? A little drama when Frazier fought my old sparring partner. Then nothing. Who is there to contend for the championship? Who's going to draw a sell-out crowd to Madison Square Garden? Joe Frazier hasn't got a championship contender to fight against. There just aren't any, are there?

But what if Muhammad Ali, who used to be known as Cassius Clay, came back and brought the drama back with him? You think that wouldn't fill Madison Square Garden? If I went to jump in a ring with Joe Frazier today, don't you think someone would bet on me? Oh, that would be something, wouldn't it?

Ali comes out to meet Frazier, but Frazier starts to retreat.
If Frazier goes back an inch farther, he'll wind up in a ringside seat,
Ali swings with a left, Ali swings with a right,
Look at the kid carry the fight.
Frazier keeps backin', but there's not enough room.
It's a matter of time before Ali lowers the boom.
Now Ali lands with a right, what a beautiful swing,
But the punch lifts Frazier clean out of the ring.
Frazier's still risin', but the referee wears a frown,
'Cause he can't start countin' 'til Frazier comes down.
Now Frazier disappears from view, the crowd is getting frantic.
Our radar stations have picked him up. He's somewhere over the Atlantic.
Who would have thought when they came to the fight
That they would witness the launching of a black satellite?
Yes, the crowd did not dream when they laid down their money
that Ali would retire Frazier and Sonny.
Frazier came out swinging, and Ali wasn't joking.
He was peckin' and a'pokin', pourin' water on his smokin'.
It might shock and amaze ya,
But Ali destroyed Frazier.

HE IS THE GREATEST!

But it ain't going to happen, ever. If they ever want me to fight again, the boxing commissioners of this country will literally have to beg me and to apologize publicly for all that they've done to me. They'll have to free me from all these threats. They'll have to crawl on their knees in front of the television cameras and tell everybody they were wrong. I've never begged them. They'll have to beg me. Then if there was a fight, I'd win. It wouldn't be any contest. If Joe Frazier even dreams he can whip me, he'd better wake up apologizing.

But don't wait for that fight, because it ain't going to happen now or ever. You'll just have to wonder about Joe Frazier and me in the ring. That's all. I'm not going to be an Uncle Tom for the fight commissioners. Damn the title. I've got bigger, more sophisticated things to do. Like the song that I sang in *Buck White*:

You've had us in your lock, tight as any cage
And now you're actin' shocked 'cause we're in a rage
Us on the bottom with you on top
That's just a game that we aim to stop
That's all over now, Mighty Whitey
That's all over now. ###

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Until you can hardly believe that the figure you are looking at in the mirror is your own! *And all through the application of a new medical principle by America's most famous diet doctor!*

Like this:

Most Diets Remove Skin-Fat Only! But This Diet Pulls Deep Fat And Excess Protein Right Out From The Muscle Areas Themselves! THAT'S WHY IT SMOOTHS OUT UGLY MUSCLE BULGES THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN EXERCISE AWAY!

Now you are beginning to understand the powerful logic of this new reducing plan! It is so important to your future health and appearance, however, that we must go into a few more details about it with you right now.

Fat stores itself in several places in your body. Much of it, of course, is deposited right underneath your skin. You can feel it if you squeeze the skin. This is *skin-fat*, and it is the fat you usually get rid of in ordinary diets.

Any good diet will burn this skin-fat away. This diet does too—*but far more quickly than you have ever dreamed before!* As much as 5 to 15 pounds in the very first week, as started! (That's why the doctor says that this diet has its own "Built-In Will Power"—*because you lose weight so incredibly fast this way that you wouldn't break this diet for the world!*)

But then, after this massive quick-weight loss—*after this skin-fat has been burned right out of your body—this new medical diet goes one step further that opens up a whole new world of beauty to you!*

Now it goes after the DEEP-FAT in your body—the fat and excess protein that is inter-laced with the muscle [illegible] with your [illegible] your hips [illegible] your thighs and all the other ugly problem bulges of your body.

These are the areas ordinary diets really can't touch—because their food mixtures reinforce those muscle-fat bulges rather than carve them down! These are the areas that laugh at even back-breaking exercises—*because they only make the muscles there GROW and don't have the slightest effect on the fat!*

But This New Diet Causes These Muscle-Fat Bulges TO FEED ON THEMSELVES! To Gently, But Rapidly, Pull Out Excess Fat And Protein Right Out Of These Bulges! So Those Bulges Look Almost As Though You Had SMOOTHED THEM AWAY WITH AN ERASER!

Now for the final point—and perhaps the most convincing fact of all.

This new QUICK INCHES-OFF DIET is given to you by perhaps the most successful reducing specialist in the world! It is backed and proven by over forty five years of medical experience of Dr. Irwin Maxwell Stillman, who gave you last year the revolutionary *Doctor's Quick Weight-Loss Diet.*

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How would you look three weeks from today about 30 or more pounds lighter? *And with your face as radiant and livelier and younger-looking than your figure!*

And then go on even further—

After you've lost that weight, how would you look with another 8 inches CARVED OFF YOUR WAIST? Another 6 inches CARVED OFF YOUR HIPS? Another 8 inches CARVED OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS? Another 4 inches CARVED RIGHT OFF YOUR THIGHS?

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About The Author—Dr. Irwin M. Stillman

During his fifty years of experience in the practice of medicine, IRWIN MAXWELL STILLMAN, M.D., D.I.M., has helped millions of over-weight men and women to reduce. A Diplomate in Internal Medicine, Dr. Stillman is presently a consultant in Internal Medicine at Coney Island Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Formerly he was an attending physician in Medicine at Coney Island Hospital and at Harbour Hospital, a Fellow of the American College of Angiology, and a Fellow of the American Geriatric Society. Dr. Stillman received a gold diploma from the New York Medical College in 1966.

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Tiny May San is safe now.

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May San and thousands of others like her need American sponsors to help provide shelter and care. May San will stay at Pine Hill (a new babies home, built and supported by American contributions) until she is six. Then she will move to a CCF cottage-plan Home where she will have brothers and sisters and a cottagemother. But all this depends on her American sponsor.

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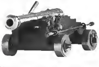

TRAIN YOUR SIGHTS on this scale model of a naval cannon with its superbly detailed brass barrel, metal fittings and hardwood carriage. Used aboard nineteenth-century sailing ships, it's a natural for collectors. Cannon measures 5"x2". In kit form, complete with instructions, it's $13.95 or, if you prefer a hand built model, it's $24.95 plus 75¢ postage either way. From S. T. Preston & Son Inc., 102 Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N.Y. 11944

All items on these pages may be purchased by writing to sources indicated. Editorial prices include postage unless otherwise stated. With the exception of personalized items, merchandise may be returned for refund if unsatisfactory.

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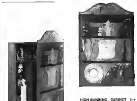
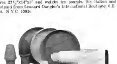


HIGH-RANKING CABINET for private stock houses a supply of six double old-fashioned glasses encrusted with metal medallions. Hand painted in trompe l'oeil pattern, the wooden wall cabinet has compartments for two bottles, measures 21½"x14"x5" and weighs ten pounds. It's Italian and $65 postpaid from Leonard Dangler's International Boutique, 6 E. 36th St., N.Y.C. 10016



ELECTROPLATE AT HOME with new craft kit which contains everything needed to refinish and beautify metals with pure gold, silver and copper. There are no toxic materials to worry about and since it requires no technical knowledge any "dropout" can get professional results. Comes with battery and illustrated manual. It's $19.99 postpaid from Sears, Roebuck, 7401 N. Skokie Blvd., Skokie, Ill. 60076

TURN ON THE WORLD with "Star Quest" which boasts advanced circuitry, hence extraordinary performance. All transistorized 4-band broadcast and shortwave table radio receiver is equipped with external power jack to operate from battery source. It also features slide-rule dial, standby-switch, BFO (beat frequency oscillator), built-in speaker. By Hallicrafters, it has gray steel cabinet, measures 12"x5½"x5", and is $59.95 plus $2 postage from The Crandall Co., Box X80, Ferndale, Mich. 48220

TRY YOUR HAND at Bilboquet, a vintage game from France. The object is to swing up a solid wooden ball which is attached to base by a string, and catch the ball on a spike. If this proves too frustrating, try the opposite cupped end; it's easier. Finished in walnut, it stands 10½" high and is $7.50 plus 50¢ postage from Hoffritz For Cutlery, 331 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

NEEDLEPOINT ANYONE? With the growing interest in this craft, here's an item called Plexi Point, a small plastic cube which houses all the supplies plus several designs and instructions necessary to complete the needlepoint top. An ideal starter for beginners who can graduate to bigger things if it's their "thing." Contemporary cube in choice of white or smoky-black plastic measures 4¼"x4¼" and is $10 plus 80¢ postage from Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

SHIP'S WHEEL is a key ring designed especially for sailing buffs in the ketch class. Crafted in Italy of 18k gold and blue enamel, it's $85 postpaid and is moored at DUNHILL TAILORS, 65 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022

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[illegible] ESQUIRE's Instant Retail [illegible] where-to-buy-it information for the following merchandise advertised or editorially featured in this May ESQUIRE until August 12 1970

Advertised Merchandise

☐ Amelia Earhart Luggage pg 201
☐ Arthur Murray Dance Schools, pg 88
☐ Austin America Cars pg 87
☐ Bauer Camera pg 50
☐ Bostonian Shoes, pg 44
☐ Botany 500 Suits pg 35
☐ Bulova Watch pg 71 206
☐ J. Capps & Sons Apparel pg 58W
☐ Clefman Jacket by Sagner pg 197
☐ Corbin Slacks pg 200
☐ Cricketeer Suit, pg 213
☐ Crosby Square Shoes pg 181
☐ Days Slacks pg 58W
☐ Douglas Shoes pg 198
☐ Econo Car pg 217
☐ Faultless Golf Balls pg. 64
☐ Gant Shirts pg 77
☐ [illegible] pg 3
☐ Interwoven Socks pg 74
☐ Jantzen Swim Suits, pg 26
☐ Kanon Toiletries by [illegible] pg 26 27
☐ Louis Goldsmith Jacket pg 67
☐ McGregor Pants & Shirt, pg 222, 223
☐ Manhattan Shirts pg 53 54
☐ Miranda Camera pg 205
☐ OshKosh B'Gosh Slacks pg 58C
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☐ Rover Cars pg 203
☐ [illegible] Ties, pg 73
☐ Sussex Suits, pg 79
☐ Van Heusen Shirts pg 61 190
☐ Worsted Tex Blazer pg 91
☐ Yamaha pg 75

Editorially Featured Merchandise

☐ Natural color rayon/linen suit with belted jacket and straight cut slacks (McGregor) pg. 156
☐ Striped cotton shirt (Gant) pg 155
☐ [illegible] pg 156
☐ Cotton knit shirt, matching pants (Jantzen) pg 158

Travel Information

☐ Austrian Airlines pg E58A
☐ French West Indies Tour pg 186
☐ Trans Caribbean pg E58C
☐ Wonderful Trips to Mexico pg 194

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